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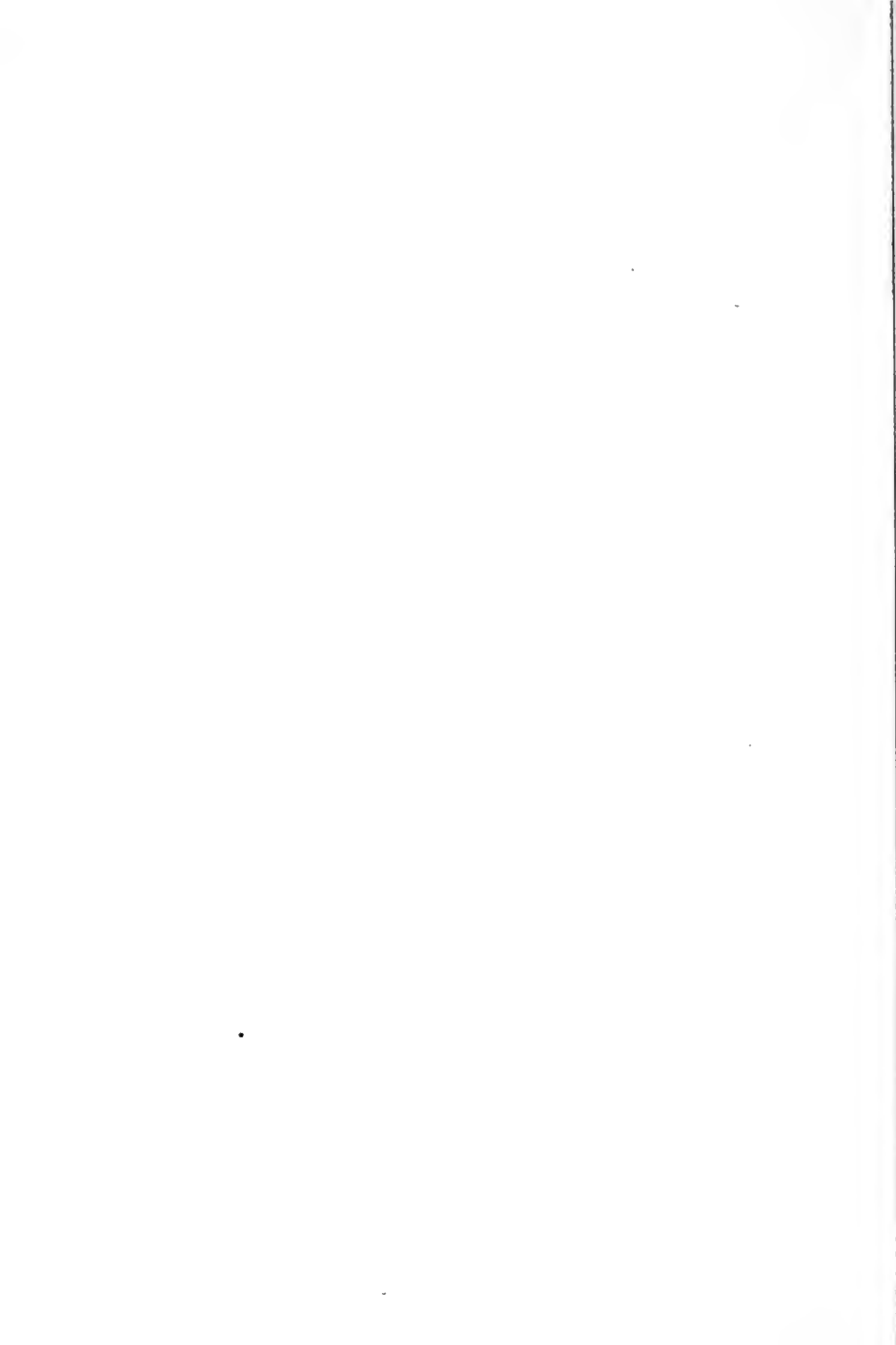
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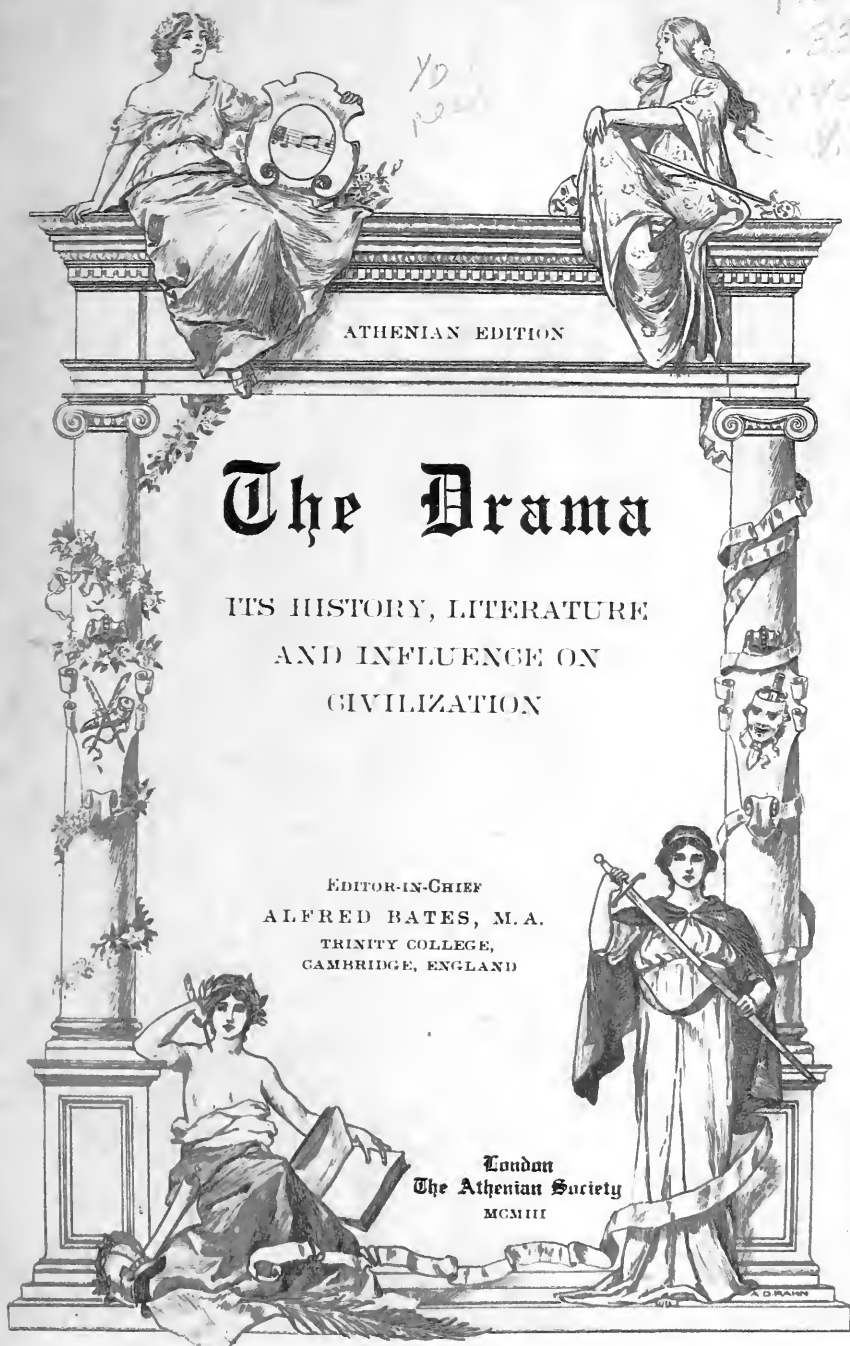
The Drama



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ATHENIAN EDITION

The Drama

ITS HISTORY, LITERATURE
AND INFLUENCE ON
CIVILIZATION

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ALFRED BATES, M.A.
TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

London
The Athenian Society
MCMIII

*THE GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA,
SICILY*

After an original painting by A. Russell

The ancient boast of Taormina was its Greek Theatre, now an imposing ruin. Thither were wont to flock the histrionic giants of the day to interpret the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; and thither swarmed the wealth, beauty, fashion and learning of Greece to enjoy the productions of those immortal fathers of dramatic literature.



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Greek and Roman Drama

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ALFRED BATES

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JAMES P. BOYD, A.M., I.B.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

PROF. JOHN P. LAMBERTON

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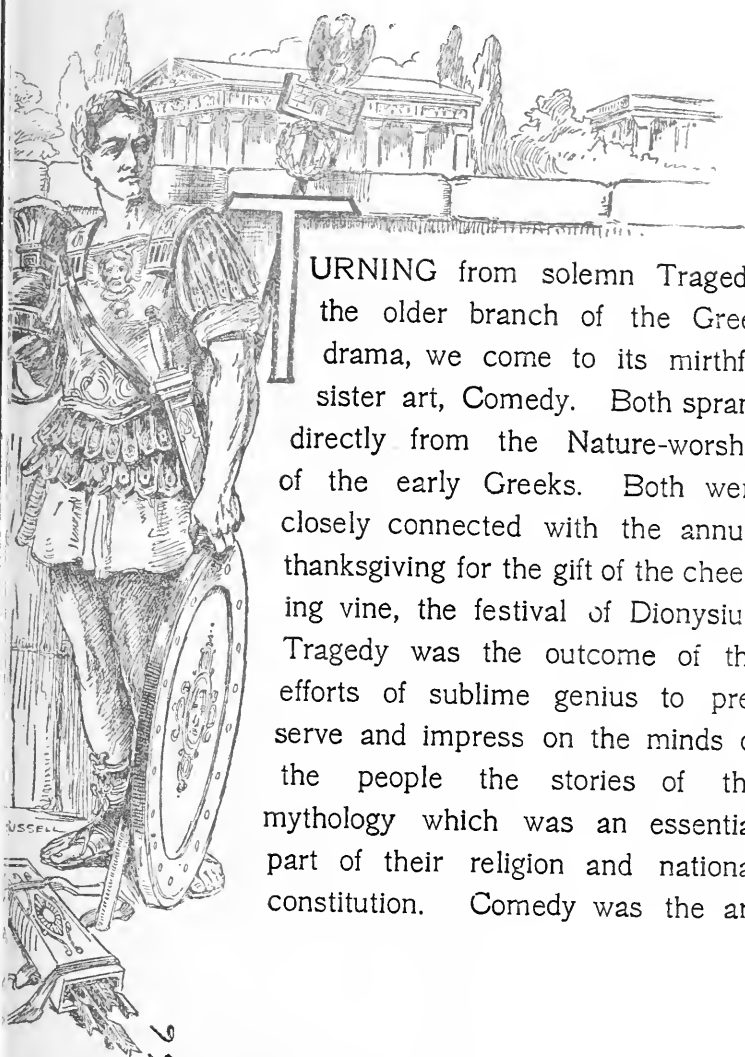
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Prologue



TURNING from solemn Tragedy, the older branch of the Greek drama, we come to its mirthful sister art, Comedy. Both sprang directly from the Nature-worship of the early Greeks. Both were closely connected with the annual thanksgiving for the gift of the cheering vine, the festival of Dionysius. Tragedy was the outcome of the efforts of sublime genius to preserve and impress on the minds of the people the stories of the mythology which was an essential part of their religion and national constitution. Comedy was the ar-

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PROLOGUE

tistic moulding of the rude license allowed to the worshippers of Bacchus in their village revels, and too often this license was carried to excess.

The works of the Greek tragedians which have been preserved are acknowledged by all the world to be unsurpassed in their class. Not less honor has been awarded to Aristophanes as the supreme lord of Misrule. All subsequent comedy has been modelled on his matchless, mirth-provoking plays. Over the first part of this volume this ancient "master of revels" presides, and at the end is given entire his famous production, "The Clouds," in which he attacks with keen ridicule the philosopher Socrates and his disciples of the thinking-shop as detestable innovators on the national religion, and exposes the new-fangled system of education as serving only to make the worse appear the better reason.

A rare treat will be found in the remarkable literary curiosity which has lately been rescued from the mummy-pits of Egypt. It contains two of the mimes of Herondas, short dramatic interludes—dialogues rather than dramas. Those faint echoes of the Greek comedies are of

PROLOGUE

special interest in these days of archæological research.

The second part of the volume traces the origin and history of the drama in ancient Rome. The playwrights of the imperial city, whether tragedians or comedians, were close imitators of the Greek dramatists, but decidedly inferior in artistic invention and expression. Yet they have preserved vivid pictures of the ancient world, memorable scenes of mirth and pathos, striking characters and ingenious plots which have served as models for Shakespeare and Molière, and a troop of later dramatists. Plautus and Terence are still familiar names, and that acquaintance with their classic works which every cultured person desires is here afforded by abundant selections from their best productions, together with judicious explanations and criticisms. The tragedies of Seneca, who was rather a rhetorician than a real dramatist, were none the less accepted as models by the founders of the modern classic tragedy in France, and hence have considerable historical importance.

Opportunity is taken in our narrative to

PROLOGUE

exhibit the noteworthy change in the national and social character of the Romans from the stern, unbending, self-denying virtue of the early republic to the luxurious, pleasure-craving indolence of the empire of the Cæsars and their successors. The "Eunuch," which closes this volume, was the favorite drama of the nobility of Rome, and is still an acknowledged model of refined comedy.



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Greek Comedy.

I.

The Old Comedy of the Greeks.

The early history of Grecian comedy is enveloped in more obscurity than that of tragedy. Its origin was referred by Aristotle to the Phallic songs of the ancient rustic Bacchanalia, and this fact stands single and solitary; for the same great critic acknowledges his own inability to trace downward the progress of this branch of the drama. The utmost, therefore, that modern research can hope to accomplish, is to form by inference and conjecture a faint line of connection between those rude Bacchanalian ebullitions and the finished dramas of Aristophanes.

The first shape, then, under which comedy presents itself, is that of a ludicrous, licentious, and satirical song; the extemporal effusion of a body of carousing countrymen, while accompanying the procession of the Phallus. In emerging from the disorderly bursts of these Phallic orgies toward a more regular form, the first step of comedy would be, as in the progress of tragedy, the establishment of a chorus, and the introduction of

something like subject and composition into its songs and recitations. The performers no longer, as heretofore, directed their jests against each other. Country scandal would furnish many a laughable theme; while a wealthy miser, a cruel master, or an overbearing proprietor, would present a fair mark for sarcasm and railery. Such was comedy at the time of Thespis; rude, unformed and unpolished—its actors, a band of peasants smeared with wine lees; its stage a village green.

But now the improvements in the sister art would speedily extend to comedy. It became an object of attention to poets, who, possessing more wit than elevation of sentiment, preferred this lighter species of composition to the solemn grandeur of tragedy. Interlocutors were introduced with the consequent dialogue. The iambic metre superseded in a great measure the trochaic, though not subjected to many of the nicer restrictions in the tragic senarius. Masks and appropriate dresses were given to the performers, with all other requisite properties, the expenses of which the contending poets were obliged to defray themselves; since it was long before the magistrate would allow the comic chorus to enjoy the privileges of the tragic, and be equipped at the public cost. At what period, and by whom these several improvements were effected is not known; even Aristotle's researches into the history of the drama could elicit nothing satisfactory on this head.

Both in itself and in its Roman transcription Greek comedy was almost entirely Athenian. From the little that we know of its literary history, it owes its development and completion to the political and social condi-

tions of that great democratic metropolis; and it is so intimately connected with everything characteristic of Attic life that the greatest scholars of Alexandria wrote elaborate treatises on the subject. By these and other authorities it has been divided into the old, middle and new comedy, these indicating rather variations in form than in essential features. Under these subdivisions it will be convenient here to treat it.

Epicharmus.

The first known composer of Greek comedies was Epicharmus, a Syracusan by birth. It was about 500 B. C., thirty-five years after Thespis began to exhibit, eleven years after the début of Phrynichus, and just before the appearance of Æschylus as a tragedian, that Epicharmus produced the first comedy properly so-called. Before him this department of the drama was, as we have every reason to believe, nothing but a series of licentious songs and satiric episodes, without plot, connection or consistency. He gave to each exhibition one single and unbroken fable, and converted the loose interlocutions into regular dialogue. The subjects of his comedies, as we may infer from the extant titles of thirty-five of them, were chiefly mythological. Tragedy had, some years before the era of Epicharmus, begun to assume its staid and dignified character. The woes of heroes and the majesty of the gods had, under Phrynichus, become its favorite theme. The Sicilian poet seems to have been struck with the idea of exciting the mirth of his audience, by the exhibition of some

ludicrous matter dressed up in all the grave solemnity of the newly-invented art. Discarding, therefore, the low drolleries and scurrilous invective of the ancient *comodia*, he opened a novel and less invidious source of amusement, by composing a set of burlesque dramas upon the usual tragic subjects. They succeeded; and the turn thus given to comedy long continued; so that when it once more returned to personality and satire, as it speedily did, tragedy and tragic poets were the constant objects of its parody and ridicule. The great changes thus effected by Epicharmus justly entitled him to be called the inventor of comedy. But his merits rest not here: he was distinguished for elegance in composition, as well as originality of conception. So many were his dramatic excellencies that Plato terms him the first of comic writers; and, in a later age and foreign country, Plautus chose him as his model. The plays of Epicharmus, to judge from the fragments still left, abounded in apothegms, little consistent with the idea we might otherwise have entertained of their nature, from our knowledge of the buffooneries whence his comedy sprung, and the writings of Aristophanes, his partially extant successor. But Epicharmus was a philosopher and a Pythagorean. In the midst of merriment he failed not to inculcate, in pithy *gnomæ*, the otherwise distasteful lessons of morality to the gay and thoughtless; and sheltered by comic license, to utter offensive political truths, which, promulged under any other circumstances, might have subjected the sage to the vengeance of a despotic government. We find Epicharmus still composing comedies as late as the days of

King Hiero; for he lived to be ninety, or, as some have it, ninety-seven years of age.

Of the comedies of Phormis, a contemporary of Epicharmus, and of Dinolochus, his pupil, and perhaps his son, not a single fragment remains; but their works are believed to have been in the nature of mythological parodies.

Chionides and Magnes.

The first writer of the old Athenian comedy was Chionides, a contemporary of the three Sicilians. His plays had a political reference, and were full of personal satire, as also were those of his countryman, Magnes, from whom Aristophanes borrowed two of the titles, and perhaps the substance of his plays. He was a witty and inventive writer; but in old age was cast aside because the edge of his satire was blunted. He died in poverty and obscurity.

Cratinus.

Cratinus began to write comedy late in life, the first of his known works being represented when he was more than seventy years of age. His lines are marked by elegance of expression, purity of language, and often by elevation of sentiment; but he was an exceedingly bold and broad satirist, his virulence causing the prohibition of this branch of the drama, which was not, however, long in force. He won several prizes, his last production, *The Flagon*, directed against Aristophanes, who had declared him to be in his dotage, winning the first prize, while his rival was only third, though presenting

his *Clouds*, the most famous of all his plays. Cratinus strongly recommended the use of wine, and was himself a confirmed tippler; yet he lived to be ninety-six. In conjunction with Crates, he molded into Attic forms the Megarian farcical entertainments common to the rural districts. Crates was originally an actor, taking the leading parts in the plays of Cratinus. He was the first of the comedians to found his plots on general stories, and in these he displayed remarkable ingenuity.

Phrynichus.

Of the comedies of Phrynichus, who lived nearly a century later than the tragedian of that name, the titles only of ten have survived, little else being known of him, except that he introduced slaves on the stage, burdened like pack animals, that he might put jests into their mouths. He was several times a prize-winner, though never ranking first at the Lenæan contests.

Eupolis.

The first of the comedies of Eupolis won the third prize in a contest in which Aristophanes was first and Cratinus second. From the titles and the few fragments of text that have come down to us, he appears to have been a most scurrilous and aggressive writer, each of his plays making a special attack on some individual. In his *Lacedæmonians*, for instance, he accuses Cimon of being biased in favor of everything Spartan. In another of his works he lampoons Alcibiades so severely

that, as is said, the latter ordered him thrown overboard, from a vessel bound for Sicily. The story is discredited by Cicero and others, Pausanias stating that his tomb was in the territory of the Sicyonians. Eupolis was also on bad terms with Aristophanes, who charges him with plagiarizing from his *Knights*, and with making unseemly jokes on his baldness.

Aristophanes.

Of Aristophanes, the greatest comedian of his age, and perhaps of all the ages, history contains few notices, and these of doubtful credit. Even the dates of his birth and death can only be inferred from his works, the former being estimated at 456 B. C. and the latter at 380. Many cities claimed the honor of giving him birth, the most probable story making him the son of Philippus of Ægina, and therefore only an adopted citizen of Athens. On this point some confusion has arisen from an attempt of Cleon to deprive Aristophanes of his civic rights, on the ground of illegitimacy, in revenge for his frequent invectives. The charge was disproved, thus pointing to the Athenian parentage of the comic poet, though as to this there is no trustworthy evidence. He was doubtless educated at Athens, and among other advantages is said to have been a disciple of Prodicus, though in his mention of that sophist he shows none of the respect due to his reputed master.

It was under the mighty genius of Aristophanes that the old Attic comedy received its fullest development. Dignified by the acquisition of a chorus of masked

actors, and of scenery and machinery, and by a corresponding literary elaboration and elegance of style, comedy nevertheless remained true both to its origin and to the purposes of its introduction into the free imperial city. It borrowed much from tragedy, but it retained the Phallic abandonment of the old rural festivals, the license of word and gesture, and the audacious directness of personal invective. These characteristics are not features peculiar to Aristophanes. He was twitted by some of the older comic poets with having degenerated from the full freedom of the art through a tendency to refinement, and he took credit to himself for having superseded the time-honored can can and the stale practical joking of his predecessors by a nobler kind of mirth. But in boldness, as he likewise boasted, he had no peer; and the shafts of his wit, though dipped in wine-lees and at times feathered from very obscene fowl, flew at high game. He has been accused of seeking to degrade what he ought to have recognized as good; and it has been shown by competent critics that he is not to be taken as an impartial or accurate authority on Athenian history. But, partisan as he was, he was also a genuine patriot, and his very political sympathies—which were conservative—were such as have often stimulated the most effective political satire, because they imply an antipathy to every species of excess. Of reverence he was, however, altogether devoid; and his love for Athens was that of the most free-spoken of sons. Flexible, even in his religious notions, he was in this, as in other respects, ready to be educated by his times; and, like a true comic poet, he could be witty at

the expense even of his friends, and, it might almost be said, of himself. In wealth of fancy and in beauty of lyric melody he ranks high among the great poets of all times.

It has been said that Aristophanes was an unmannerly buffoon, and so, indeed, he was, among his other faults. Nor was he at all justified in stooping to this degradation, whether it were that he was instigated by coarse inclinations, or that he held it necessary to gain over the populace, that he might have it in his power to tell such bold truths to the people. At least he makes it his boast that he did not court the laughter of the multitude so much as his rivals did, by mere indecent buffoonery, and that in this respect he brought his art to perfection. Not to be unreasonable, we should judge him from the standpoint of his own times, in respect of those peculiarities which make him offensive to us. On certain points, the ancients had quite a different morality from ours, and certainly a much freer one. This arose from their religion, which was a real worship of Nature, and had given sanctity to many public ceremonies which grossly violate decency. Moreover, as in consequence of the seclusion of their women, the men were almost always together, a certain coarseness entered into their conversation, as in such circumstances is apt to be the case.

The strongest testimony in favor of Aristophanes is that of Plato, who, in one of his epigrams, says that "the Graces chose his soul for their abode." The philosopher was a constant reader of the comedian, sending to Dionysius the elder a copy of the *Clouds*, from which to make himself acquainted with the Athenian republic.

This was not intended merely as a description of the unbridled democratic freedom then prevailing at Athens, but as an example of the poet's thorough knowledge of the world, and of the political condition of what was then the world's metropolis.

In his *Symposium*, Plato makes Aristophanes deliver a discourse on love, which the latter explains in a sensual manner, but with remarkable originality. At the end of the banquet, Aristodemus, who was one of the guests, fell asleep, "and, as the nights were long, took a good rest. When he was awakened, toward daybreak, by the crowing of cocks, the others were also asleep or had gone away, and there remained awake only Aristophanes, Agathon and Socrates, who were drinking out of a large goblet that was passed around, while Socrates was discoursing to them. Aristodemus did not hear all the discourse, for he was only half awake; but he remembered Socrates insisting to the other two that the genius of comedy was the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of the one should also be a writer of the other. To this they were compelled to assent, being sleepy, and not quite understanding what he meant. And first Aristophanes fell asleep, and then, when the day was dawning, Agathon."

The words applied by Goethe to a shrewd adventurer, "mad, but clever," might also be used of the plays of Aristophanes, which are the very intoxication of poetry, the Bacchanalia of mirth. For mirth will maintain its rights as well as the other faculties; therefore, different nations have set apart certain holidays for jovial folly, such as their saturnalia, their carnival, that being

once satisfied to their hearts' content, they might keep themselves sober all the rest of the year, and leave free room for serious occupation. The old comedy is a general masquerade of the world, beneath which there passes much that is not allowed by the common rules of propriety; but at the same time much that is amusing, clever, and even instructive is brought to light, which would not have been possible but for the demolition for the moment of these barricades.

However corrupt and vulgar Aristophanes may have been in his personal propensities, however much he may offend decency and taste in his individual jests, yet in the plan and conduct of his poems in general, we cannot refuse him the praise of the carefulness and masterly skill of the finished artist. His language is infinitely graceful; the purest Atticism prevails in it, and he adapts it with great skill to all tones, from the most familiar dialogue to the lofty flight of the dithyrambic ode. We cannot doubt that he would have also succeeded in more serious poetry, when we see how at times he lavishes it, merely to annihilate its impression immediately afterward. This elegance is rendered the more attractive by contrast, since on the one hand he admits the rudest expressions of the people, the dialects, and even the mutilated Greek of barbarians, while on the other, the same arbitrary caprice which he brought to his views of universal nature and the human world, he also applies to language, and by composition, by allusion and personal names, or imitation of a sound, forms the strangest words imaginable. His versification is not less artificial than that of the tragedians; he uses

the same forms, but otherwise modified, as his personages are not to be impressive and dignified, but of a light and varied character; yet with all this seeming irregularity he observes the laws of metre no less strictly than the tragic poets do.

As we cannot help recognizing in Aristophanes' exercise of his varied and multiform art, the richest development of almost every poetical talent, so the extraordinary capacities of his hearers, which may be inferred from the structure of his works, are at every fresh perusal a matter of astonishment. Accurate acquaintance with the history and constitution of their country, with public events and proceedings, with the personal circumstances of almost all remarkable contemporaries, might be expected from the citizens of a democratic republic. But, besides this, Aristophanes required from his audience much poetic culture; especially they had to retain in their memories the tragic masterpieces, almost word by word, in order to understand his parodies.

The old comedy of the Greeks would have been impossible under any other form of government than a complete and unrestricted democracy; for it exercised a satirical censorship unsparing of public and private life, of statesmanship, of political and social usage, of education and literature, in a word, of everything which concerned the city, or could amuse the citizens. Retaining all the license, the riot and exuberance which marked its origin, it combined with this an expression of public opinion in such form that neither vice, misconduct, nor folly could venture to disregard it. If it was disfigured

by grossness and licentiousness, this, it must be remembered, was in keeping with the sentiment of Dionysian festivals, just as a decorous cheerfulness was expected at festivals in honor of Apollo or Athena. To omit these features from comedy would be to deprive it of its most popular element, and without them the entertainment would have fallen flat.

Greek literature was immeasurably rich in this department: the names of the lost comedians, most of whom were very prolific, and of their works, so far as we are acquainted with them, would alone form a bulky catalogue. Although the new comedy unfolded itself, and flourished only for some eighty years, the number of plays certainly amounted to a thousand at least; but time has made such havoc with this superabundance of works that nothing remains except detached fragments in the original language, in many cases so disfigured as to be unintelligible, and in the Latin, a number of translations or adaptations of Greek originals.

For a comic poet who was unquestionably at the head of the fraternity, and in sentiment was intensely patriotic, the consciousness of his recognized power and the desire to use it for the good of his native city must ever have been the prevailing motives. At Athens such a man held an influence resembling rather that of the modern journalist than the modern dramatist; but the established type of comedy gave him an instrument such as no public satirist ever wielded, before or since. He was under no such limitations as to form or process, allusion or emphasis, as is the modern dramatist, and could indulge in the wildest flights of extravagance. After his

keenest thrust or most passionate appeal, he could at once change his subject from the grave to the burlesque, and, in short, there was no limit to his field for invective and satire.

"Aristophanes," as one of his critics remarks, "is for us, the representative of the old comedy." But it is important to notice that his genius, while it includes, also transcends the genius of the old comedy. He can denounce the frauds of Cleon, he can vindicate the duty of Athens to herself and to her allies with a stinging scorn and a force of patriotic indignation which make the poet almost forgotten in the citizen. He can banter Euripides with an ingenuity of light mockery which makes it seem for the time as if the leading Aristophanic trait was the art of seeing all things from their prosaic side. Yet it is neither in the denunciation nor in the mockery that he is most individual. His truest and highest faculty is revealed by those wonderful bits of lyric writing in which he soars above everything that can move laughter or tears, and makes the clear air thrill with the notes of a song as free, as musical and as wild as that of the nightingale invoked by his own chorus in the *Birds*. The speech of True Logic in the *Clouds*, the praises of country life in the *Peace*, the serenade in the *Ecceziiazusæ*, the songs of the Spartan and Athenian maidens in the *Lysistrata*, above all, perhaps, the chorus in the *Frogs*, the beautiful chant of the Initiated—these passages, and such as these, are the true glories of Aristophanes. They are the strains, not of an artist, but of one who warbles for pure gladness of heart in some place made bright by the presence

of a god. Nothing else in Greek poetry has quite this wild sweetness of the woods. Of modern poets Shakespeare alone, perhaps, has it in combination with a like richness and fertility of fancy.

A sympathetic reader of Aristophanes can hardly fail to perceive that, while his political and intellectual tendencies are well marked, his opinions, in so far as they color his comedies, are too definite to reward, or indeed to tolerate, analysis. Aristophanes was a natural conservative. His ideal was the Athens of the Persian wars. He disapproved the policy which had made Athenian empire irksome to the allies and formidable to Greece; he detested the vulgarity and the violence of mob-rule; he clung to the old worship of the gods; he regarded the new ideas of education as a tissue of imposture and impiety. How far he was from clearness or precision of view in regard to the intellectual revolution which was going forward appears from the *Clouds*, in which thinkers and literary workers who had absolutely nothing in common are treated with sweeping ridicule as prophets of a common heresy. Aristophanes is one of the men for whom opinion is mainly a matter of feeling, not of reason. His imaginative susceptibility gave him a warm and loyal love for the traditional glories of Athens, however dim the past to which they belonged; a horror of what was offensive or absurd in pretension. The broad preferences and dislikes thus generated were enough not only to point the moral of comedy, but to make him, in many cases, a really useful censor for the city. The service which he could render in this way was, however, only negative. He could

hardly be, in any positive sense, a political or a moral teacher for Athens. His rooted antipathy to intellectual progress, while it affords easy and wide scope for his wit, must, after all, lower his rank. The great minds are not the enemies of ideas. But as a mocker—to use the word which seems most closely to describe him on this side—he is incomparable for the union of subtlety with the riot of comic imagination. As a poet, he is immortal; and, among Athenian poets, he has for his distinctive characteristic that he is inspired less by that Greek genius which never allows fancy to escape from the control of defining, though spiritualizing reason, than by such ethereal rapture of the unfettered fancy as lifts Shakespeare or Shelley above it,—

“Pouring out his full soul
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.”



II.

The Plays of Aristophanes.

Fifty-four comedies are ascribed to Aristophanes, of which more than forty are genuine. Eleven only are extant, forming a running commentary on the outer and inner life of Athens during thirty years. They may be ranged under three periods; the first extends to 420 B. C., and includes those plays in which he uses an absolutely unrestrained freedom of political satire. The second ends with the year 405 B. C., and its productions are distinguished from those of the earlier time by a certain degree of reserve and caution. The third period, down to 388 B. C., contains two plays in which the transition to the character of the middle comedy is well marked, not merely by general self-restraint, but by the disuse of the *parabasis*—an address from the chorus to the spectators, in the name of the author, often without reference to the subject of the play. The comedies here passed in review are grouped with regard to subject rather than to date, and while all are more or less political, they also present the best and perhaps the only real picture of Greek society that has come down to us. All are from the pen of the great master.

The *Knights* was the first comedy produced by Aristophanes under his own name, the *Banqueters*, his earliest play, being presented by Philonides, when the real author was too young to demand the chorus provided by the State for works of merit. The leading personages in the latter are a father and his two sons, one of them educated in the old-fashioned style and the other in the school of the sophists, the object of the poet being to attract attention to the dangers of the new system. It was well received and won the second prize. A few months later appeared, under the reputed authorship of the actor, Callistratus, the *Babylonians*, of which little is known except that its chorus consisted of tributary allies, employed as slaves in the mills. It opened the war against Cleon, which was continued in the *Knights* and *Wasps*, the demagogue accusing Callistratus before the Senate of satirizing the public officials in the presence of their allies. The charge was not sustained; for in the following year we find this actor again on the stage, bringing out the *Acharnians*, the first of Aristophanes' works that has come down to us entire.

The Acharnians.

The object of the *Acharnians* is to induce the Athenian people to put an end to the Peloponnesian war, which already threatened the destruction of the State, and a year or two later caused its downfall. For this purpose he represents in vivid colors the comforts they had vainly sacrificed, and

ridicules the braggadocios of the day with ever-brightening wit, culminating in genuine Bacchanalian revelry.

Undeterred by the anger of the Acharnians, who crave vengeance for the destruction of their vineyards, an honest citizen, named Dicæopolis, enraged at the false pretexts for continuing the war with Sparta, sends an embassy to Lacedæmon and concludes a separate peace for himself and his family. In spite of all opposition, he builds an enclosure around his house, within which there is peace and free market for the neighboring people, while the rest of the country is harassed by the war. The blessings of peace are exhibited in the most palpable manner, and nothing is thought of but feasting and revelling. Lamachus, the leader of the war party, is summoned by a sudden attack of the enemy to the defense of the frontier, while Dicæopolis is invited by his neighbors to partake of a feast to which each brings his contribution. The preparation of arms and the preparations in the kitchen now go on with equal diligence and dispatch on both sides; here they fetch the lance, there the spit; here the armor, there the wine-can; here they fasten the crest on the helmet, there they pluck thrushes. Shortly afterward Lamachus returns with broken head and crippled foot, supported by two comrades; on the other side, Dicæopolis, drunk, and led by two good-natured damsels. The lamentations of the one are continually mimicked and derided by the exultations of the other, and with this contrast, which is carried to the highest point, the play ends.

About midway in the comedy Euripides appears on the scene.

Dicaopolis.—What, ho!

Slave.—Who's there?

Dic.—Euripides within?

Slave.—Within and not within, if you can think.

Dic.—How can he be within and not within?

Slave.—Rightly, old man. His mind, collecting scraps,
Is all abroad, and so is not within;
But he himself is making tragedy
With feet reposed upon his couch at home.

Dic.—Thrice-blest Euripides, whose very slave
Can act so well his master's character!
But call him out.

Slave.— It cannot be.

Dic.— It must;
For I will not depart, but go on knocking.
Euripides! Euripides, my boy!
List to my words, if ever mortal man
Secured your ear. 'Tis Dicaopolis
By deme Choileides, who is calling you.

Eur.—But I've no time.

Dic.— Well, let them wheel you round.

Eur.—It cannot be.

Dic.— It must.

Eur.— Well, I'll allow them
To wheel me round, but I can't leave my couch.

Dic.—Euripides!

Eur.— What say'st thou?

Dic.— Do you write
With feet laid up, when you might set them down?
You're just the man to be the cripples' poet.

The Knights.

Aristophanes first appeared on the stage in his *Knights*, and here he maintained the boldness of a

comedian in full measure by hazarding an attack on the popular opinion. Its object was nothing less than the ruin of Cleon, who, after Pericles, stood at the head of all State affairs, who was a promoter of the war, a worthless, vulgar demagogue, but the idol of the infatuated people. His only adversaries were those more wealthy men who formed the class of knights, and these Aristophanes blends with his party in the strongest manner by making them his chorus. He had the prudence nowhere to name Cleon, but merely to describe him so that he could not be mistaken. Yet, from fear of Cleon's faction, no mask-maker dared to make a copy of his face. The poet therefore resolved to play the part himself, merely painting his face. It may be conceived what tumults the performance excited among the collected populace; yet the bold and skillful efforts of the poet were crowned with success, and his piece gained the prize. He was proud of his feat of theatrical heroism, and more than once mentions with complacency the courage displayed in this first attack upon the mighty monster.

None of his comedies are of more interest from a political and historical point of view. It is also irresistibly powerful as a piece of rhetoric to excite indignation; it is truly a philippic drama; yet it seems by no means the best in respect of wit and startling invention. Perhaps it might be that the thought of the actual danger in which he stood gave the poet a more earnest tone than was suitable to a comedian, or that the persecution which he had already undergone from Cleon provoked him to utter his wrath in a manner too serious

for comedy. It is only after the storm of jeering sarcasms has wasted its fury that droll scenes follow, and droll scenes they are, indeed, where the two demagogues, the leather-cutter, that is to say, Cleon, and his antagonist, the sausage-maker, by adulation, by prophecies, and by the offer of dainties, vie with each other in wooing the favor of the old Demos, the personification of the people. The play ends with a triumph almost touchingly joyous, where the scene changes from the Pnyx, the place of the popular assemblies, to the majestic Propylaea, and Demos, wondrously restored to youth, comes forward in the garb of the old Athenians, and together with his youthful vigor has recovered the noble feelings of the times of Marathon.

Peace.

The *Peace* and the *Lysistrata* are also directed against the war, the former representing that all the Greek cities are opposed to its further continuance. Its opening scenes are sprightly and entertaining. Trygæus, one of the greatest sufferers from the war, ascends to heaven, mounted on a beetle, after the manner of Bellerophon, to beseech the gods for peace, and descending thence, calls out to the stage manager to take care he does not break his neck. His visit is to no purpose, for War and Riot are the sole inhabitants of Olympus, and the former is engaged in pounding the cities of Greece in a huge mortar, using the most prominent generals as pestles. Presently the goddess of peace, who has been thrown into a pit by the dæmon of war, is hauled up

with ropes by the united efforts of the Greek nations. All this is sufficiently fantastic and ingenious; but less satisfactory are the feasts and sacrifices to the restored goddess and the visits of persons who find their advantage in the war. The play is not one of the most attractive for the modern reader; nor is it altogether worthy of the genius of Aristophanes. The liberties taken with the unities of time and place might be overlooked, but not so the freedom with which he subjects them to his caprice, violating for the sake of a few sorry jokes the accepted canons of his art.

Lysistrata.

The *Lysistrata*, which belongs to the second period of the Aristophanic drama, is one of the most famous of Greek comedies, albeit of somewhat evil fame; for it is as full of grossness as it is replete with wit and humor. The women of the contending nations, worn out by the long-protracted war, combine against the men and force them into reconciliation by cutting them off from all domestic intercourse. Under the guidance of their clever chieftain they organize a conspiracy for this end through all Greece, and at the same time get possession, in Athens, of the fortified Acropolis. The plight to which the husbands are reduced by this separation occasions the most ridiculous scenes; ambassadors come from both the belligerent parties, and the peace is concluded with the greatest dispatch under the direction of the clever *Lysistrata*. In spite of all its indecencies, the play is in purpose very innocent, and the longing

for the pleasures of domestic life, which were so often interrupted by the absence of the men, puts an end to the unhappy war which was ruining all Greece.

Ecclesiazusæ; or, *Women in Council*.

The *Ecclesiazusæ*, whose theme is also a government of women, is even more corrupt than the former. Disguised as men, they steal into the assembly, and by means of this surreptitious majority, ordain a new constitution, in which there is to be a community of goods and wives. This is a satire upon the ideal republics of the philosophers such as Protagoras had projected before Plato's time. The play labors under the same faults as the *Peace*: the introduction, the private assembly of the women, the description of the assembly, are all treated in a masterly style; but toward the middle it comes to a standstill. Nothing remains but to show the confusion arising from the different communities, especially from the community of women, and the appointment of the same rights in love for the old and ugly as for the young and beautiful. This confusion is pleasant enough, but it turns too much upon one continually repeated joke.

Thesmophoriazusæ—*A Women's Festival*.

The *Thesmophoriazusæ*, which followed the *Lysistrata* during the reign of terror established by oligarchist conspirators, has a proper intrigue, a knot which is not untied till quite at the end, and in this it possesses a

THESMOPHORIAZUSÆ

After an original painting by A. Russell

Then comes Euripides under various forms to rescue his friend; now he is Menelaus; now Perseus, etc. At last he frees Mnesilochus by enticing away the officer who is guarding him, by the charms of a flute-playing girl.

THESMOPHORIAZUSÆ,—ARISTOPHANES.



great advantage. Euripides, on account of the well-known misogyny of his tragedies, is accused and sentenced to condign punishment at the festival of the Thesmophoria, at which women alone might be present. After a vain attempt to excite the effeminate poet, Agathon, to such an adventure, Euripides disguises his brother-in-law, Mnesilochus, a man now advanced in years, in the garb of a woman, that in this shape he may plead his cause. The manner in which he does this renders him suspected, and it is discovered that he is a man; he flees to an altar, and for greater security against their persecution he snatches a child from the arms of a woman and threatens to kill it if they do not let him alone. As he is about to throttle it, it turns out to be only a wine-skin dressed up in child's clothes. Then comes Euripides under various forms to rescue his friend; now he is Menelaus, who finds his wife Helen in Egypt; now Echo, helping the chained Andromache to complain; now Perseus, about to release her from her bonds. At last he frees Mnesilochus, who is fastened to a kind of pillory, by disguising himself as a procuress, and enticing away the officer, a simple barbarian, who is guarding him, by the charms of a flute-playing girl. These parodied scenes, composed almost in the very words of the tragedies, are inimitable. Everywhere in the piece, the instant Euripides comes into play, we may look for the cleverest and most cutting ridicule; as though Aristophanes possessed a specific talent for translating the poetry of this tragedian into comedy. On the other hand, the fact that the Athenian audience should at once appreciate the parody, proves that

they were perfectly familiar with the scenes and lines of Euripides. As a literary public they were unsurpassed in any age.

The Clouds.

The play of the *Clouds* is very well known, but for the most part little understood and appreciated. It is intended to show that in the propensity to philosophical subtleties, the martial exercises of the Athenians were neglected, that speculation only serves to shake the foundations of religion and morality, that by sophistical sleight, in particular, all justice was turned into quibbles, and the weaker cause often enabled to come off victorious. The Clouds, themselves, who form the chorus, no doubt dressed fantastically enough, are an allegory on these metaphysical thoughts, which do not rest on the ground of experience, but hover about without definite form and substance, in the region of possibilities. It is one of the principal forms of Aristophanic wit in general to take a metaphor in the literal sense, and so place it before the eyes of the spectators. It is said, for instance, of a person who has a propensity to idle, unintelligible dreams, that he walks in air, and thus Socrates, at his first appearance on the stage, descends from the sky in a basket. It is in his character as a sophist that he plays the leading part; for Aristophanes brings no serious charge against him as a citizen or as a man, and this is far more in his favor than all the writings of Plato and Xenophon. Nevertheless he was an innovator in education; he approved, perhaps assisted, in the corruptions which Euripides introduced

into tragedy; he was the friend of several of the sophists; it was in his character of dialectician that he was courted by ambitious young men; he was the tutor of Alcibiades; his singular manners and his slovenliness had every appearance of affectation, and if we add that he was the only one of the eminent sophists who was an Athenian-born, we shall not wonder that Aristophanes selected him as the representative of the class.

The other prominent characters are a father and son, the latter obviously intended for Alcibiades, and also as a general personification of the young profligates of the day, only wanting a little sophistical education to make him throw aside every moral restraint. His silly father supplies the remedy for this defect, and is the first to suffer from the weapon which he has placed in his son's hand.

The *Clouds* was chiefly a general exhibition of the corrupt state of education at Athens, and of its causes; it was a loudly uttered protest on the part of Aristophanes against the useless and pernicious speculations of the sophists, and was not intended, as some would have us believe, to pave the way for the accusation which was many years afterward brought against Socrates as a corrupter of youth, whatever may have been its effect upon the verdict of the dicasts at the trial. It gained only the third prize and was unfavorably received at the great *Dionysia*. Nevertheless it is one of the most celebrated and perfectly finished of all Hellenic comedies, containing some of the finest specimens of lyric poetry that have come down to us. Such, for ex-

ample, is the following, making due allowance for its translation into our less flexible English:

Cloud-maidens that float on forever,
 Dew-sprinkled, fleet bodies and fair,
 Let us rise from our Sire's loud river,
 Great Ocean, and soar through the air
 To the peaks of the pine-covered mountains
 Where the pines hang as tresses of hair.
 Let us seek the watch-towers undaunted,
 Where the well-watered corn-fields abound,
 And through murmurs of rivers nymph-haunted
 The songs of the sea-waves resound;
 And the sun in the sky never wearies
 Of spreading his radiance around.
 Let us cast off the haze
 Of the mists from our band,
 Till with far-seeing gaze
 We may look on the land.

Cloud-maidens that bring the rain shower,
 To the Pallas-loved land let us wing,
 To the land of stout heroes and power,
 Where Kekrops was hero and king,
 Where honor and silence are given
 To the mysteries that none may declare,
 Where are gifts to the high gods in heaven
 Where the house of the gods is laid bare,
 Where are lofty-roofed temples, and statues
 Well carven and fair;
 Where are feasts to the happy immortals
 When the sacred procession draws near,
 Where garlands make bright the bright portals
 At all seasons and months in the year;
 And when the spring days are here,
 Then we tread to the wine-god a measure,
 In Bacchanal dance and in pleasure,
 'Mid the contests of sweet-singing choirs,
 And the crash of loud lyres.

At the close of the play, Strepsiades who is thoroughly disgusted with the effect of Socrates' teaching, sets fire to the philosopher's Thinking-shop.

The Wasps.

The *Wasps* was brought out in the name of Philonides, and was performed at the Lenæa, in 422 B. C. As the object of the *Clouds* was to attack the prevailing vices of the young men of the day and to stigmatize the love of disputation, which was so prevalent in Athens, the purpose of the *Wasps* was to satirise the love of litigation common to the Athenians, whose delight it was to spend their time in the law-courts and to live on the judicial fees which Pericles had established, and which Cleon was pledged to maintain. There are many points in which the *Clouds* and the *Wasps* supplement one another, and there is a unity of design between them which cannot be mistaken. A father and his son are the principal characters in both. In the *Wasps*, the father, Philocleon, who, as his name denotes, is warmly attached to Cleon, has surrendered the management of his affairs to his son Bdelucleon—the word meaning a detester of Cleon. The son regrets his father's fondness for judicial business, and weans him from it partly by establishing a law-court at home, in which the house-dog is tried for stealing a Sicilian cheese, with all the formalities of a regular process in the dicasterion. In the second half of the play Philocleon is induced to turn his attention to music and literature, whereupon he is congratulated by the chorus. An eminent modern scholar has pronounced the *Wasps*

one of the most perfect of the plays of Aristophanes, and the dramatic merits of the piece must have been very considerable. Racine reproduced it in *Les Plai-deurs*, with eminent success as a French comedy, adapted to the usages of his own time.

The Frogs.

The play of the *Frogs* turns upon the decline of tragic art. Euripides was dead; so were Sophocles and Agathon; there remained none but second-rate tragedians. Bacchus misses Euripides, and wishes to bring him back from the infernal world. In this he imitates Hercules, but though equipped with the lion-hide and club of that hero, he is very unlike him in character, and as a dastardly voluptuary, gives rise to much laughter. Here we may see the boldness of the comedian in the right point of view; he does not scruple to attack the guardian god of his own art, in honor of whom the play was exhibited, for it was the common belief that the gods understood fun as well, if not better, than men. Bacchus rows himself over the Acherusian lake, where the frogs pleasantly greet him with their croaking. The proper chorus, however, consists of the shades of the initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries, and odes of wonderful beauty are assigned to them. Æschylus had at first assumed the tragic throne in the lower world, but now Euripides is for thrusting him off.

Pluto proposes that Bacchus should decide this great contest; the two poets, the sublimely wrathful Æschylus, the subtle, vain Euripides stand opposite

each other and submit specimens of their art; they sing, they declaim against each other, and all their failings are characterized in masterly style. At last a balance is brought, on which each lays a verse; but let Euripides take what pains he will to produce his most ponderous lines, a verse of Æschylus instantly jerks up the scale of his antagonist. Finally he grows weary of the contest, and tells Euripides he may mount into the balance himself with all his works, his wife, children and servant, Cephisophon, and he will lay against them only two verses. Bacchus, in the meantime, has come over to the cause of Æschylus, and though he had sworn to Euripides that he would take him back with him from the lower world, he dispatches him with an allusion to his own verse from the *Hippolytus*. Æschylus, therefore, returns to the living world and resigns the tragic throne to Sophocles during his absence.

The following is from an ode to Dionysus:

Mighty Bacchus! Holy Power!
Hither at the unwonted hour
Come away,
Come away,
With the wanton holiday,
Where the revel uproar leads
To the mystic holy meads,
Where the frolic votaries fly
With a tipsy shout and cry;
Flourishing the thyrsus high,
Flinging forth, alert and airy,
To the sacred old vagary,
The tumultuous dance and song,
Sacred from the vulgar throng;
Mystic orgies that are known

To the votaries alone—
 To the mystic chorus solely—
 Secret—unreveal'd—and holy.

* * * * *

Raise the fiery torches high!
 Bacchus is approaching nigh,
 Like the planet of the morn,
 Breaking with the hoary dawn
 On the dark solemnity—
 There they flash upon the sight;
 All the plain is blazing bright,
 Flush'd and overflown with light.
 Age has cast his years away,
 And the cares of many a day,
 Sporting to the lively lay—
 Mighty Bacchus! march and lead,
 Torch in hand toward the mead,
 Thy devoted humble chorus,
 Mighty Bacchus,—move before us!

In the following scene *Æschylus* and *Euripides* begin their contest, in the presence of *Bacchus*, his servant, *Xanthias*, and *Æacus*, the porter of *Hades*:

Æacus.—By *Jupiter the Preserver*, your master is a gentleman.

Xanthias.—Most assuredly a gentleman, inasmuch as he knows only to drink and wench.

Æac.—To think of his not beating you, when openly convicted, that you said you were the master, when you were the slave.

Xan.—He would certainly have suffered for it.

Æac.—Upon my word, this is a servant-like act which you have openly done, which I take pleasure in doing.

Xan.—Take pleasure, I pray you?

Æac.—Nay, but methinks I am an *Epoptes*, when I curse my master in private.

Xan.—But what, when you go out muttering, after having received many blows?

Æac.—Then, too, I am delighted.

Xan.—But what, when you play the inquisitive busybody?

Æac.—By Jove, *I am delighted* as never anything in the world was.

Xan.—O Jupiter, the Protector of families! And when you overhear what your masters talk about?

Æac.—Nay, but I am more than mad with joy!

Xan.—But what, when you blab this to those outside?

Æac.—I? Nay, by Jove, but when I do this, I am even transported beyond measure.

Xan.—O, Phœbus Apollo! give me your right hand, and let me kiss you, and do you kiss me yourself, and tell me, by Jove, who is our fellow-slave, what is this tumult, and clamor, and wrangling within?

Æac.—Between Æschylus and Euripides.

Xan.—Ha!

Æac.—An affair, a mighty, a mighty affair has been set a-going among the dead, and a very great commotion.

Xan.—Wherefore?

Æac.—There is a law established here that, out of the professions, as many as are important and ingenious, he who is the best of his own fellow-artists should receive a public maintenance in the Prytaneum, and a seat next to Pluto's—

Xan.—I understand.

Æac.— —until some other person, better skilled in the art than he, should come; then it was his duty to give place.

Xan.—Why, then, has this disturbed Æschylus?

Æac.—He held the tragic seat, as being the best in his art.

Xan.—But who now?

Æac.—As soon as Euripides came down, he began to show off to the foot-pads, and cut-purses and parricides, and house-breakers; of which sort of men there is a vast quantity in Hades, and they, hearing his objections and twistings and

turnings, when stark mad, and thought him the cleverest. And then elated, he laid claim to the throne where Æschylus was sitting.

Xan.—And was he not pelted?

Æac.—No, by Jove; but the mob clamored to institute a trial, which of the two was the cleverer in his art.

Xan.—The mob of rascals?

Æac.—Aye, by Jove; prodigiously.

Xan.—But were there not others on Æschylus' side as allies?

Æac.—The good are few, as here. (Points to the audience.)

Xan.—What, then, is Pluto intending to do?

Æac.—To institute a contest and trial and ordeal of their skill forthwith.

Xan.—Why, how then did not Sophocles also lay claim to the seat?

Æac.—Not he, by Jove; but kissed Æschylus as soon as he came down, and gave him his right hand; and he had given up to him the seat. But now he was intending, as Clidemides said, to sit down as third combatant, and if Æschylus conquer, to remain in his place; but if not, he declared he would contend against Euripides in skill.

Xan.—Will the affair take place, then?

Æac.—Yes, by Jove; in a short time hence. And the dreadful contest will be agitated in this very place; for poetic skill will be measured by the scales.

Xan.—How then? Will they weigh tragedy by butcher's weight?

Æac.—And they will bring out rulers and yard-wands for verses, and they will make close-fitted oblong squares too, in the form of a brick, and rules for drawing the diameter, and wedges. For Euripides says he will examine the tragedies word by word.

Xan.—Of a truth, I suppose Æschylus takes it ill.

Æac.—At any rate, he bent his head down and looked sternly.

Xan.—But who, pray, will decide this?

Æac.—This was difficult; for they found a scarcity of clever men. For neither was Æschylus on friendly terms with the Athenians——

Xan.—Perhaps he thought them house-breakers for the most part.

Æac.— —— and in other respects considered them mere triflers with regard to judging of the abilities of poets. So then they committed it to your master, because he was experienced in the art. But let us go in; for whenever our masters are seriously engaged, blows are prepared for us. (Exit Æacus and Xanthias.)

Cho.—Doubtless the loud thunderer will cherish dreadful wrath within, when he sees his glib-tongued rival in art sharpening his teeth; then will he roll his eyes through dreadful frenzy. And there will be a helmet-nodding strife of horse-hair-crested words, and the rapid whirling of splinters, and paring of works, as the man repels the horse-mounted words of the ingenious hero; while he, having bristled up the shaggy locks of his naturally-haired mane, and contracting his brows dreadfully, and roaring, will send forth bolt-fastened words, tearing them up like planks with gigantic breath. On the other side the word-making, polished tongue, examiner of words, twisting about, agitating envious jaws, dissecting the words of his opponent, will refine away to nothing vast labor of the lungs. (Enter Bacchus, Pluto, Æschylus and Euripides.)

Euripides.—I will not give up the seat; cease your advisings; for I assert, that I am superior to him in the art.

Bacchus.—Æschylus, why are you silent? for your heart has language.

Eur.—He will act the dignitary at first, just as he was always accustomed to play the marvelous in his tragedies.

Bac.—My good fellow, speak not so very loftily.

Eur.—I know him, and have looked him through of old—a fellow that writes savage poetry, stubborn of speech, with an unbridled, licentious, unchecked tongue, unskilled in talk, pomp-bundle-worded.

Æschylus.—Indeed? you son of the market-goddess; do you say this of me, you gossip-gleaner and drawer of beggarly char-

acters, and rag-stitcher? But by no means shall you say it with impunity.

Bac.—Cease, Æschylus, and do not passionately inflame your heart with wrath!

Æsch.—Certainly not; before I shall have shown up clearly this introducer of lame characters, what sort of a person he is, who speaks so boldly.

Bac.—Boys, bring out a lamb, a black lamb; for a storm is ready to issue forth.

Æsch.—O, thou that collectest Cretan monodies, and introducest unholy nuptials into the art——

Bac.—Hollo! stop, O highly-honored Æschylus! And do you, O unlucky Euripides, get yourself out of the way of the hail-storm, if you are wise, lest through passion he smite your temples with a head-breaking word and let out your Telephus. And do you, O Æschylus, not angrily, but temperately refute, and be refuted. It is not meet that poets should rail at each other like bread-women. But you instantly roar like a holm oak on fire.

Eur.—I am ready, and do not decline to bite or to be bitten first, if he thinks proper, in iambics, in choral songs, and in the nerves of tragedy; and, by Jove, in the Peleus, too; and the Æolus, and the Meleager, nay, even the Telephus.

Bac.—What, pray, do you mean to do? Tell me, Æschylus!

Æsch.—I was wishing not to contend here; for our contest is not on equal terms.

Bac.—Why, pray?

Æsch.—Because my poetry has not died with me, but this man's has died with him, so that he will be able to recite it. But still, since you think proper, I must do so.

Bac.—Come, then; let some one give me here frankincense and fire, that I may pray, prior to the learned compositions, so as to decide this contest most skilfully. But do you (to the Chorus) sing some song to the Muses.

Cho.—O, you chaste Muses; the nine virgins of Jove, who look down upon the subtle, sagacious minds of maxim-coining men, whenever they enter into competition as opponents with

keenly-studied tricks of wrestling, come to observe the power of mouths most skillful in furnishing for themselves words and poetic saw-dust. For now the mighty contest of skill is coming to action forthwith.

Bac.—Now do you two also offer up some prayer, before you recite your verses.

Æsch.—(Offering frankincense.) O Ceres, who nourished my mind, may I be worthy of your mysteries!

Bac.—Come, then; now do you also (to Euripides) offer frankincense.

Eur.—Excuse me; for the gods to whom I pray are different.

Bac.—Are they some of your own, a new coinage?

Eur.—Most assuredly.

Bac.—Come, then; pray to your peculiar gods.

Eur.—O air, my food, and thou, well-hung tongue, and sagacity, and sharp-smelling nostrils, may I rightly refute whatever arguments I assail.

Cho.—Well, now; we are desirous to hear from you two learned men what hostile course of argument you will enter upon. For their tongue has been exasperated and the spirit of both is not devoid of courage, nor their souls sluggish. Therefore 'tis reasonable to expect that one will say something clever and well-polished; while the other, tearing them up, will fall on him with words torn up from the very roots, and toss about many long rolling words.

Bac.—Come, you ought to recite as soon as possible: but in such manner that you shall utter what is polite, and neither metaphors nor such as any one else might say.

Eur.—Well, now; I will speak of myself subsequently, what I am in poetry; but first I will convict this fellow that he was an impostor and a quack, and will show with what tricks he cajoled the spectators, having received them reared as fools in the school of Phrynichus. For first of all, he used to muffle up and seat some single character, as Achilles or a Niobe, without showing the face, a piece of tragic quackery, who did not even utter so much—

Bac.—No, by Jove, they certainly did not.

Eur.—His chorus, on the other hand, used to hurl four series of songs one after another without ceasing, while they were silent.

Bac.—But I used to like the silence, and this used to please me no less than those that chatter nowadays.

Eur.—For you were a simpleton, be well assured.

Bac.—I also think so myself. But why did What's-his-name do this?

Eur.—Out of quackery, that the spectator might sit expecting, when his Niobe would utter something; while the play would be going on.

Bac.—O, the thorough rascal! How I was cheated, then, by him! (To *Æschylus*.) Why are you stretching and yawning and showing impatience?

Eur.—Because I expose him. And then, when he had trifled in this way, and the drama was now half over, he used to speak some dozen words as big as bulls, with brows and crests, some tremendous fellows of terrific aspect, unknown to the spectators.

Æsch.—Ah, me miserable!

Bac.—(To *Æschylus*.) Be silent.

Eur.—But not a single plain word would he utter.

Bac.—(To *Æschylus*.) Don't grind your teeth.

Eur.—But either "Scamanders, or trenches, or griffin-eagles of beaten brass upon shields," and neck-breaking words, which it was not easy to guess the meaning of.

Bac.—Aye, by the gods! At any rate, I have lain awake before now during a long space of the night, trying to find out his "yellow horse-cock," what bird it is.

Æsch.—It has been painted as a device on the ships, you ignoramus.

Bac.—But I thought it was Eryxis, the son of Philoxenus.

Eur.—Ought you then to have introduced a cock into tragedy?

Æsch.—And what sort, you enemy of the gods, are the things which you introduced?

Eur.—Not horse-cocks, by Jove; nor yet goat-stags, as you do, such as they depict on the Persian tapestry; but immedi-

ately, as soon as ever I received the art from you, puffed out with pompous phrases and ponderous words, I first of all reduced it, and took off its ponderousness with versicles and argumentations, and with white beet, giving it chatter-juice, filtering it from books; and then I nursed it up with monodies, making an infusion of Cephisophon. Then I did not trifle with whatever I met with, nor rashly jumble things together; but he who came forward first used straightway to tell the pedigree of the piece.

Bac.—For, by Jove, 'twas better than to tell your own.

Eur.—Then from the first verse I used to leave nothing idle; but a woman would speak for me, or a slave all the same, or a master, or a virgin, or an old woman.

Æsch.—Then ought you not, pray, to have been put to death for daring to do this?

Eur.—No, by Apollo; for I did it as a popular act.

Bac.—No more of this, my good friend; for upon this subject your argumentation does not appear to the best advantage.

Eur.—Then I taught these to speechify.

Æsch.—I grant you. Would that you had burst asunder in the middle before you taught them.

Eur.—And the introduction of subtle rules, and the cornering-off of verses, to notice, to see, to understand, to twist, to love, to use stratagems, to suspect mischief, to contrive all things cunningly——

Æsch.—I grant you.

Eur.—Introducing domestic affairs, with which we are conversant, in which we are engaged, by which I might be tested; for these, being acquainted with the subjects, might criticise my art. But I used not to talk big, taking them away from their understandings, nor did I astound them by introducing Cycni and Memnons with bells on their horses' trappings. And you will recognize the pupils of each, his and mine. His are Phormisius and Megænetus, the Magnesians, whiskered-lance-trumpeters, sneering-pine-benders; while mine are Clitophon and Theramenes the elegant.

Bac.—Theramenes? A clever man and skillful in all things,

who, if he anywhere fall into troubles and stand nigh unto them, escapes out of them; no Chian, but a Ceian.

Eur.—I certainly instructed them to be prudent in such matters, by introducing into the art calculation and consideration; so that now they understand and discern all things, and regulate both other matters and their household better than heretofore, and look at things narrowly, inquiring, "How is this? Where is this? Who took this?"

Bac.—Yes, by the gods; at any rate every Athenian now, when he comes home, bawls to his domestics and inquires, "Where's the pitcher? Who has eaten off the sprat's head? My last year's bowl is gone. Where is the garlic of yesterday? Who has nibbled at my olives?" But before this they used to sit most stupid, gaping boobies and blockheads.

Cho.—"Thou seest this, O illustrious Achilles." Come, what wilt thou say to this? Only see that thine anger seize thee not and carry thee out of the course; for he has laid grievous things to thy charge. But, O noble man, see that you do not reply with anger, but shorten sail, using the extremity of your sails, and then gradually bear up, and watch when you catch the wind gentle and steady. But, O thou first of the Greeks that built the lofty rhyme, and gave dignity to tragic nonsense, boldly send forth thy torrent of words.

Æsch.—I am angry at the encounter and my heart is indignant that I must reply to this man. Yet, that he may not say I am at a loss, (to Euripides) answer me, for what ought we to admire a poet?

Eur.—For cleverness and instruction, and because we make the people in the cities better.

Æsch.—If then you have not done this, but from good and noble characters have rendered them most knavish, what will you say you are deserving to suffer?

Bac.—To be put to death; don't ask him.

Æsch.—Observe, then, what sort of men he originally received them from me, if noble and tall fellows, and not citizens that shirk all state burdens, nor loungers in the market, nor rogues, as they are now, nor villains; but breathing of spears, and lances, and white-crested helmets, and casques, and greaves, and seven-fold courage.

Eur.—This mischief now is spreading. He will kill me with his repeated helmet-making.

Bac.—And by having done what did you teach them to be so noble-minded?

(Æschylus is silent.) Speak, Æschylus, and do not be churlishly haughty and angry.

Æsch.—By having composed a drama full of martial spirit.

Bac.—Of what kind?

Æsch.—The *Seven Against Thebes*. Every man that saw it would long to be a warrior.

Bac.—Indeed, this has been ill done of you; for you have made the Thebans more courageous for the war; and for this you must be beaten.

Æsch.—It was in your power to practise it; but you did not turn yourself to this. Then I published the *Persæ* after this and taught them to desire always to conquer their adversaries, having embellished a most noble achievement.

Bac.—Of a truth, I was delighted when report was made about the defunct Darius, and the chorus immediately struck its hands together thus, and exclaimed, "Alas!"

Æsch.—This it behooves poets to practise. For observe how useful the noble poets have been from of old. Orpheus made known to us mystic rites, and to abstain from slaughter; Musæus, thorough cures of diseases and oracles; Hesiod, the cultivation of the earth, the season for fruits and tillage; and by what did the divine Homer obtain honor and glory, except this, that he taught what was useful, the marshalling of an army, brave deeds, and the equipment of heroes?

Bac.—And yet, nevertheless, he did not teach the most stupid Pantacles. At any rate lately, when he was for leading the procession, he tied on his helmet first and was going to fasten his crest on it.

Æsch.—But in truth, many other brave men, of whose number also was the hero Lamachus; from whom my mind copied and represented the many brave deeds of Patroclus and lion-hearted Teucers, that I might rouse the citizen to raise himself to these, whenever he should hear the trumpet. But by Jupiter, I did not introduce harlot Phædras or Stheno-

bœas; nor does any one know any woman whom I ever represented in love.

Eur.—No, by Jove; for neither was there aught of Venus in you.

Æsch.—Nor may there be; but over you and yours she presided very mightily; so that she even cast you down yourself.

Bac.—Yea, by Jupiter, this is assuredly the case; for you have been yourself afflicted with those things which you composed upon other men's wives.

Eur.—Why, what harm, you wretched fellow, do my Sthenobœas do to the city?

Æsch.—Because you have moved women, well-born and the wives of well-born men, to drink hemlock, shamed on account of your Bellerophons.

Eur.—But is this story which I composed about Phædra an unreal one?

Æsch.—No, by Jove, but a real one. Yet it becomes a poet to hide wickedness, and not to bring it forward, or represent it; for he who directs them is teacher to the little children, but poets to those who are grown up. In truth, it greatly behooves us to speak what is useful.

Eur.—If then you talk to us of Lycabettuses, and the heights of Mount Parnes, is this teaching what is useful, who ought to speak in the language of men?

Æsch.—But, you wretch, it is necessary also to produce words that are equal to the great thoughts and sentiments. And besides, it is natural that the demi-gods have their words mightier than ours, for they have also their dresses grander than ours. When I had beneficially established this, you utterly spoiled it.

Eur.—By doing what?

Æsch.—First, by dressing royal personages in rags, that they might appear to men to need pity.

Eur.—By doing what then have I injured in this?

Æsch.—Therefore, on account of this no one who is wealthy is willing to be trierarch, but wraps himself in rags and weeps, and declares he is poor.

Bac.—Aye, by Ceres, with a tunic of fine wool underneath, and if he impose upon them by saying this, he emerges again in the fish-market. (The resort of the wealthy.)

Æsch.—Then, again, you taught them to practice loquacity and wordiness, which has emptied the palæstræ, and worn out the youths who chatter and induced the crews of the triremes to contradict their commanders.

Bac.—Yes, by Apollo, did he, and when on shore to rob people; but now to contradict and no longer to row, and to sail this way and again that way.

Æsch.—Of what evils is he not the cause? Has he not represented pimps and women bringing forth in the temples, and having connection with their brothers, and saying, "To live is not to live?" And then, in consequence of this, our city has been filled full of under-clerks and buffoonish charlatans, who are always deceiving the people.

The Birds.

The *Birds* fairly sparkles with the boldest and richest imagery within the province of the fantastic. It is a mirthful, buoyant creation, bright with the gayest plumage, a piece of the most harmless buffoonery, which has a fling at everything, gods as well as man, but without anywhere pressing toward any particular object. Yet some have found in it a complete historical allegory of the Sicilian expedition, and others an aspiration toward a new and purified Athens. All that was remarkable in the stories about birds in natural history, in mythology, in the lore of augury, in Æsop's fables, or even in proverbial expressions, the poet has ingeniously blended in this poem; he even goes back as far as the Cosmogony, and shows how at first black-winged Night laid a wind-egg, whence lovely Eros, with

golden pinions, soared aloft, and then gave birth to all things. Two fugitives of the human species find their way into the domain of the birds, who are determined to revenge themselves for the many hostilities they have suffered from man; they are held as captives, but save themselves by proving clearly that the birds are preëminent about all creatures, and advise them to collect their scattered powers into one enormous State. Thus the wondrous city, Cloud-cuckoo-town, is built above the earth. All sorts of unbidden guests—priests, poets, soothsayers, geometers, lawgivers, sycophants—wish to feather their nests in the new State, but are bid go their ways. New gods are ordained, of course after the image of birds, as mankind conceived theirs as human beings; the frontier of Olympus is walled up against the old gods, so that no savor of sacrifice can reach them, whereby they are brought into great distress, and send an embassy, consisting of Hercules, Neptune and a Thracian god who cannot talk Greek in correct fashion, but discourses gibberish. These, however, are compelled to accept whatever terms the birds please to offer, and they leave to them the sovereignty of the world. However like a farcical tale all this may seem, it has a philosophical significance; it casts a glance, as it were, on the sum of all things, which, once in a way, is all very proper, considering that most of our conceptions are true only from a human point of view.

In the subjoined extract the birds give their account of the creation of the world, which is in the poet's most fantastic vein.

It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness
of darkness, and hell's broad border;
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in depths
of the womb of the dark without order
First thing first born of the black-plumed Night was a
wind-egg hatched in her bosom,
Whence timely, with season revolving again, sweet Love
burst out as a blossom,
Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like whirlwinds
gustily turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of
darkness in hell broad-burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of birds first and up-
raised us to light new-lighted.

The swan-song is an excellent specimen of the poet's
lyric verse:

Thus the swans in chorus follow,
On the mighty Thracian stream,
Hymning their eternal theme,
Praise to Bacchus and Apollo:
The welkin rings, with sounding wings,
With songs and cries and melodies,
Up to the thunderous Æther ascending,
Whilst all that breathe on earth beneath,
The beasts of the wood, the plain and the flood,
In panic amazement are crouching and bending
With the awful qualm of a sudden calm,
Ocean and air in silence blending.
The ridge of Olympus is sounding on high,
Appalling with wonder the lords of the sky,
And the Muses and Graces,
Enthroned in their places,
Join in the solemn symphony.
Ouzel, and thou of the speckled wing,
Hazelhen, hazelhen, speed while I sing,

Come many, come any
 With the halcyon brood that sweep
 Surges of the watery deep,
 Come and list to novel words,
 Which to hear from far and near
 We gather all the tribes of neck-extending birds.
 Here is arrived a sharp old man
 Of revolutionary mind,
 To revolutionary deeds inclined;
 Come all and listen to his plan.
 Hither, hither, hither.

The following is an imitation of the tragic choruses of Phrynichus, of whom Aristophanes always speaks with respect:

Muse, that in the deep recesses
 Of the forest's dreary shade,
 Vocal with our wild addresses;
 Or in the lonely lowly glade.
 Attending near, art pleased to hear
 Our humble bill tuneful and shrill.

When, to the name of omnipotent Pan,
 Our notes we raise, or sing in praise
 Of mighty Cybele, from whom we began;
 Mother of Nature, and every creature.
 Winged or unwinged, of birds or man.
 Aid and attend, and chant with me
 The music of Phrynichus, open and plain,
 The first that attempted a loftier strain,
 Ever busy like the bee, with the sweets of harmony.

Plutus.

The *Plutus*, in its extant form, is the second edition of that comedy, appearing in B. C. 388, and the first

edition in 408. In the play which has come down to us we have only here and there a reminiscence of what the old comedy had been. The chorus is altogether insignificant; there is no political satire, and the personal attacks are directed against individuals capriciously selected. The plot is the development of a very simple and general truth—that if Plutus, the god of riches, were not blind he would have bestowed his favors with more discrimination. Plutus falls into the hands of Chremylus, a poor but most worthy citizen, who contrives to restore to the blind god the use of his eyes. The natural consequences follow. The good become rich and the bad are reduced to poverty. There is a dash of the old Aristophanic humor in the successive pictures of the different classes of men, but on the whole the play exhibits many symptoms of the change which had come over the whole spirit of Greek comic poetry. In the following scene Chremylus and his servant, Cario, hold discourse with Plutus:

Chremylus.—What? O, you most cowardly of all deities; For do you suppose the sovereignty of Jove and his thunderbolts would be worth a three-obol piece, if you should recover your sight, if it were but for a short time?

Plutus.—Ah! say not so, you wretch!

Chr.—Be quiet; for I will demonstrate you to be far more powerful than Jupiter.

Plu.—Me?

Chr.—Aye, by heaven. For example, through what does Jupiter rule the gods?

Cario.—Through money, for he has most of it.

Chr.—And all arts and clever sciences among men have been invented through you. For one of them sits and makes shoes; and some other one is a smith, and another a carpenter; another, by Jove, steals clothes; another is a housebreaker; another washes fleeces, another is a tanner, another sells onions, another having been detected as an adulterer, loses his hair through you.

Plu.—Ah, me; miserable! This has been unknown to me this long while.

Chr.—You alone are the cause of all, both of our miseries and our blessings, be well assured.

Plu.—Am I able, single as I am, to effect so many things?

Chr.—Yes, by Jupiter; far more than these; so that no one has ever at any time been sated of you. For of all the rest, there is a satiety. Of love,

Ca.—Of bread,

Chr.—Of music,

Ca.—Of sweetmeats,

Chr.—Of honor,

Ca.—Of cheesecakes,

Chr.—Of manly virtue,

Ca.—Of dried figs,

Chr.—Of ambition,

Ca.—Of barley-cake,

Chr.—Of military command,

Ca.—Of lentil-broth

Chr.—But of you no one has ever at any time been sated. But if any one get thirteen talents, so much the more does he desire to get sixteen. And if he accomplish this, he wishes for forty, or he says his life is not worth living.

Plu.—In truth you appear to me to speak exceeding well; but one thing only I fear.

Chr.—Tell us, what about.

Plu.—How I shall become master of this power which you say I have.

Chr.—Yes, by Jove, you shall! But even all say that wealth is a most timid thing.

Plu.—By no means; but some housebreaker has calumniated me. For, having once crept into the house, he was not able to get anything, having found everything locked up; so then he called my forethought cowardice.

Chr.—Let nothing trouble you now; for if you be zealous yourself in the business, I'll make you more sharp-sighted than Lyceus.

Plu.—How, then, will you be able to do this, mortal as you are?

Chr.—I have some good hope from what Phœbus himself told me, having shaken the Pythian laurel.

Plu.—And was he, then, privy to this?

Chr.—Certainly.

Plu.—Take care!

Chr.—Do not be at all concerned, my good sir; for I, be well assured of this, will accomplish this myself, even if I must die for it.

Ca.—And I, too, if you wish it.

Chr.—And many others will be our allies, as many as had no bread, though they were honest.

Plu.—Deary me! you tell us of miserable allies.

Chr.—Not so, if they become rich again as before. But do you (to Cario) go and run quickly——

Ca.—What am I to do? Tell me.

Chr.—Call my fellow-laborers—you will probably find them working hard in the fields,—that each, being present here, may share an equal portion with us of this Plutus.

Ca.—Well, now, I am going. But let some one of the servants from within take and carry in this small bit of meat.

Chr. (Taking the meat.)—This shall be my care: but run quickly. (Exit Cario.) And do you, O Plutus, most excellent of all gods, go in this way with me; for this is the house which you must to-day fill with riches, by fair means or by foul.

Plu.—But, by the gods, I am exceedingly loath to be always going into other people's houses. For I never at any time got any good from it. For if I chance to go into the house of a

miser, he immediately buries me deep in the earth; and if any good man, his friend, come to him asking to get some small sum of money, he denies that he has ever at any time even seen me. But if I chance to go into the house of a mad fellow, I am exposed to harlots and dice and driven out of doors naked in a moment of time.

Chr.—Yes; for you never at any time met with a moderate man. But I am somehow always of this character. For I both take pleasure in saving, as never man did, and again in spending, whenever there is occasion for it. Now let us go in; for I wish both my wife to see you and my only son, whom I love most of all—next to you.

Plu.—I believe you.

Chr.—For why should one not tell the truth to you? (Exeunt Chremylus and Plutus.)

Ca.—Oh, you who have often eaten of the same thyme with my master, his friends, and fellow-tribesmen, and lovers of labor; come, make haste, hurry, since the time does not admit delay, but it is at the very crisis at which you ought to be present and lend your aid.

Chorus of Country-people.—Don't you see, then, that we have been actively hastening this long while, as is reasonable those should who are now feeble and old? But you, perhaps, expect that I should run, before you even tell me this, on what account your master has called me hither.

Ca.—Have I not then, I ween, been telling you this long while? It is you, yourself, that don't hear. For my master says that you shall all of you live pleasantly, freed from your dreary and unpleasant mode of life.

Cho.—But what, pray, and whence, is this thing which he speaks of?

Ca.—He has come hither with a certain old man, ye wretches, who is filthy, crooked, miserable, wrinkled, bald and toothless; and by heaven, I think he is circumcised, too.

Cho.—O, you who have announced golden tidings, how say you? tell me again! For you plainly show that he has come with a heap of money.

Ca.—Nay, rather with a heap of the ills of age.

Cho.—Do you expect, after deceiving us, to get off unpunished, and that, too, when I have a staff?

Ca.—Why, do you consider me to be altogether such a man by nature in all respects, and do you think that I would say nothing true?

Cho.—How haughty the rascal is! Your legs are crying out, "Oh! Oh!" longing for the stocks and fetters.

Ca.—But, are you not for going, when now your letter has assigned you to administer justice in the tomb, and Charon gives you your ticket?

Cho.—Split you! What an impudent fellow you are, and arrant knave by nature, who cheat us, and have not yet had the patience to tell us on what account your master has called us hither, who, after laboring much, have come hither readily, though we had no leisure, passing over many roots of thyme.

Ca.—Well, then, I will not conceal it any longer; for, sirs, my master has come with Plutus, who will make you rich.

Cho.—What! is it really possible for us all to be rich?

Ca.—Yes, by the gods, all Midases, if you get asses' ears.

Cho.—How I am delighted and gladdened, and wish to dance for joy, if you are really speaking the truth.

Ca.—Well, now, I should like to lead you, imitating the Cyclops, threttanelo! and moving thus to and fro with my feet. But come, my children, crying out frequently, and bleating the strains of sheep and stinking goats, follow me lewdly, and you shall breakfast like goats.

Cho.—And we, on the other hand, bleating when we have caught you, this Cyclops, threttanelo! dirty, with a wallet and dewy, wild potherbs, having a drunken headache, leading your sheep, and carelessly asleep somewhere, will take a great lighted, sharp stake and try to blind you.

Aristophanes' Reputation.

Nothing but the consideration of the remarkable culture and intelligence of the Athenians can enable us to conceive how these comedies which, with all their

buffoonery, are in reality based upon the most important relations of human life, could form a popular amusement. The poet is to be envied who might presume upon such a public as this, but it was a dangerous advantage. Spectators who understood so easily could not easily be pleased. Aristophanes complains of the too fastidious taste of the Athenians, with whom his most admired predecessors were out of favor, as soon as even a slight falling off of their powers was visible. On the contrary, he says that the rest of the Greeks, as connoisseurs of dramatic art, were not even to be taken into account. All who possessed talents in this department strove to shine in Athens, and here, too, their competition was compressed within the narrow period of a few festivals, where the people were ever desirous of seeing some novelty, and indeed their desires were always gratified in abundance. The apportionment of the prizes, on which everything depended, as there were no other means of gaining publicity, was decided after a single performance. Hence it may be conceived to what a degree of perfection this was carried under the directing care of the poet. If we also take into account the completely finished character of all the coöperating arts, the extremely audible delivery, both in the dialogue and the singing part, of the most elaborate poetry, together with the splendor and great extent of the stage, we have before us the presentation of a theatrical entertainment such as since then has perhaps never existed in the world.

In the brief sketch here given of the general objects of Aristophanes' comedies, reference has been made

only to their external and political import. It must not, however, be supposed, because Aristophanes was a Pantagrueist, a fabricator of allegorical caricatures, giving vent at times to the wildest buffoonery and setting no bounds to the coarseness and plain-spokenness of his words, that his writings contain nothing but a political medley; on the contrary, we find here and there bursts of lyric poetry which would have done honor to the sublimest of his tragic contemporaries. The fact is that Aristophanes was not merely a wit and a satirist; he had within himself all the ingredients which are necessary to form a great poet; the nicest conception of harmony, a fervid and active imagination, drawing upon the stores of an ever-creating fancy, and a true and enlarged perception of ideal beauty. This was so notorious, even in his own time, that Plato, who had little reason to speak favorably of him, declared that the Graces, having sought a temple to dwell in, found it in the bosom of Aristophanes, and it is very probably in consequence of Plato's belief in the real poetical power of Aristophanes that he makes Socrates convince him in the *Banquet* that fundamentally the arts of tragedy and comedy are one and the same.

The Character of Aristophanes.

Of the private character of Aristophanes we know but little, save that, like all other Athenians, he was fond of pleasure; and it is intimated by Plato that he was not distinguished by abstinence and sobriety. That coarseness of language was in those times no proof of

moral depravity has already been sufficiently shown by a modern admirer of Aristophanes; the fault was not in the man, but in the manners of the age in which he lived, and to blame the comedian for it is to give proof of an unwillingness to lay aside modern associations, which acts as a fatal obstacle to the student of the classic drama. The object of Aristophanes was one most worthy of a wise and good man; it was to cry down the pernicious quackery which was forcing its way into Athens and polluting, or drying up, the springs of public and private virtue; which had turned religion into the folly of word-wisdom, and which was the cause alike of the corruption of tragedy and of the downfall of the State. He is not to be blamed for his method of opposing these evils; it was the only course open to him; the demagogues had introduced the comus into the city, and he turned it against them till it repented them that they had ever used such an instrument. So far, then, from charging Aristophanes with immorality, it may be said, in the words which a great and good man of our own day used when speaking of his antitype, Rabelais, that the morality of his works is of the most refined and exalted character, however little worthy of praise their manners may be. On the whole, he who can accept without shrinking the ingredients with which the necessities of the time forced the great comedian to dress his golden truths will find in the plays of Aristophanes an excellent picture of men and manners at Athens in the most glorious days of her history. "Men smile," says one of his critics, "when they hear the story of one of the most venerable fathers of the Church—no other

than St. Chrysostom—who never went to bed without a copy of Aristophanes under his pillow, and to whom, it is said, we owe his extant plays.”

Yet while we try to excuse Aristophanes the man and plead the honesty of his intention, as well as the license of his age and the vileness which was expected by the populace as an essential part of the customary ceremonial at the festivals of Bacchus, we must acknowledge that these blemishes are justly condemned by the world's verdict. “Alas,” says one, “that the poet who could compose the splendid choruses of the *Clouds* should sink so low as to wallow in abominable filth! Alas that the genius who sought to save his countrymen from the destruction yawning for them should lend his powerful aid to a wanton attack on the great moral philosopher of his time! If Socrates was a sophist, Aristophanes was a blackguard.”

Political and Social Satire.

The general politics of Aristophanes, as set forth in his plays, amount to the stock denunciation of democracy, which, for him, is summed up in the personality of Cleon. There is the usual representation of the masses as readily gulled by flattery, oracles and cries of tyranny; the agitators bid against one another with promises of cheap food and material comforts; the “classes” are represented by the knights, but there is no positive to match this negative, and not even any definite system of reform is shadowed. When Demus is boiled down, he appears simply restored to youth,

with all subsequent to the age of Marathon blotted out like a bad dream.

The most definite political topic in Aristophanes is naturally that which touches the life-and-death struggle between the Athenian and Spartan leagues. He is the spokesman of the peace party, and four of his plays are passionate and eloquent pleas for peace. No one can doubt their sincerity; but here again we look in vain for any lofty ideal of politics; nor is there any trace of the poet's having felt very deeply the issues at stake in this war, while seldom does he betray any strong sympathies or antipathies as regards the different types of Greek people drawn into this mortal conflict. The speech in the *Acharnians*, where he makes Dicæopolis give serious political advice, minimizes the cause of the war to a quarrel over three harlots; but here he takes care to add that he hates Lacedæmon, and longs for an earthquake to level the proud city with the ground. It is significant that when Peace is drawn up from the pit she is accompanied by Sport and Plenty; all the glories of peace, as painted by Aristophanes, amount to creature comforts and joys, with freedom from the troublesome burdens of war. Elsewhere, indeed, he is forever identifying all that is good and true with a life of martial training and naval prowess; but it is the training and prowess of the last generation.

Intermediate between political and social satire may be noted, as a topic of constant recurrence in Aristophanes, the furore for forensic proceedings which transformed Athens into a city of jurymen. This is treated as a part of democracy, and Cleon is the rallying-point

of the wasp-jurors. Social morality, as we have seen, also enters largely into the matter of Greek comedy. If it were necessary to approve or condemn the moral teachings of Aristophanes, it must be confessed it would be very difficult to disentangle the poet's actual sentiments from the comic medium in which they are conveyed, and from the wildness of the Dionysiac festival. But it is a great tribute to his genius that Aristophanes, who disputes with Rabelais the preëminence in coarseness for the whole world's literature, whose highest appeals are to our animal nature, who reforms his repentant jurymen into a life of utter dissoluteness, has impressed half his readers from the days of St. Chrysostom downward as a sublime moralist.

Some of those who admire him in this capacity are troubled by the circumstance that Aristophanes should have attacked Socrates; but this is intelligible enough when we recognize that in morals, as in every other department, he was the antagonist of what was new. The science of his age he presents as so much quackery, all its religious inquiry he regards as atheism, its varying schools of philosophy are comprehended under the idea of substituting grammatical subtleties for open-air gymnastics; the whole new thought is lumped together and identified with laxity of morals and the presumptuousness of youth. Then, so little open to moral impressions is Aristophanes, in actual fact, that he selects from the band of prominent philosophers, as a personal embodiment for his caricature, the one personage who, by common consent, is allowed to have lived the purest and noblest life that the pre-Christian world ever saw.

In the plays of Aristophanes the whole panorama of Greek society passes before us, each phase touched with the poet's inexhaustible humor. One play is opened with a meeting of Parliament, and the whole machinery of government is presented in caricature—president, ambassadors with high-sounding titles, luxurious envoys; elsewhere a magistrate with his archers of the guard perform their functions, and the punishment of the stocks and of scourging is administered on the stage. The proceedings of the law courts are continually before us, and we are familiar with the ways of the smooth-tongued advocates and the insolence of lawyer-youths. A description is given of a night in the temple of *Æsculapius*—prototype of our modern hospital—and one scene presents the secret mysteries of the women, while other religious celebrations—bridal and funeral processions, thank-offerings and consecrations—are constantly used to fill up the scenes.

Abundant space is devoted to caricaturing the different classes of society, whose outward guise and varying manners do so much to make up the spectacle of life. Not to speak of Spartans, Megarians, *Bœotians*, we have priests, sophists, poets, astronomers, public commissioners, news-vendors, leather-sellers, sausage-sellers, the opposing trades of sicklemen to represent the arts of peace; makers of crests, helmets, spears, and trumpets, with soldiers, to represent war; slaves, informers, flute-girls, artisans in general rising at cock-crow, and inn-keepers fleeced by travellers and making their successors suffer. The merry war of the sexes is a constant topic with Aristophanes, and no direct attacks on

women are so sharp as the innocent self-exposure which he puts into the mouths of the sex when they are supposed to be free from the presence of men. All this is the social satire of the older comedy broadened by the added machinery of the Attic type. It reaches a climax in the *Birds*, and the two latest plays of Aristophanes, in which, avoiding party questions, he rests the idea of his plot upon general satire, exaggerating to a degree that passes anything attempted in regard to politics, and the whole becomes a genial mockery of human nature itself.

III.

The Middle and New Comedy.

Between the middle and the old comedy it is difficult to draw any exact line of demarcation. We cannot say, for instance, who were the latest writers of the one and the earliest of the other. Some dramatists belonged to both, as did Aristophanes, whose two last works, the *Æolosicon* and *Cocalus*, brought out by one of his sons, unquestionably belong to middle comedy. An essential difference between them was that the middle comedy had no chorus, this being due to the inability of an impoverished State to furnish the necessary funds. By some authorities the absence of personal satire is stated as the distinguishing mark, a law passed under the régime of the thirty tyrants forbidding the introduction of individuals by name as among the *dramatis personæ*. Yet this was easily evaded by suppressing the name and identifying the individual by means of the mask, the dress and personal appearance. It certainly had not the intended effect, for the works of comic poets continued to abound in animadversions on eminent men.

In old comedy, as already mentioned, unbounded li-

cense was exercised in dealing with contemporary citizens. No rank, age or condition could shelter the object of abuse and ridicule. While attending the theatre he was not only assailed by name and jeered at before his face, but was actually dragged on the stage as one of the characters, and thus made to behold himself, as it were, acting his own shameful part. This license vanished with Athenian independence; for if the law was ineffectual, attacks on prominent leaders or their partisans were avoided by those who wished to escape the vengeance of powerful men. Thus deprived of the rich materials which public events and characters had supplied, the comic writer must look elsewhere for subjects. As ridicule was too favorite a weapon to be altogether laid aside, its shafts were turned from the politician to the philosopher, to the Platonist and Pythagorean, men who might be attacked with impunity. Mythological stories were turned into ludicrous exhibitions, and a host of characters sprang up which in after times were regularly embodied in comedy—clownish rustics, drunken old men and women, aged misers, braggadocios, courtesans, slaves, cooks and parasites. The language and plots of the choicest tragedies and epic poems were parodied and travestied in comedies whose purpose may have been to criticise, but whose effect must have been to degrade. And so it was with subjects taken from mythology and with whatever was capable of being turned into the ludicrous among contemporary systems of philosophy. Yet it was a comedy of manners rather than of character, avoiding local politics but making sport of foreign tyrants.

Such are the main features of the class of drama which appeared in the interval between the extinction of the old comedy and the formation of the new. Of about forty writers who belong to this period, little more than the names, with a few of the titles of their works and an occasional fragment of the text, have been preserved, the little that is known of them being chiefly from adaptations by Latin poets.

Eubulus and Araros.

Eubulus, an Athenian, was the author of more than a hundred plays, and some of them belonged to new comedy, as is judged from the numerous fragments which Athenæus has quoted from his works. He appears to have been a successful as well as a fertile writer. Contemporary with him was Araros, a son of Aristophanes, but possessing none of his genius. His brothers, Philippus and Nicostratus, belong to the same period and were also of mediocre ability.

Antiphanes.

Antiphanes, a native of Rhodes, was the most prolific of playwrights, composing, it is said, about 300 pieces, chiefly in critical vein or dealing with social subjects. His works were extremely popular, and though the son of a slave, a decree was passed ordering the removal of his remains from Chios, where he died, to Athens, where they were interred with public honors, a distinction usually granted only to Athenian citizens, and

one that would never have been conceded, except to a dramatist of exceptional merit.

Anaxandrides.

In common with his contemporary and countryman, Antiphanes, Anaxandrides made some advance toward the new comedy, introducing love affairs upon the stage, too often accompanied with low intrigue and debauchery. He also ridiculed Plato and the Academy, and lampooned the magistracy of Athens, for which latter offense, it is said, he was condemned to die by starvation. He was a man of handsome presence and strong ability, but effeminate in dress and manners and extremely sensitive as to the reception of his plays, destroying or selling for waste parchment all that were not successful.

Alexis, Epicrates, Timocles.

Alexis of Thurium, uncle and instructor of Menander, lived to be more than a hundred years old, and to write twice as many comedies; but nothing else is known of him, except that he was an epicure and that Plato was sometimes the object of his sarcasm. From Epicrates a curious fragment has been preserved, where the disciples of Plato are described as in deep discussion over a cucumber.

Timocles was an Athenian writer of more than usual powers, occasionally recurring to the political invective of old comedy. The encroachments of Philip, of Macedon, on the liberties of Greece had roused the

citizens of Athens to their early interest in foreign affairs, and Timocles freely discussed public men and measures.

New Comedy.

The new comedy began about 340 B. C. and extended throughout the period of the Macedonian supremacy. Though little else than a development of middle comedy, its types were more numerous, including the scheming courtesan, the cunning slave and the captain of mercenaries, fresh from Asia or Egypt, with well-filled purse and full of his own importance. The last especially was the original of a long line of comic characters; but the favorite theme was love-making, corresponding as nearly as possible to that of the modern drama; for it was by the Greeks that love affairs, and especially love intrigues, were first introduced on the stage.

Dealing as they did chiefly with character or manners, the new comedians found little room for originality of treatment, and thus in the construction of their plots were rather skilful than varied. There is an abundance of moral and sentimental reflection, borrowed chiefly from Euripides, which refined, if it did not enliven, the drama. Yet it cannot be said that this school of dramatists was animated by any high moral or artistic purpose. The new comedy is a mixture of jest and earnest. The poet no longer makes a sport of his poetry and of the world, but he seeks the sportive character in his subject, he depicts in human characters and situations that which gives occasion to mirth.

The medium of representation in old comedy is a species of fantastic buffoonery, which, at last, in respect of all but the general meaning, resolves itself into nothing. On the contrary, that of new comedy is serious in its form. It strives after strict coherence, and has, in common with tragedy, a formal complication and unraveling of the plot. Like tragedy, it connects the incidents as cause and effect, except that it takes the law of this connection as it exists in experience; whereas, in tragedy it is referred to an idea. As tragedy endeavors at the close to satisfy the feelings, so the new comedy seeks to terminate in at least an apparent resting-point for the understanding. Thus the task of the comedian is by no means an easy one; he must dexterously set aside, at the conclusion of the piece, the contradictions, the confused play of which has amused us during its continuance; if he really balances them, if he makes his fools rational and reforms or punishes his villains, the mirthful impression is done away with.

Characteristic Features.

As the new comedy sets bounds to the creative activity of the fancy, it must compensate for this to the understanding, and this compensation is rendered by the probability of the objects represented. It must be a true picture of existing manners; its tone must be local and national; or when comedies are performed which belong to other times and nations, we seek for this reality in them, and we value it. Yet it is not necessary that comic characters should be altogether individ-

ual. The most striking features of different individuals may be combined into a certain completeness, if they be but invested with sufficient peculiarity to have individual life, and not to come forward as examples of a partial conception. In so far as it is the object of comedy to depict social and domestic life in general, it is a portrait; on the prosaic side, it must modify itself according to time and place, while the comic motives, in respect of their poetical basis, are always the same.

As a composite formed out of the comic and tragic, poetic and prosaic elements, it is evident that new comedy, with its modern adaptations, may include a variety of subordinate species, according as one or the other element preponderates in them. If the poet plays in sportive humor with his own inventions, the result is a farce; if he confines himself to the ludicrous in situation and characters, avoiding as much as possible all admixture of serious matter, we have a pure comedy; in proportion as the earnest tone prevails in the design of the entire composition, and in the sympathy and the moral judgment which are called forth, it assumes the character of the instructive or affecting comedy; and from this but a step remains to tragedy.

If we still possessed all the comic literature of the Greeks we should undoubtedly find there the patterns of all these species, except that their dramatists never sank into narrowness, but arranged and tempered everything in due proportion. We have, even among the few that remain to us in Latin adaptations, the *Captives* of Plautus, which may be called a pathetic drama; the *Hecyra* of Terence, a true family-picture, while the

Amphitryo borders upon the bold caprice of the old comedy, and the play of *Menæchmi* is full of wild intrigue. We find in all the plays of Terence serious, passionate, nay, touching passages, as in the first scene of the *Self-Tormentor*. We see here no separate species, but merely a scale in the tone of the composition, distinguished by transitions more or less observable.

The nature of the mirthful ideal in the old comedy has been already explained. But as the representation of the new comedy is required to resemble a definite truth, it cannot allow itself, in general, the studied and capricious exaggeration of the more ancient form. It must therefore seek for other sources of amusement, which lie nearer the serious province, and these it finds in a regular delineation of character. Yet to keep the spectator in a mirthful tone of mind, the comic representation must withdraw him as much as possible from a moral appreciation of the persons, and from a true interest in what befalls them, for with both these a degree of earnestness is introduced. But how is the poet to avoid all excitement of the moral feelings when the actions exhibited are such that they must needs excite sometimes indignation and contempt, sometimes veneration and affection? He effects this by transferring the whole into the province of the understanding. He confronts men with each other as physical beings, in order to measure their powers with each other, though, of course, taking into account the intellectual powers, and these especially. In this respect comedy is most nearly allied to the fable; as fable introduces us to beasts more or less endowed with the

rational faculty, so comedy to human beings serving the animal instincts with their understanding. As soon as the poet goes beyond this he falls out of the comic tone.

Aristotle describes the ludicrous as an imperfection, an impropriety which does not really tend to do any harm. So comic misfortune ought to be merely a perplexity which is to be resolved at the end, or, at most, a deserved humiliation. To this end belong certain corporeal means of instruction for grown-up persons which our more lenient times would fain banish from the stage, whereas Molière and other masters have made diligent use of them. These chastisements form, in comedy, the counterpart to a violent death suffered with heroic endurance in tragedy. Here the sentiments remain unshaken amid all the terrors of annihilation; the man perishes, but he maintains his principles; there the corporeal being remains unharmed, but on the other hand there is a sudden revolution of sentiment.

The theatres of the Greeks were not planned with a view to the representation of comedy, and especially they were not adapted to the new comedy. The frame was so wide that the picture could not fill it; the stage lay under the open sky and showed little or nothing of the interior of the houses. The new comedy, therefore, must needs have the street for its scene, and this occasions many incongruities, the people coming frequently out of the houses to tell their secrets to each other in the street. It is true, the poets saved themselves the trouble of changing the scenes by supposing the families concerned in the action to be next-door neigh-

bors. It may also be remarked that the Greeks, like all southern nations, lived in the open air. The chief disadvantage which this arrangement drew after it was the restriction of the female characters of the drama; for the exclusion of the unmarried, and of young women in general, was inevitable, by reason of the retired life led by the female sex in Greece. None appear but aged housewives, maid-servants or girls of light reputation. Besides the loss of agreeable representation, this often causes the whole play to turn upon a marriage or a passion for a person whom we never once get sight of.

Athens, where the scene was generally laid, was the centre of a small territory, not to be compared in extent and population with modern capital cities. Republican equality admitted no marked distinctions of rank; there was no titular nobility; all were neither more nor less than citizens, poorer or richer, who for the most part had no other occupation than to superintend their own property. Hence, in Attic comedy the contrasts which arise from diversity of tone and cultivation seldom appear; it confines itself to the middle ranks and has an air almost of village life, which does not please those who would have comedy portray the manners of a court and the extreme refinement or corruption of monarchial capitals.

Love and Marriage Among the Greeks.

As to the intercourse between the two sexes, the Greeks knew nothing of the gallantry of modern

Europe, nor of that love which is combined with enthusiastic veneration. All ended in sensual passion or matrimony. The latter, as Grecian manners and governments were constituted, was much rather a duty, a matter of convenience, than of affection. The legislature was strict only in one single point, namely, to secure purity of extraction, which alone was legitimate. Citizenship was a great privilege, the more precious in proportion as the citizens were fewer; for their number was not willingly suffered to increase beyond a certain point. Therefore, marriages with foreign women were invalid. The intercourse with a wife, whom in many cases the husband had never seen before he married her, who spent her whole life in the interior of the house, could be productive of little entertainment, and this they sought among women who had little claim to respect, who were foreigners without property, freed slaves and the like. With such women the easy morality of the Greeks considered almost everything allowable, especially to young unmarried men. This kind of life, consequently, is much more freely displayed by the ancient comedians than we think decorous. Their comedies, like all others, take care to end with matrimony, but this is often only a means of propitiating a father after the irregularities of a forbidden amour. Sometimes, however, the amour is transformed into a lawful connection by means of a discovery that the supposed foreigner or slave is by birth a free-woman of Athens. It is worthy of remark that the first germ of the new comedy sprung up in the fruitful spirit of the same poet as brought the old species to perfection.

The *Cocalus* of Aristophanes, his last play, describes a seduction, a recognition and all the circumstances afterward imitated by Menander.

Characters in the New Comedy.

The whole round of characters may be easily described, so few are they, and of such perpetual recurrence—the strict and parsimonious, or the mild and easy-tempered father, the latter not infrequently under the dominion of his wife, yet making common cause against her with his son; the fond and sensible, or morose and domineering housewife; the young man, light-minded, extravagant, but otherwise amiable, capable also of a true attachment in a love which in its origin was sensual; the girl of light character, either quite corrupted at the very first, vain, sly and selfish, or still good-natured and susceptible of better feelings; the cunning slave, who helps his young master to cheat his father, and by all sorts of knavery to get money for the gratification of his own appetites; the flatterer, or officious parasite, who is ready to say and do all imaginable things in the prospect of a good meal; the sycophant, a person whose occupation it is to annoy honest people with all sorts of legal pettifoggery; the vain-glorious soldier returned from foreign service, usually a coward and simpleton, but passing himself for somebody, by boasting of his exploits abroad; lastly, a female attendant, or pretended mother, who preaches very indifferent morality to the girl whom she has in her charge, and the slave-dealer who speculates on the

extravagant passions of young people, and knows no other motive than that of his own profit. The two last characters, with their revolting coarseness, are, to our feelings, a real blot upon the Grecian comedy, but from the nature of its materials they could not be dispensed with.

The knavish servant is generally also the merry-maker, who avows, with agreeable exaggeration, his own sensuality and unprincipled maxims, and makes a joke of the other persons, perhaps, also, with side-speeches to the audience. Hence the comic servants of the moderns; though it is doubtful whether, as our manners are, there is propriety and truth in borrowing such characters from the ancients. The Greek servant was a slave, given up for life to the sovereign will of his master, and often exposed to the severest treatment. A person thus deprived by the constitution of society of all his natural rights, may be pardoned if he makes cunning his business; he is in a state of warfare with his oppressor, and artifice is his natural weapon. A modern servant, who is free to choose his situation and his master is, of course, a worthless rascal if he helps the son to play off a deceit upon his father. As to the self-avowed sensuality, which gives a comic cast of expression to servants and other persons of mean rank, this motive may still be followed without hesitation; he to whom life grants few privileges has also less required of him, and may boldly avow vulgar sentiments without giving great offense. The better the condition of servants in real life, the less suitable are they to comedy; it redounds, perhaps, to the credit of this soft age

of ours that we see downright virtuous servants who are better suited to excite tears than laughter.

On these types the Greeks, with their limited sphere of civil and domestic life, wrought an infinite number of variations, all of them true to the conditions by which they were surrounded. Their country, it must be remembered, consisted of a number of small separate States, most of them lying on the coasts and in the islands. Navigation was frequent, piracy not rare, and one of its objects was men and women for the supply of the slave-trade. Thus freeborn children might be carried away, or, in virtue of the rights of parents, they might be exposed, and their life being unexpectedly preserved, might be restored to their families. All this forms a ground, in the Greek comedies, for the recognition between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and the like; a means of unravelling the plot which the comedians borrowed of their tragic brethren. The complicated intrigue is played in the scene of the present; but the strange and seemingly improbable incident on which its plan is grounded is thrown back into the distance of place and time, and thus comedy, though formed out of every-day life, has often a wondrous and romantic background.

It is claimed for the ancient tragedy and the older comedy that they are inimitable, unattainable, unique in the whole history of the drama; but in the new comedy we certainly compete with the Greeks, if we do not surpass them. As soon as we descend from the Olympus of pure poetry to the common earth, as soon as with the ideal inventions of fancy we blend the prose of a defi-

nite reality, then it is no longer the mind alone and the sense for art that can decide the success of productions, but the more or less favorable aspect of circumstances. The forms of gods in Grecian sculpture exist as perfect types for all time; fancy undertaking the sublime task of purifying the human form into the perfection of that ideal model; the most that can now be done, even with a like degree of inspiration, is to repeat the attempt. But in personal, individual resemblance the modern artist rivals the ancient; this is no purely artistic creation; observation must here come to the task, and the artist, with all his science, solidity and gracefulness of execution, is tied down to the reality which he actually has before his eyes.

In the portrait-statues, now in the Vatican, of two of the most famous comedians, Menander and Posidippus, the physiognomy of the Greek new comedy seems to be almost visibly and personally expressed. They are seated in arm-chairs, clad with extreme simplicity, and holding a roll in the hand with that ease and careless self-possession which always mark the conscious superiority of the master, with the maturity of years, which befits the calm and impartial observation that comedy requires, but sound and active and free from all symptoms of decay. We may discern in them that hale and pithy vigor of body which bears witness to an equally vigorous constitution of mind and temper; no lofty enthusiasm, but no folly or extravagance; on the contrary, the earnestness of wisdom dwells in those brows wrinkled not with care, but with the exercise of thought, while in the searching eye and in the mouth,

ready for a smile, there is a suggestion of irony which cannot be mistaken.

Among the sixty or seventy authors of the new comedy the following are deserving of special mention. The historians of literature abound in complaints that so little of their works has been preserved.

Menander.

Menander, the son of Diopeithes, a well-known general, was born at Athens, B. C. 342. He passed his youth in the house of his uncle and received from him and from Theophrastus instruction in poetry and philosophy, probably deriving from the latter in some measure the knowledge of character for which he was noted. His first comedy was produced when he was twenty-one years of age, and from that time until his death, which occurred some thirty years later while bathing in the harbor of the Piræus, he wrote more than a hundred plays, eight of them winning the prize. He was a disciple of the Epicurean school, and is described by Phædrus as an effeminate voluptuary, while his amours with the courtesan, Glycera, were notorious. Menander is accepted as the best writer of the comedy of manners among the Greeks. We have a few specimens of the ingenuity of his plots in some of the plays of Terence, whom Julius Cæsar used to call a demi-Menander. He was an imitator of Euripides, and we may infer from what Quintilian says of him that his comedies differed from the tragi-comedies of that poet only in the absence of mythical subjects and a chorus.

Like Euripides, he was a good rhetorician, and Quintilian is inclined to attribute to him some orations published in the name of Charisius. The every-day life of his countrymen, and manners and characters of ordinary occurrence, were the objects of his imitation. His plots, though skillfully contrived, are somewhat monotonous, and there are few of his comedies which do not bring on the stage a harsh father, a profligate son and a roguish slave. Yet he was greatly esteemed in Athens, where a statue was erected to his memory in the theatre of Dionysus.

Philemon.

Philemon was, according to Strabo, a native of Soli, though Suidas makes him a Syracusan, probably because he resided some time in Sicily. He began to exhibit about 330 B. C., and died at the age of ninety-seven, some time in the reign of Antigonos the second, though Diodorus tells us he lived to be ninety-nine, and wrote ninety-seven comedies. Various accounts are given of the manner of his death, Lucian stating that he died in a paroxysm of laughter at seeing an ass devouring some figs intended for his own eating. Philemon was considered by his admirers as superior to Menander; and Quintilian, while he denies the correctness of this judgment, is, nevertheless, willing to allow him the second place. We may see a specimen of his favorite plots in the *Trinummus* of Plautus, which is a translation from his *Thesaurus* or *Treasure*. His plays, like those of Menander, contained many imitations of Euripides, and he was so ardent an admirer of that poet

that he declared he would have hanged himself for the prospect of meeting him in the other world, if he could have been convinced that departed spirits were really capable of recognizing one another.

Posidippus.

Posidippus wrote thirty, or, as some have it, fifty comedies; the titles of fifteen of these are known, and some of them were Latinized like those of the three last mentioned poets. He began to exhibit in 289 B. C., two years after the death of Menander, and was one of the most popular of the new comedians.

Of the new comedy, and of Greek comedy proper, Posidippus was the last exponent. Other writers have indeed been mentioned, as Rhinthon of Tarentum, Sopater of Paphos, and Sotades of Crete, but the tragi-comedy of Rhinthon was called by a name which signifies "meaningless chatter," and the indecency of the Sotadean plays made them a by-word of reproach. All belonged to the age of the Ptolemies, and with the transplanting of Hellenic comedy from Athens to Alexandria, the classic drama of Greece was dead.

IV.

The Drama Transferred from Athens.

It has been shown that Athens, the birthplace of Greek tragedy, continued to cherish the drama long after the decline of her imperial greatness. With each recurring year the Dionysiac festival was observed; new composers came forward; new tragedies were performed. But the later aspirants never attained the fame of the mighty three—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, whose works were preserved in the public archives. A law was enacted, as we have seen, that none but these masterpieces should enjoy the favor of repetition.

When Alexander the Great spread Hellenic civilization throughout the East, he celebrated his victories with scenic games. After his death theatres were built in all the cities where Greek influence prevailed. Alexandria, under the liberal government of the Ptolemies, became the new literary centre, and there tragic poets constructed dramas on the Attic models. Comedy also flourished, and won more favor among the mingled races of Egypt. The same course of events took place in Asia Minor, in Syracuse and the Greek cities of Southern Italy. These last were the channel through

which the Attic drama was communicated to Rome. and thus preserved to the modern world.

Greek Mimes.

During this long period of literary decadence and local expansion new species of literature, akin to the drama, sprang up. The only one of special interest was the mimes, which were short dramatic interludes, frequently in prose, and sometimes mere dialogues, like those in which, at a later date, Lucian's wit and genius were displayed. These Greek mimes had for centuries been entirely lost, but within a few years past precious fragments of them have been found in papyrus manuscripts, rescued from mummy-cases in Egypt. The best specimens were in airy verse, and came from the pen of one Herondas or Herodas. He appears to have been a native of an island in the *Ægean* and to have flourished about 250 B. C. In one of his recovered productions he celebrates Alexandria as Sophocles had eulogized Athens.

As a special feature we give two of these brief dramatic sketches, strangely preserved so long in a tomb. The first of these ancient Greek rarities has a modern French flavor. It brings vividly before us a domestic scene, showing the sameness of human nature under different skies and amid varying circumstances. A well-to-do widow, who has heretofore shown perhaps too much favor to one of her Greek slaves, has discovered him making love to a pretty girl belonging to a neighbor, and in her anger resolves to punish him severely.

The sudden changes in her temper and commands afford amusement to the audience, and may remind us of one-act plays of the present day.

THE JEALOUS WOMAN.

SCENE—Courtyard of the house of BITINNA. *Dramatis Personæ:*
BITINNA, her male slaves GASTRON and PYRRHIAS, and
the female slave CYDILLA.

Bitinna.—Tell me, Gastron, you, sir! are you grown so dainty that I cannot content you, but you must needs be running after Menon's Amphytæa?

Gastron.—I after Amphytæa. Did I ever see the woman you are talking of?

Bit.—You're always putting off with excuses.

Gas.—Bitinna, I am a slave; so do what you like with me. But don't go on sucking my blood night and day.

Bit.—What a tongue you've got in your head, you rascal! Cydilla, where is Pyrrhias? Call him up to me. (*Enter Pyrrhias.*)

Pyrrhias.—What's the matter?

Bit.—Take this man and bind him. Do you still stand gaping? Quick, with the rope from the well-bucket there! (*To Gastron.*) If I do not have you half-flayed and exposed as an example to the whole quarter, by heavens, you may say I am no woman. If not, what then, you boor? I am the cause of all this, Gastron! I am! who took you up and made you a man and not a chattel! But if I was a fool then, you will not find Bitinna so besotted as you fancy any longer. (*To Pyrrhias.*) Bring it! Strip his tunic off, and bind him!

Gas.—Don't, don't, Bitinna, by thy knees I pray thee.

Bit.—Strip him, I say. (*To Gastron.*) You must be made to know that you are a slave, and that I paid down three minæ for you. Ill-luck to the day when I brought you into this house! (*To Pyrrhias.*) Pyrrhias, are you going to cry? I see you doing everything but binding him. Tie his elbows tight behind, and bind it till it cuts.

Gas.—Bitinna, pardon me this one offence; I am a man; I have erred. But if you catch me again doing what displeases you, then brand me.

Bit.—Keep your whinings for Amphytæa, I'll have none of them!

Pyr.—I've bound him like a trivet for you.

Bit.—See that he does not wriggle himself loose. Take him to the whipping-place, to Hermon, and order the man to give him a thousand lashes on the back, a thousand on the belly.

Gas.—Will you murder me, Bitinna, without even inquiring into the matter, whether it is true or false?

Bit.—But what did you say just now with your own tongue—"Bitinna, pardon me this one offence?"

Gas.—Well, I wanted to cool down your choler.

Bit.—(*To Pyrrhias.*) Do you stand there like a stock and stare at me? Take him away whither I told you. Cydilla, punch the scoundrel on the snout. And you, Draco, go after where he leads. Slave-girl, give the wretch a rag to cover him. We can't have him seen going naked through the public streets. A second time I tell you, Pyrrhias, and repeat my orders; you shall make Hermon lay on a thousand here, a thousand there. Have you heard? Because, if you disobey the least of my commands, it is you will have to pay both capital and interest. Go, get on your way, and don't take him round by Miccale's, but follow the straight road. (*Exeunt Pyrrhias and Gastron.*) But now I have remembered something. (*To Cydilla.*) Girl, call them back. Call, run your best, before they've got too far!

Cydilla.—Pyrrhias, wretched fellow, stone-deaf, she is calling you! By heavens, one would think you were not hauling off your fellow-slave, but some tomb-robber! Just as you're hauling him away to torment, Pyrrhias, I swear, Cydilla, with these two eyes of hers, shall see you within five days wearing out the shackles which you offered up but yesterday, with your own ankles at Antidorus.

Bit.—Hallo, you! Come back again with that fellow, bound tight just as you took him! Now call Kosis the brander

to come; bid him come with his needles and ink. (*To Gastron.*) I'll turn you parti-colored by one operation.

Cyd.—Nay, lady, nay, but—so may your daughter Batyllis thrive, and you see her going to a husband's home, and hold her children in your arms—this time let the youth go. I beg you overlook this one offence.

Bit.—Cydilla, do not vex me, or I shall run away from house and home. I, to let that sevenfold slave go loose! And who, prithee, meeting me on the streets, would not be justified in spitting at my face? No, by the Queen of Heaven! Since man though he be, he does not know himself, instantly shall he be made known by bearing on his forehead the inscription I intend.

Cyd.—But, my lady, it is the twentieth day, and the feasts of Neptune are upon the fifth.

Bit.—Well, it may be better. You are a good girl, and I will grant your request. (*To Gastron.*) For the present I will let you go. Keep your thanks for her there whom I love no less than my Batyllis, since I brought her up with these hands of mine. But when we have poured libations to the dead, you shall feast at leisure, don't fear!

Here is another brisk little dialogue between two ladies, which is as fresh to-day as when it was written for the Greeks of Alexandria more than two thousand years ago.

THE GOSSIPS.

SCENE—The private apartment of a lady, who is seated with her maid-servant, when a friend arrives. *Dramatis Personæ*: KORITTO, METRO.

Koritto.—Pray be seated, Metro. (*Turns to servant.*) Get up, and place a chair for the lady. I am obliged to order everything myself; you, poor creature, would do nothing on your own account. By heaven, you're more like a stone than a living slave, lumbering about the house. But when I measure

out your flour, you count the grains, and if the smallest atom dribbles from the sieve, you grumble and growl the whole day until the very walls can't bear you. Now you dust the chair out and rub it bright, because you are obliged to, thief! Thank the lady there, for if she had not been present, I'd have given you a taste of my hands.

Metro.—Dear Koritto, we have each the same yoke to bear. I go about the whole day snapping like a dog and barking at those unutterable girls. But the reason why I came—

Kor.—(*To the slave-girl.*) Out of our sight; away with you, you popinjay! All ears and tongue, the rest mere laziness.

Met.—I pray you, tell the truth, dear Koritto, who was it that sewed your scarlet baubo?

Kor.—Where did you see it, Metro?

Met.—Nossis, Erinna's daughter, had it two days ago.

Kor.—Nossis, where did she get it?

Met.—You'll blab it abroad if I tell you.

Kor.—By these precious eyes of mine, dear Metro, no one shall hear from Koritto what you please to tell me.

Met.—Well, Eubule, Bitas' daughter, gave it her, and said that nobody was to know.

Kor.—Oh, the women! That woman sooner or later is sure to make an end of me. She prayed and begged until I yielded and gave it to her, before I had even used it once myself. What does she do then but snatch it like a treasure-trove and go and make a present of it, and, what is worse, to quite improper people. A long farewell, say I, to such a friend; let her look out for some other gossip to replace me. But for Nossis to use it, when I would not give her—and if I say more than a woman should, pray shut your ears, Adrasteia—no, not if I had a thousand, would I give her one that was rotten!

Met.—Nay, Koritto, don't let your gall rise to the nostrils on the instant, when you hear something disagreeable. A proper woman ought to be able to bear everything. It's my fault for chattering so; I ought to have my tongue cut out. But now, coming to the chief point I mentioned, who was it that made it? As you love me, tell. Why do you look at me and laugh so? Is it the first time you have seen Metro, or why are you

so delicate? I conjure you, Koritto, tell me no fibs, but say who sewed it?

Kor.—Law, why d'you conjure me? Cerdo sewed it.

Met.—Well, but what Cerdo? There are two: one is a blue-eyed fellow, the neighbor of Mystalinē, that girl of Cylæthis, but he is not fit to sew a bow to a fiddle; the other, who lives near the mansions which belong to Hermodorus, as you go out of the square, once upon a time *was* somebody, but now he's grown old. Pymæthis, blessed be his soul, used to be his chum.

Kor.—It is neither of the men you mention, Metro; but the fellow, whether he comes from Chios or Erythræ, is bald and short—well, you would swear he was the very self of Praxinos, as like as one fig to another, except he talked, and then you'd know that he was Cerdo and not Praxinos. He works at his own house and sells on the sly, for every door quakes at the sight of the tax-gatherer now. But the things he makes, they're like Athene's handiwork; you'd think them hers, not Cerdo's, if you saw them. A cobbler more kindly disposed toward the female sex you could not find if you went a-hunting for one.

Met.—Why did you let the other slip then?

Kor.—My dear Metro! What did I not do to get it! How I wheedled, kissing him, stroking his bald head, pouring out sweet wine for him to drink, coaxing and fondling, doing everything but give him myself.

Met.—Well, but if he'd asked even that, you ought to have given it.

Kor.—I ought, but it is not right to be unreasonable; for while we were together so, in came the slave of Bitas. The woman has made our mill mere dust and cinders, grinding it day and night, to save wearing out her own for fourpence.

Met.—How did the cobbler find the way to you, dear Koritto; don't conceal this from me?

Kor.—Artemis, the daughter of tanner Candas, sent him, pointing out my house.

Met.—To be sure, Artemis is always finding something new and cute.

V.

Origin and Development of the Roman Drama.

Italy has ever been a favorite home of the drama and of dramatic representation. In the days of the Tarquins and the earlier republican era of Rome we find there some rude form of stage spectacle borrowed from surrounding nations; from Greece was later transplanted whatever was best worth preserving in Hellenic tragedy and comedy; throughout the middle ages the drama was preserved from utter extinction by the Christian Church, and in Italy began the dramatic renaissance which gave to the world a Tasso and an Alfieri, a Lopé de Vega and a Calderon, a Shakespeare and a Molière.

Though in the Roman drama, even in the period of its decadence, as well as in its most productive age, native forms existed side by side with those imported from Greece, it was in the main but a reflex, and a somewhat feeble reflex, of Hellenic examples. The Romans had little creative ability, or at least there are few traces of it in the works that have come down to us; for, except a few fragments, the only extant specimens of their classic drama are the plays of Plautus

and Terence, nearly all of them taken from the later comedy of the Greeks.

In turning from the Greek to the Roman drama, it must be remembered that we are turning from a nation of artists to a nation of soldiers, from one whose literature was the finest in the ancient world to one that had few authors of creative genius, or even of distinctly marked individuality. While the Romans were free imitators of the Greeks, we may search in vain throughout the whole range of Latin poetry for anything approaching the sublimity of a Homer, an *Æschylus* or a *Sophocles*; for anything suggestive of the airy fancies of an *Aristophanes*. In the lachrymose hero of the *Æneid*—for ever weeping and wailing in womanly fashion—who, cast ashore at Carthage, seduces and deserts the queen who has entertained him with regal hospitality, Virgil makes the nearest approach to the Homeric epos. Yet we find almost burlesqued in his works, and in others among the Latins, such warriors as *Ajax* and *Achilles*; such statesmen as *Ulysses*; such heroines as *Antigone* and *Alceste*; such demoniac women as *Clytemnestra* and *Medea*. Where shall we find such passages as describe, in Homer, the combat by the ships, or the lament of *Andromache* over the body of *Hector*; in *Æschylus*, the downfall of the mighty monarch of the Greeks, or the wailings of a Titan chained to the rocks, with an eagle gnawing at his vitals? And so in comedy, there is nothing to match the wondrous fancies of the great Hellenic comedian, his description, for example, of *Cloud-cuckoo town*, or his ode to the *Cloud-maidens*.

For the origin of the Roman drama we must look, as among the Greeks, to the festivals which attended the religious celebrations of the country people, accompanied at a very early period with song and dance, speech and dialogue of a jocular and abusive character. Especially were marriage ceremonies made the occasion for such mirthful demonstrations, a custom that, in modified shape, has survived to the present day. At these were commonly chanted the Fescennine verses—so named from a town in southern Etruria—which afterward developed into an elaborate form of poetry, though never into dramatic representation.

Latin Poetry.

Poetry in general had but a feeble native growth in Rome, and it was not until she was drawing nigh to her dissolution that it came to be artificially cultivated. In Latin we have an instance of a language modelled into poetical expression, altogether after foreign forms of grammar and metre. Its approximation to the Greek was at first effected with much violence, extending even to a rude interpolation of foreign words and phrases. Gradually the poetic style was softened, and of its former harshness we may perceive in Catullus the last vestiges, which, however, are not without a certain rugged charm. The language rejected what was too much at variance with its own interior structure and could not be agreeable to Roman ears. At last the poets of the Augustan age succeeded in effecting the happiest possible incorporation between native and bor-

rowed elements. But scarcely was the desired equipoise obtained when a pause ensued; all free development was impeded, and the poetical style, notwithstanding its apparent elevation into a bolder and more learned character, had irretrievably imprisoned itself within the round of the phraseology it had once adopted. Thus the Latin language, as used in poetry, enjoyed but a brief interval of bloom between its unfashioned state and its second death. With the spirit also of Latin poetry it fared no better. Probably the best imitation of the Greek is to be found in the odes of Horace, in whose elegance of phrase and smoothness of versification is the nearest approach to lyric art of which the language is capable.

Saturæ.

The dramatic element first makes its appearance in the *Saturæ*—a word derived from the goatskins worn by shepherds—which seem to have consisted of comic songs or stories recited with gesticulation and musical accompaniment. When introduced into cities these entertainments received a further impulse from the Etruscan ludiones, or players, brought into Rome when scenic games were first introduced, about 364 B. C. By the Romans they were called histriones—a name still applied to the actor and his art—and at first were merely dancers and pantomimists, whose speech would have been unintelligible to the audience, and who sought to amuse merely by skill and adroitness of movement. Their performances encouraged those of other players and mountebanks. The *saturæ*, like the modern farce, were per-

formed as after-pieces, until they gave way to other species, especially the *mimi*, which were probably coeval with the stage itself. The latter were at first performed independently, and after a brief period of subordination, reasserted their predominance and were again produced by themselves. At the close of the republican era the *minus* had found its way into literature, and had been assimilated, both in form and subject, with other varieties of the comic drama, though always preserving as its distinctive feature a preponderance of the mimic element of gesticulation.

Roman Mimes.

The Greek mimes were dialogues written in prose, often not intended for the stage. Those of the Romans were composed in verse, were acted and often delivered extempore. The most famous authors in this department were Laberius and Publilius Syrus, contemporaries of Julius Cæsar. As dictator, the latter compelled Laberius, a Roman knight, to exhibit himself publicly in his mimes, though the scenic profession was branded with the loss of civil rights. Laberius complained of this in a prologue which is still extant, and in which the painful feeling of loss of self-respect is touchingly expressed. It is not easy to conceive how, in such a state of mind, he could be capable of cracking ludicrous jokes, or how the audience, with so bitter an example of a despotic act of degradation before their eyes, could find pleasure in them. Cæsar gave Laberius a considerable sum of money and invested him anew with the

equestrian rank, which, however, could not reinstate him in the opinion of his fellow citizens. But he took his revenge for the prologue and other allusions by awarding the prize against Laberius to Syrus, once the slave and afterward the pupil of Laberius in the art of composing mimes. Of Syrus' mimes there are still extant a number of sentences, which, in matter and terse conciseness of expression, deserve to be ranked with Menander's. Horace, indeed, speaks disparagingly of their being considered as works of art, either on account of the arbitrary manner in which they were put together or their carelessness of execution, but this critical poet, for reasons which it is easy to conceive, lays little stress upon originality, boldness and fertility of invention. A single entire mime, which has unfortunately been denied us, would clear up the matter much better than the confused notices of grammarians and the conjecture of modern scholars.

The *mimus*, together with the *pantomimus*, of which mention will presently be made, was a favorite form of amusement in the days of the empire; for it had been purged of its original grossness, turning from representations of low life to mythological subjects, which were treated with sufficient broadness, in accordance with the tastes of the age. It borrowed largely from other species, especially from the *Atellanæ*, or *Atellane Fables*, named after a Campanian city, and supposed to be of Oscan birth. The latter were lively and humorous sketches of life in small towns, which have always been a favorite theme for dramatic and other satire, the principal personages assuming a fixed and conventional

character, which was retained after the *Atellanæ* had been transplanted to Rome. Thus it was that the heavy father, the glutton, the chatterbox, the scheming slave and the wily sharper became accepted types in Roman comedy, and were handed down with others to the modern drama. Such characters were the essence of the *Atellanæ*; for their plots were extremely simple, and the dialogue, interspersed with songs, was improvised by the performers. Presently they assumed a literary form, being written out at length by their authors; but under the empire they were gradually absorbed in the pantomimes.

Thus the Romans were indebted to the Etruscans for their first notion of the stage spectacle, to the Oscans for the effusions of sportive humor, to the Greeks for a higher cultivation. It was only in comedy, indeed, that they showed anything approaching to original genius. The Oscans, whose language, early extinct, survived only in their farces, were at least so near akin to the Romans that their dialect was intelligible to Latin hearers; for how else could the *Atellane* fables have afforded them any entertainment? So completely, indeed, did they naturalize this diversion among themselves, that noble Roman youths exhibited the like performances at the festivals; on which account the actors, whose regular profession it was to exhibit the *Atellanæ*, stood exempt, as privileged persons, from the infamy attached to other theatrical artists, namely, exclusion from the tribes, and likewise enjoyed immunity from military service.

Thus Italy has possessed from of old the sources

of a very amusing though somewhat rude buffoonery, in extemporaneous speeches and songs with accompanying antics, though seldom coupled with genuine dramatic taste. Even of the wit which prevails in the speeches of Pasquino and Marforio, and the well-aimed popular satire on events of the day, many vestiges may be found in the times of the emperors, who were not generally favorable to such liberties. More to the purpose is the conjecture that, in the mimes and *Atellane Fables*, we have perhaps the germ of the *Commedia dell' Arte*, of the improvisatory farce with standing masks. A striking affinity between these and the *Atellanæ* appears in the employment of dialects to produce a droll effect. But how would Harlequin and Pulcinello be astonished to learn that they descend in a direct line from the buffoons of the old Romans, nay, of the Oscans! How would they thank the antiquarian who should trace their genealogical tree to such a root! From the vase paintings we know that there belonged to the grotesque masks of the old comedy a garb very much resembling theirs; long trousers, and a doublet with sleeves, articles of dress otherwise strange both to Greeks and Romans. To this day Zanni is one of the harlequin's names, and Sannio in the Latin farces was the name of a buffoon, who, as ancient writers testify, had his head shorn and wore a dress pieced together out of gay parti-colored patches. The very image and likeness of Pulcinello is said to have been found among the fresco paintings of Pompeii. If he derives his extraction originally from Atella, he still has his local habitation in the old land of his nativ-

ity. As for the objection that these characters could not be traditionally kept up during a suspension of theatrical amusements for many centuries, a sufficient answer may be found in the yearly licenses of the carnival and the fools-holiday of the middle ages.

Inception of Legitimate Drama at Rome.

It was not merely to enliven their holiday leisure, or to free themselves from worldly cares, that the Romans bethought themselves of theatrical amusements. It was to rid themselves of a pestilence against which all other remedies had proved unavailing, that such exhibitions were introduced. Before this visitation, the games and exercises of the circus had sufficed for a people now invited to the theatre in the hope of propitiating the wrath of the gods. Here, again, we see that in Rome, as at Athens, the drama had a religious origin.

Yet, for a century or more, the Romans remained satisfied with the rude forms of entertainment already described. Their regular drama begins with the year 240 B. C., when the victory which ended the first Punic war was celebrated, according to Macedonian precedent, with the performance of a tragedy and comedy. The author of both was Livius Andronicus, a native of the Græco-Italian city of Tarentum, where the Dionysiac festivals were extremely popular. He appeared in person on the stage, taking for his tragic models the later Greek tragedians, and for comedy, Menander and his school. From these examples the Roman drama seldom

deviated in all its course, even when resorting to native themes.

Roman Comedy.

The regular comedy of the Romans was called *palliata*, from the pallium, or mantle, worn by the actors. It dealt with Greek subjects and was modelled after the Greek comedians, chiefly those of the new comedy. With such models dramatists were unwilling to degrade their art by pandering to the tastes of the audience with local allusions and the coarseness that passes for wit among the ignorant and depraved. But soon they were driven from the stage by less squeamish rivals, and after about a century this species of comedy was little in demand, except for the works of the most popular authors, those of Plautus and Terence continuing in favor long after the establishment of the empire. Among earlier writers were the tragic poets Andronicus, Nævius and Ennius. The plays were usually divided into five acts, and there was no chorus, the prologue being the medium of explanation between author and audience.

The *comedia togata* was named after the Roman toga, and included all plays of native origin, or such as claimed to be such. Those which dealt with high life were called *pretextæ*, from the garb of knights, magistrates and senators, while others, which described the life of the lower classes, were named *tabernariæ*, from *taberna*, a shop. Still others were concerned with provincial scenes, and there were several species of burlesque, variously styled after their supposed inventors.

Among the authors of the togatæ, Titinius and Afranius were the most celebrated, the former using Latin titles and the latter choosing national subjects, though borrowing much from Menander.

Of the comedies classed as togatæ nothing has come down to us, and there are so few notices of them that we cannot even decide with certainty whether they were of home growth or only Grecian plays recast with Roman manners. The latter is more probable, as Afranius lived in an epoch when Roman genius had not even begun to stir its wings toward original invention, and yet it is not easy to conceive how Attic comedies could have been adapted, without great violence, to a locality so entirely different. The tenor of Roman life was in general earnest and grave, though in personal intercourse they had no small turn for wit and joviality. The difference of rank among the Romans had its political boundaries which were strongly marked; the wealth of private persons was often most regal, their women lived more in society and played a much more important part than did the Grecian women, by virtue of which independence they also took their full share in the profligacy which went hand-in-hand with exterior refinement. An original Roman comedy would be a most valuable addition to dramatic literature, and one that would exhibit this sovereign nation in quite a new point of view. That this was not effected in the togatæ is proved by the indifference with which the ancients express themselves on the subject. Quintilian, for instance, says that Latin literature limps worst in comedy, and other authorities declare it to be only a feeble

imitation of the Greek, with nothing original about it except for the titles. Horace, however, was of a different opinion. "Our poets," he tells us, "disdaining to be beholden to the Greeks, have sought subjects for their verse at home, either by representing the manners of the more illustrious citizens, or a just imitation of common life."

Pantomime.

A favorite form of amusement was pantomime, which attained to great perfection in the time of Augustus. To judge from the names of the most famous performers in this department—Pylades and Bathyllus—it was by Greeks that this dumb eloquence was exercised in Rome, and the lyric parts, which were expressed by their gesticulative dance, were also rendered in Greek. Lastly, Roscius, and probably not he alone, frequently played without a mask, of which there never was an instance, so far as we know, among the Greeks. It might further the display of his art, and here again the satisfaction which this gave the Romans proves that they had more taste for the conspicuous talent of a virtuoso than for the harmony of a work of art considered as a whole.

Early Tragedy.

As to tragedy, it may first be remarked that, in Rome, the acting of the borrowed Greek tragedy was somewhat marred by the absence of a place for the chorus in the orchestra, where the principal spectators,

the knights and senators, had their seats, the chorus appearing on the stage. Other deviations, hardly for the better, from the Greek style of acting, were also favorably received. At the first introduction of regular plays, Livius Andronicus, Rome's first tragic poet and actor, in his monodies, sung by a single person and not by the chorus, separated the song from the mimetic dance, only the latter being left to the actor, while the singing was rendered by a boy stationed beside the flute-player. Among the Greeks, both the tragic song and the rhythmical gesticulation which accompanied it were so simple that a single individual might do ample justice to both.

In the tragic literature of the Romans, two eras may be distinguished; the older epoch of Livius Andronicus, Nævius and Ennius, also of Pacuvius and Attius, both of whom wrote a little later than Plautus and Terence; and the polished epoch beginning with the Augustan age. The former produced none but translators and remodellers of Greek works, yet probably succeeded better in the comic than in the tragic department. Sublimity of expression is apt to turn out somewhat awkwardly in an untutored language, and can only be reached by an effort, while to lit off the easy gracefulness of social wit requires natural humor and fine cultivation. In tragedy we do not possess even a fragment of a version from an extant Greek original to help us to a judgment of the accuracy and success of the copy, but a speech of some length from Attius' *Prometheus Unbound* is nowise unworthy of Æschylus; metre also was brought

to great perfection by Pacuvius and Attius, whose pieces seem to have stood their ground alone on the tragic stage in Cicero's times and even later, and to have had many admirers. Horace, however, directs his jealous criticism against these, as against other and more ancient poets.

While the nature of Roman tragedy has been clearly ascertained, its earlier progress can only be judged from scattered notices, chiefly of the titles of plays and from the brief fragments of text that have been preserved. Six, at least, of the tragedies of Livius Andronicus belong to the Trojan cycle, and this was the favorite theme among his contemporaries and immediate successors, next in popularity being the myths of the house of Tantalus, of the Pelopidæ and of the Argonauts. In the republican era the distinction made by the Greeks between the two branches of the drama was almost neglected in Rome. Andronicus, as we have seen, wrote comedies as well as tragedies. So also did Nævius, whose political allusions brought on him the vengeance of the Metelli, thus checking the development of the realistic style of drama attributed to him.

Historic subjects of national interest, which the Greeks treated only in occasional instances, were the favorite themes of the earlier Roman dramatists, and after Nævius and his successors had produced successful examples of this species, it seems strange that it did not supersede that which merely repeated the oft-told tales of Thebes, Mycenæ and Troy. Yet the party life of the later republic was hardly capable of a dramatic treatment which would be acceptable alike to patri-

cians and plebeians. Nor could it be expected that the emperors would tolerate a free dramatic presentation of the national annals. If, as is related, Augustus prohibited the acting of an *Cedipean* tragedy by his adoptive father, it is not probable that he or his successors would have sanctioned the performance of plays dealing with the fortunes of Marius, of the Gracchi or of great Julius himself. Thus it was that the historic drama had no outlet for a vigorous development, even if it could have severed itself from the Greek literature of which it has been called a free-hand copy. It must be content with treating and sometimes helping to form legends of a hoary antiquity, with celebrating battles chronicled in public or family records. Hence, after a brief and precarious existence, it died a natural death.

Roman Tragic Poets.

Quintus Ennius, a native of the Greek town of Tarentum, in Southern Italy, was the favorite poet of the patrician families, and by education was well qualified to be an exponent of the Hellenizing tendencies of his age. His tragedies were modelled on the dramas of Euripides, and largely belong to the Trojan cycle. Pacuvius, the first one to devote himself exclusively to tragedy, was also trained under Hellenic influences, and was regarded as superior to Ennius. We shall meet him again on a later page. More famous than either was Accius, a learned and prolific writer, of whose works about fifty titles and many fragments have been preserved. The plays of all three were retained

on the stage until the close of the republican era, Accius receiving the honor of being quoted by the emperor Tiberius. Of other tragic authors of this era several were mere dilettanti, as the orator Strabo, Quintus Tullius Cicero, a brother of the great rhetorician, Lucius Cornelius Balbus, a partisan of Cæsar's, and finally, Julius Cæsar himself, whose plays, if they had survived, would probably have been found superior to all the rest.

Later Roman Tragedy.

No important changes seem to have occurred in the later tragedy of the Romans, who still took for their models Euripides and his successors. As their plays were performed separately, and not in trilogies, the action was made as full and elaborate as possible. The dialogues were interspersed with musical passages; but as the latter were chanted by a boy, whom the actor accompanied with gesticulations, their effect must have bordered perilously on the ludicrous. A further disadvantage was the stationing of the chorus on the stage, these and other defects placing the musical element far below the standard of the Greeks. Three acts were the original number, the addition of two others being probably developed from the prologue and epilogue. As to style, it must have been in the line of the rhetorical that the genius of Roman drama made itself felt, while among its chief defects, as in other branches of poetry, were excess of energy and lack of poetic richness.

In the reign of Augustus the rage for tragedy developed almost into a mania, and mention is even made

of dramas written by the emperor himself. There is therefore much to favor the conjecture that Horace wrote his Epistle to the Pisos principally with the view of deterring these young men, who, perhaps, without any true qualification for such a task, had fallen into the fashion of the day. One of the chief tragedians of this age was the famous Asinius Pollio, a man of violently impassioned character, as Pliny says. He it was who brought with him from Rhodes and erected in Rome the well-known group of the *Farnese Bull*. If his tragedies bore about the same relation to those of Sophocles as this bold, wild, but over-wrought group does to the still sublimity of the *Niobe*, their loss is still very much to be lamented. But Pollio's political greatness might easily dazzle the eyes of his contemporaries as to the true value of his poetical works. Ovid tried his hand upon tragedy, as he did upon many other kinds of poetry, and composed a *Medea*. To judge from the driveling common-places of passion in his *Heroïdes*, one would expect of him, in tragedy, at best an over-drawn Euripides. Yet Quintilian asserts that here he showed for once what he might have accomplished if he had but kept himself within bounds, rather than given way to his propensity for extravagance. This and all similar attempts of the Augustan age have perished; but while we cannot exactly estimate the extent of our loss, to all appearances it is not greatly to be lamented.

In Rome Greek tragedy labored under the disadvantage of all transplanted exotics; the Roman worship, indeed, was in some measure allied to that of the Greeks, but the heroic mythology of Hellas was alto-

gether indebted to the poets for its introduction into Rome, and was in no respect interwoven with the national recollections, as it was in such a multitude of ways among the Greeks. There hovers before us the ideal of a genuine Roman form of tragedy, dimly indeed and in the back-ground of ages, as one would figure to himself a being that never issued into reality from the womb of possibility. In significance and form it would be altogether distinct from that of the Greeks, and religious and patriotic in the old Roman sense of the words. Truly creative poetry can only issue from the interior life of a people and from religion, which is the root of that life. But the Roman religion was originally, and before they endeavored to conceal the loss of its intrinsic substance by varnishing its outside with borrowed finery, of quite a different spirit from the religion of the Greeks. The latter had all the plastic flexibility of art, the other the unchangeable fixity of the priesthood. The Roman faith, and the ceremonies established on it, were more earnest, more moral and pious—more penetrating in their insight into nature, more magical and mysterious than the religion of the Greeks—than that part of it, at least, which was exoteric to the mysteries.

As Hellenic tragedy exhibits the free man struggling with destiny, so the spirit of a Roman tragedy would be the prostration of all human motives beneath that hallowing, binding force, *Religio*, and its revealed omnipresence in all things earthly. But when the craving for poetry of a cultivated character awoke in them, this spirit had long been extinct. The patricians, originally

an Etruscan school of priesthood, had become merely secular statesmen and warriors, who retained their hereditary sacerdotal character only as a political form. Their sacred books, their Vedas, were becoming unintelligible to them, not so much by reason of the obsolete letter, as because they no longer possessed that higher science which was the key to the sanctuary. What the heroic legends of the Latins might have become under an earlier development, and what the coloring was that properly belonged to them, we may still see from some traces in Virgil, Propertius and Ovid, though even these poets handled them chiefly as matters of antiquarian interest.

Moreover, though the Romans were for Hellenizing in all things, they lacked that milder spirit of humanity which may be traced in Hellenic history, poetry and art. From the severest virtue, which, Curtius-like, buried all personal inclinations in the bosom of their native land, they passed with fearful rapidity to an unexampled degree of rapacity and lust. Never were they able to belie in their character the story of their first founder, suckled, not at the mother's breast, but by a raving she-wolf. They were the tragedians of the world's history, and many a drama of deep woe did they exhibit with kings led in fetters and pining in dungeons; they were the iron necessity of all other nations; the universal destroyers for the sake of piling up at last from the ruins the mausoleum of their own dignity and freedom, amid the solitude of an obedient world. To them it was not given to touch the heart by the tempered accents of mental anguish, and to run with a

light and forbearing hand through the scale of feelings. In tragedy too, they naturally aimed at extremes, by overleaping all intermediate gradations, both in the stoicism of heroic courage and in the monstrous rage of lust. Of all their ancient greatness nothing remained, save only the defiance of pain and death, if need were that they should exchange for these a life of unbridled enjoyment. This seal, accordingly, of their own former nobility they stamped upon their tragic heroes with a self-complacent and vain-glorious profusion.

Lastly, in the brightest age of Roman literature, the dramatic poets, in the midst of a people fond of spectacle, even to madness, nevertheless wanted an audience for their poetry. In their triumphal processions, their gladiatorial games and beast fights, all the magnificence in the world, all the marvels of foreign climes were led before the eye of the spectator, who was also glutted with the most violent scenes of bloodshed. On nerves thus steeled what effect could be produced by the finer gradation of tragic pathos? It was the ambition of the grandees to display to the people, in a single day, the enormous spoils of foreign wars, on stages which were usually destroyed immediately after the use so made of them. What Pliny relates of the architectural decorations of the theatre erected by Scaurus borders on the incredible. When pomp could be carried no further, they tried to stimulate by novelty of mechanic contrivance. Thus it is said that a certain Roman had two theatres built with their backs resting on each other, each movable on a single pivot in the middle, in such a manner that, at the end of the play,

they were wheeled round with all the spectators sitting in them, and formed into a circus, in which shows of gladiators were exhibited. In the gratification of the eyes, that of the ears was entirely neglected; rope dances and white elephants were preferred to any and every kind of dramatic entertainment; the appearance of an actor in an embroidered purple robe was received, as Horace tells us, with general applause, and so far from attentive and quiet were the great masses of people, that he compares their noise to the roar of the ocean or of a forest-covered mountain in a storm.

Decadence of the Drama.

The ignoble end of the Roman—and with it of the ancient classical—drama has been already foreshadowed. The elements of dance and song, never integrally united with the dialogue in Roman tragedy, were now altogether separated from it. While it became customary simply to recite tragedies to the small audiences who continued to appreciate them, the pantomimus commended itself to the heterogeneous multitudes of the Roman theatre by confining the performance of the actor to gesticulation and dancing, a chorus singing the accompanying text. Under Augustus the pantomime was developed with extraordinary success by Pylades and Bathyllus, and so popular were these entertainments that even eminent poets, such as Lucan, wrote the librettos for them, the subjects being generally mythological, only now and then historical, and chiefly of an amorous kind, while a single masked per-

former was able to enchant admiring crowds merely by gesticulation and movement. In what direction this art tended when suiting itself to the demands of a sensual age may be gathered from the remark of one of the last of the Roman historians, that the introduction of pantomimes was a sign of the general moral decay which began with the beginning of the empire.

Comedy more easily lost itself in the cognate form of the mimes, which survived all other kinds of comic entertainments. Talented women took part in these performances, by means of which, as late as the sixth century, a *mima* acquired a celebrity which ultimately raised her to the imperial throne. Meanwhile the regular drama had lingered on, enjoying in all its forms imperial patronage in the days of the literary revival under Hadrian; but the general taste for the spectacle of the amphitheatre, which reached its climax in the days of Constantine the Great, hastened the downfall of dramatic art in general. It was not absolutely extinguished even by the irruptions of the northern barbarians, but a bitter adversary had by this time risen into power. The whole authority of the Christian church had, without caring to distinguish between the nobler and looser elements in the drama, involved all its manifestations in a sweeping condemnation, and when the faith of that church was acknowledged as the religion of the Roman empire, the doom of the theatre was sealed.

VI.

Rome and the Roman Theatre.

Before proceeding further, let us glance for a moment at the condition of Rome, as described by Mommsen and others, near the close of the republican period. The good old stock of the Latin nation had long since disappeared from the capital, the more respectable classes withdrawing altogether from public life and leaving the city to a fluctuating population of foreigners and travellers, together with a cosmopolitan rabble composed of the scum and sweepings of the empire—the indolent, the vicious, the criminal, the financially and morally bankrupt. Wealthy Romans regarded their town houses merely as places in which to eat and sleep and entertain their friends during brief visits to the metropolis, expending their means on country villas, of which they had often more than one. So numerous and vast were their estates as almost to annihilate farm-husbandry, except in a few mountain regions. In the domains of Tusculum and Tibur, on the shores of Terracina and Baiæ, where the old Italian farmers had sown and reaped, there now rose in barren splendor the mansions of Roman nobles, some of them

covering the space of a good-sized town with their gardens and aqueducts, salt and fresh-water ponds for the breeding of marine and river fish, game preserves for hares and rabbits, stags and boars, and aviaries in which were kept all birds of brightest plumage.

On the other hand, there flocked to Rome, from the whole compass of her widespread empire, men intent on speculation, debauchery, intrigue, on the commission of crime, or to hide from the eye of the law. Probably there never existed a great city so entirely destitute of the means of occupation as Rome. Importation on the one hand, and manufacture by slave labor on the other, made free industry almost impossible, and nowhere were such numbers of slaves accumulated as in the palaces of the noble and wealthy. Still worse than the slaves were those who had been released from slavery, an admixture of mendicant rabble and rich parvenus. No longer slaves, they were yet legally dependent on their masters, though with the pretensions of free men, attracted toward a city where gain was easily to be had. Their influence on elections was strongly marked, and they took a leading part in street riots, while the government did nothing to prevent them, but even gave them encouragement through motives of selfish policy. The law which prohibited persons condemned for a capital offense from dwelling in Rome was not carried into effect, and police supervision was declared to be a restriction inconsistent with the freedom of the people. The free distribution of grain necessary for a proletariat living wholly from hand to mouth was of itself an invitation to these lower classes, who were

always destitute of food and never disposed to work. Nowhere was a man less secure of his life than in this world metropolis, where murder, as committed by professional banditti, was its only trade, and no one ventured to leave it without an armed retinue.

The outward condition of the city corresponded to its demoralization. Nothing was done for improving the stream of the Tiber except to rebuild of stone its single bridge. Nothing was done toward the leveling of the city on the seven hills except, perhaps, through some chance accumulations of rubbish. The streets were narrow, tortuous, ill-paved and badly drained. Most of the houses were of brick, carelessly built, and to a giddy height, by speculative contractors, many of whom became enormously rich. Rising here and there among them, like islands out of this sea of wretchedness, were the splendid palaces of the wealthy, with their marble pillars and statues, beside which crumbling temples with their wooden images of the gods made a sorry figure. To reproduce the Rome of this period we must imagine to ourselves a New York, with the slave population of New Orleans in the days before the civil war, with the police of Constantinople, the non-industrial character of the modern capital of Italy, and agitated by such politics as were the fashion in Paris in 1848.

Wealth and Poverty.

Nowhere in the world was there so enormous a disproportion in the distribution of wealth; nowhere a community composed so entirely of beggars and millionaires,

where the rich, who lived by the toil of their slaves, were alone respectable, and the poor, who lived by the work of their hands, were held in contempt. There was no middle class; landlords were regarded as the flower of the nation, and the speculator who had made his fortune and wished to appear among the magnates of the land bought an estate, and if he could not himself become the squire, trained his son for that purpose. We have no statistics as to the relative proportion of poverty and riches at this period, but it is probable that at the close of the republican era the number of rich Roman burgesses did not exceed 2,000, while the increasing impoverishment of the multitude shows itself only too plainly in their crowding to the corn distribution, and to enlistment in the army, where the pay was the equivalent of less than \$45 a year. Two million sesterces, or, in our money, \$100,000, was accounted as riches, though not a few possessed many times that amount. Thus Marcus Crassus, the wealthiest of all the Romans, left an estate valued at \$8,500,000, after lavishing enormous sums among the people. The estate of Pompey was worth \$3,500,000, and that of Æsop, the actor, \$1,000,000. The princely wealth of this period is only surpassed by its still more princely liabilities. Julius Cæsar, for instance, before he began his public career, owed \$1,250,000; Mark Antony, \$2,000,000, and Milo, \$3,500,000.

Insolvency, instead of leading to a meeting of creditors or to a liquidation, was ordinarily postponed by the debtor as much as possible. Instead of selling his property, he continued to borrow until the crash only became

worse, and the winding-up yielded a result like that of Milo's estate, from which the creditors obtained only about four per cent. of their claims. Amid such startling transitions from riches to bankruptcy, the banker who knew how to give and refuse credit was the greatest gainer. The relations of debtor and creditor thus returned to the point at which they had stood in the worst of social crises. The nominal landowners held their estates by the sufferances of their creditors; the debtors were either in servile subjection, appearing like freedmen in the creditor's train and voting even in the Senate at their nod; or they were ready to make war on property itself, and either intimidate their creditors by threats or get rid of them by conspiracy and civil war. Amid such economic conditions every financial or political crisis occasioned the utmost confusion, causing the disappearance of capital, the sudden depreciation of landed estates, and an almost universal insolvency, a condition of affairs like that which prevailed during the social and Mithridatic wars.

The effect of such poverty and riches was economic and moral disorganization. The poor man gave himself over to laziness and the good cheer provided for him by the State. Instead of working, he sat and gazed in the circus or the theatre. The taverns and brothels were so frequented that demagogues tried to gain over to their interests the owners of such establishments. The gladiatorial shows had become so flourishing that a lucrative business was done in the sale of the programmes, which included the decision as to the life or death of the vanquished. This depended, not on the law of the duel,

but on the caprice of the spectators, according to whose signal the victor either spared or slew his prostrate antagonist. Freemen not infrequently sold themselves to the contractors as gladiatorial slaves, to be chained, scourged or put to death, without opposition, should the law so require.

In one thing the aristocrat competed with the proletarian, and that was in doing nothing. Among the wealthier classes extravagance was as unbounded as it was devoid of taste. It was lavished on politics and on the theatre, and to the corruption of both, the consular office selling for \$500,000, while the luxury of theatrical decoration was such as to disgust men of cultivated tastes. Rents in Rome were enormously high, the most costly houses being valued at from \$500,000 to \$750,000, and with prices steadily advancing. The mansion of Marcus Lepidus, for instance, which, in the time of Sulla, ranked as the finest in Rome, was excelled a generation afterward by scores of Roman palaces. The orator Crassus, who was not accounted a very wealthy man, lived in a house worth \$35,000, one-half of which was represented by the old trees in its garden. For an ordinary dwelling \$3,000 was a moderate price. For country houses \$200,000 was an average figure, and of these the fashionable grandee must have at least two, in addition to a spacious garden just without the gates of the capital. There were also palatial sepulchres, of which several still exist, showing what lofty piles of masonry a rich Roman needed in order to die as became his rank. Of Marcus Lepidus it is related that in his will he instructed his children not to

expend on his funeral more than \$50,000, inasmuch as true honor consisted not in empty pomp, but in the remembrance of personal merits.

Debauchery and Vice.

Debauchery of every description became so systematic that it found its professors who earned a livelihood by serving as instructors of the youth of quality in the theory and practice of vice. Under such circumstances morality and family life were treated as vulgar and antiquated among all ranks of society. To be poor was not only the saddest disgrace and the worst crime, but the only disgrace and the only crime. For money the statesman sold the State and the burgess his freedom; the post of the officer and the vote of the jurymen were also to be bought; for money the lady of quality surrendered her person, as well as the common courtesan. Love intrigues of all sorts were constantly in progress. The mimæ and ballet-dancers were quite a match for those of the present day in the variety of their pursuits and the skill with which they followed them. The prima donnas, Cytherias, and the like, pollute even the pages of Roman history; but their licensed trade was greatly injured by ladies of the highest aristocratic circles. Liaisons in the first families had become so frequent that only a scandal of very exceptional magnitude became the subject of special comment. In the spring, when politics were suspended and the world of quality congregated at Baïæ and Puteoli, watering-places derived their principal charm from the amours, licit and

illicit, which enlivened the gondola voyages or the gatherings on shore, accompanied with music and song, with elegant breakfasts and suppers. There the ladies held absolute sway, but were by no means content with the domain which rightfully belonged to them. They acted, also, as politicians and partisans, making use of money and intrigue in the wild proceedings of the time.

It was in truth an unnatural world, female statesmen performing on the stage of Scipio and Cato, while at their side the young fop imitated the loose courtesan, with smooth-shaven chin, delicate voice and mincing gait, with head-dress and neckerchiefs, with frilled robe and woman's sandals, seeming as though he wished to change parts with the other sex. The ideas as to divorce in aristocratic circles may be gathered from the conduct of Marcus Cato, one of the most moral men of his time, who did not hesitate to separate from his wife at the request of a friend desirous of marrying her, and on the death of that friend was united to her a second time. Celibacy and childlessness became more and more common, especially among the upper classes, who regarded parentage as a burden, even Cato and those who shared his sentiments declaring that it was the duty of a citizen to keep great wealth together and therefore not to beget too many children.

It is a dreadful picture which Italy presents under the rule of the oligarchy. There was nothing to soften the fatal contrast between this world of beggars and of the fabulously rich. The greater the height to which riches rose, the deeper yawned the abyss of poverty; the more frequently amid this ever-changing scene of

hazard and speculation were individuals tossed from the bottom to the top and again from the top to the bottom. The wider the chasm by which the two sections were divided, the more complete became the annihilation of family life, which is the germ and core of all nationality, laziness going hand in hand with luxury and corruption with unmanly dependence. Riches and misery in close league drove the Italians out of Italy and filled the peninsula partly with swarms of slaves and partly with an awful solitude.

The Italy of the Ciceronian age resembles the Hellas of Polybius, and still more the Carthage of Hannibal's time, where in similar manner the all-powerful rule of capital ruined the middle classes, raised trade and usury to the highest prosperity, and ultimately led to the moral and political corruption of the State. All the sins that capital has committed against civilization in the modern world remain as far inferior to the abominations of these ancient capitalist States as the free man, be he ever so poor, remains superior to the slave, and never again, let us hope, shall the world reap such a whirlwind as it did from the dragon-seed sown during the decline of the Roman empire.

Decadence of the Drama.

No wonder that, amid such a community, the dramatic literature of Rome gradually degenerated into criticism and diletteisme, the drama into spectacle and show, buffoonery and sensual gratification. Meanwhile the theatre passed through many troubles, and was

never to the Romans, as to the Greeks, at once a temple and a home. The puritanism of the old school of statesmen favored the martial games of the circus as against the enervating influence of the stage; hence these self-appointed guardians of Roman virtue sought to diminish the attractions of the theatre by making it as unpleasant as possible; but, as in other instances, the privileges of the upper classes were at last extended to the people at large, though the distinction between plebeian and patrician was never entirely abolished.

Roman Theatres.

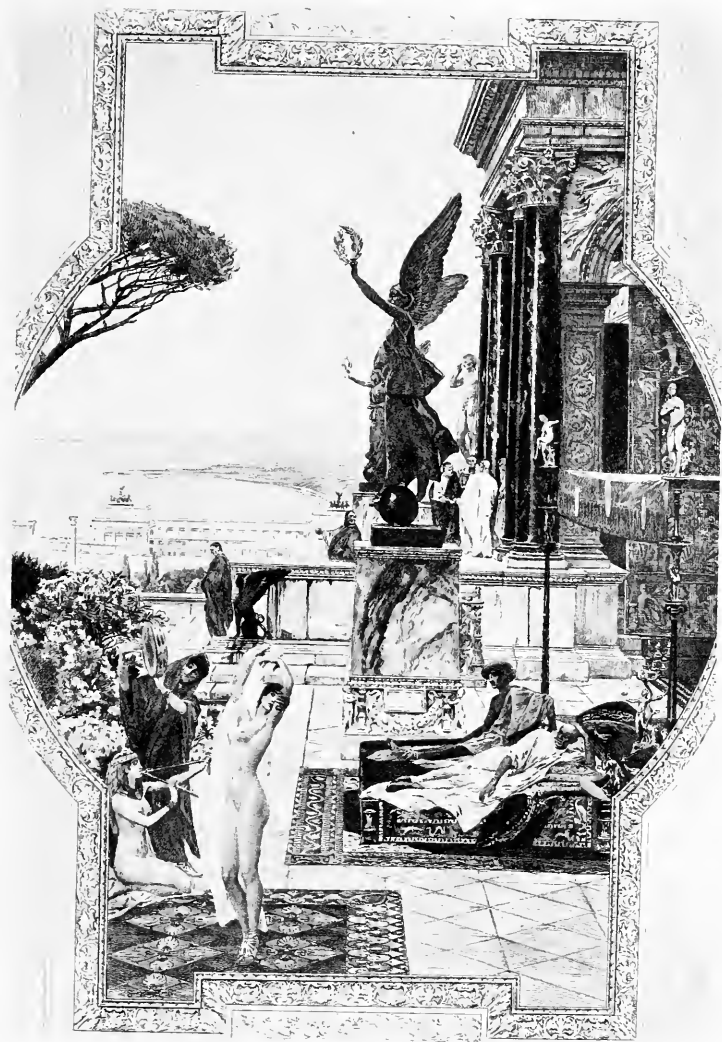
In the main the theatres of the Romans were copied closely from those of the Greeks, but were usually constructed on a level site, not scooped out of a hillside, as with Hellenic playhouses. This necessitated an elaborate arrangement of substructures, with raking vaults; also an additional façade with a system of arches following the semicircle of the auditorium. The design universally adopted appears to have been tiers, usually three in number, of open arches, with intermediate engaged columns, each being of a different order, as is still to be seen in the remains of the theatre of Marcellus in Rome. The development of the stone arch, and still more the use of concrete for forming vaults, enabled the Romans to erect their theatres on any site, the favorite location being the level plain of the Campus Martius.

During the republican period the erection of permanent theatres, with seats for the spectators, was thought

*THEATRE OF THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS
AT CAPRI RESTORED*

After an original painting by Gustav Klint

At Capreæ (modern Capri) the Roman Emperor Tiberius built (A. D. 26-30) the spacious and magnificent theatre which bore his name, and in which were produced, before audiences of wealth and fashion, the great dramas of Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Terence and other distinguished playwrights of Greece and Rome,



to savor of Greek luxury and to be unworthy of the stern simplicity of Roman citizens. Thus, in 154 B. C. Scipio Nasica induced the Senate to demolish, as useless and injurious to public morals, the first stone theatre which had been begun by Longinus. Even in 55 B. C., when Pompey began the theatre of which remains still exist in Rome, he thought it wise to place in it a shrine to Venus Victrix, as an excuse for having stone seats below it—the seats theoretically serving as steps to reach the temple. This theatre is spoken of by Vitruvius as “the stone theatre” *par excellence*, and is said to have held 40,000 spectators. It was also used as an amphitheatre for the bloody shows in which the Romans took greater pleasure than in the purer intellectual enjoyment of the drama. At its inauguration 500 lions and 20 elephants were killed by gladiators. Adjoining it was the curia of Pompey, “where great Cæsar fell,” after which it was burned to the ground, and the site declared a “*locus sceleratus*,” an accursed spot. The colossal statue, commonly supposed to be that of Pompey, now in the Palazzo Spada, was unearthed in 1553 in the neighborhood of the theatre, which, notwithstanding the interdict, was restored by Augustus, and again by others, after being several times destroyed by fire, its final restoration being in the reign of Titus. Near it was also found, in 1864, a colossal gilt bronze statue of Hercules, a third-century work, whose home is now in the Vatican.

Almost adjoining the theatre of Pompey were two others, one begun by Julius Cæsar, finished by Augustus in 13 B. C., and named after Marcellus, the

nephew of the latter; the other built about the same time by Cornelius Balbus. Of the latter there are only scant remains, but the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus are among the most imposing in ancient Rome. A long account is given by Pliny of a most magnificent temporary theatre built by the ædile, M. Æmilius Scaurus, in 58 B. C. It is said to have held the incredible number of 80,000 people and was a work of the utmost splendor and magnificence. Pliny is also responsible for the mention already made of two wooden theatres built by C. Curio in 50 B. C., which were made to revolve on pivots, so that the two together could form an amphitheatre in the afternoon, after having been used separately in the morning.

In some cases the Romans built two theatres close together, one for the Greek and the other for the Latin drama, as at Hadrian's magnificent villa near Tivoli. The two theatres at Pompeii are still well preserved, and all provincial towns of any importance seem to have possessed at least one, designed with semi-circular orchestra after the Roman fashion. Those built under Roman rule in Hellenic cities seem, on the other hand, to have been usually constructed on the old Greek model, probably because they were designed by Greek architects. This is the case at Tauromenium, Aspendus and Myra. An important exception is the well-preserved theatre at the southwest angle of the Athenian Acropolis, which has a semi-circular orchestra. It was built in the reign of Hadrian by Herodes Atticus, a very wealthy Greek, who spent enormous sums in beautifying the city of Athens, and was called

the Regillum, after his wife Regilla. Its cavea, which is excavated in the rock, held about 6,000 people, and it was connected with the great Dionysiac theatre by a long and lofty porticus or stoa, of which considerable remains still exist, probably a late restoration of the stoa built by Eumenes II, of Pergamum. The Romans used more elaborate scenery and stage effects than was the custom in Greece. Vitruvius mentions three sorts of movable scenery; first, for the tragic drama, façades with columns representing public buildings; second, for comic plays, private houses with windows and balconies; and third, for the satyric drama, rustic scenes, with mountains, caverns and trees.

Circus Maximus.

The Circus Maximus occupied the space between the Palatine and Aventine mounts. Its first rows of seats, which were of wood, were made under Tarquin I, and, after being twice restored, in the reign of Julius Cæsar it was rebuilt with lower seats of stone, the upper being still of wood, as described by Dionysius after the rebuilding. It was further ornamented with marble by Augustus, Claudius and other emperors. The wooden part was burnt in the great fire of Nero's reign, and again under Domitian, by whom it was rebuilt wholly in stone and marble, and finally it was once more restored and enlarged by Constantine. In its later state it had a marble façade with three external tiers of arches with engaged columns and sloping tiers of marble seats, supported on concrete vaults, a great part of which existed

in the sixteenth century. It held a quarter of a million spectators, the end that contained the carceres, or goals, being near the church of S. Maria in Cosmedin. Some of the substructures still exist below the church of S. Anastasia. The Circus Flaminius, in the Campus Martius, was built by C. Flaminius Nepos, who was killed at Thrasymene, remains of the building being found in the sixteenth century under the Palazzo Mattei. In the middle ages it was used as a rope-walk; hence the name of the church called S. Caterina dei Funari, which occupies part of its site. The circus of Caligula and Nero was at the foot of the Vatican hill; the modern sacristy of St. Peter's stands over part of its site. The obelisk on its spina remained standing in situ till it was moved to its present site in the centre of the piazza. Another circus was built by Hadrian near his mausoleum; remains of which were found in 1743, but nothing is now visible. The best-preserved circus is that built by Maxentius in honor of his deified son, Romulus, by the Via Appia, two miles outside the walls of Rome. It was attributed to Caracalla until, in 1825, an inscription recording its true dedication was found.

Colosseum.

But the most imposing structure ever erected for purposes of amusement, whether in the ancient or modern world, was the Colosseum, of which, though not a temple of the drama, a brief description may be here in place. It was in the form of an ellipse, with an extreme length of 612 feet, and 515 in breadth, seating,

it has been estimated, 87,000 spectators, and with standing room for 15,000 more, or over 100,000 in all. Its height was at least 170 feet, but the seats reached only half way to the top, the remaining space being required for ventilation. The arena, which was of the same shape as the amphitheatre, was separated from the spectators by a wall lined with marble and perfectly smooth, by a railing of metal or network, and in some amphitheatres by a ditch, as a further safeguard against wild beasts, and especially against elephants. Excavations have added much to our knowledge of the effects described by ancient writers; yet there are some things hard for us to understand, as how, when the regular show was over, the arena was filled with water and naval combats represented.

The cavea, assigned to the spectators, was divided into galleries concentric with the outer walls. The lowest of these, named the podium, was nearest to the arena and was regarded as the place of honor. It was provided with movable seats and was occupied by senators, magistrates, vestal virgins and other persons of rank. Here also sat the emperor and his suite, their seats, named the *suppostum*, being raised above the rest. Above the podium, the galleries were separated by terraces and walls, the lowest being appropriated to the equestrian orders, and others to the various gentes or tribes. Access was by passages or stairways, and there were long, covered corridors for shelter from rain. Admission was by ticket, and order was preserved by officers specially appointed for the purpose.

The exterior of the Colosseum consisted of four

stages, each with engaged columns of the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian orders. In all but the highest stage there were eighty columns and as many arches to each, those of the basement serving as entrances. The highest stage was composed of a continuous wall of masonry, pierced only by small, square windows, probably to obtain the solidity and weight required for the poles that supported the awning. The arcades were ornamented with statues and metal shields, and above the openings were figures of chariots.

Such was the great Roman Colosseum, the vast ruins of which, after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries, strike the spectator with astonishment and awe. Its history was an eventful one. Erected by Vespasian and Titus, it was partially destroyed by lightning, then was restored by Alexander Severus, and continued to be used until the sixth century, the edifice remaining almost intact for at least two centuries later. In the middle ages it was used as a quarry, its masonry, together with that of other ancient structures, being carried away for building materials. Among those who committed this act of vandalism was the great Michael Angelo, by whom its stones were converted into a palace for one of the noble families of Rome. To Benedict XIV is due the preservation of the present remains; for the Colosseum had been the scene of many Christian martyrdoms, and, taking advantage of this to consecrate the interior by the erection of crosses and oratories, he thereby saved it from further depredation.

In provincial towns of metropolitan rank the theatres and amphitheatres differed but little from those already

described; most of them were originally of wood, as was the one at Fidenæ, by the collapse of which, in the reign of Tiberius, 50,000 persons were said to have been killed or injured. Another, at Placentia, then the most spacious in Italy, was burned by the people of a neighboring town whose envy it had excited. Such disasters, together with the growing scarcity of wood, led to the construction of more solid buildings, especially between the reigns of Vespasian and Constantine, until the spread of Christianity threw discredit on the cruel and bloody spectacles of the amphitheatre. Among the most remarkable was the one at Pompeii, as well known to us from the description in Bulwer Lytton's novel as through its countless reproductions in pictorial art. Those at Capua and Pozzuoli almost rivaled the Colosseum in size, and there were imposing edifices at Nismes, Arles and Frejus, in France, and at Italica, near Seville, in Spain, the last being especially noted for the thickness and strength of its masonry.

The Roman Stage.

In some respects, and especially in size, the Roman stage differed essentially from that of the Greeks and of modern nations. Thus, two actors might enter and talk to themselves a considerable time before they saw or knew one another, which to us does not appear natural, until we consider the difference between our small, narrow stage and those of the magnificent Roman theatres, which were nearly 200 feet in frontage. The scenes of the latter were so many streets meeting to-

gether, with by-lanes, rows and alleys, so that two actors passing down separate streets or lanes could not be seen by each other; nor could they well distinguish faces at sixty yards distance.

Roman Actors.

In early Rome the profession of the actor, like that of the dramatist, was held in disrepute; but this was reversed under the later republic and the earlier empire. In proportion to the relative value of money, their earnings were at least on a par with those of modern times. Roscius and Æsop left princely fortunes, accumulated through the exercise of their art. They were members of fashionable clubs and were received on equal terms at the home of the noble and wealthy, not a few of whom had theatres attached to their country villas. Their costume, like that of the Greeks, included the cothurnus, or high-heeled boot, for the tragedian, the soccus for the comedian, and for both the mask, which covered not only the face, but the whole head, and with false hair fastened to it, colored according to the visage and complexion of the person represented. The mask was called, in Latin, *persona*, from *personare*, to sound through, being so formed as to give volume to the voice and convey it to a greater distance, a contrivance which the vast extent of the ancient theatres rendered necessary.

Music.

The ancient drama was, indeed, as a spectacle, entirely different from the modern, and, on the stage, ap-

proached nearer to the genius of our opera than to tragedy or comedy. The plays were all accompanied with music, and Aristotle mentions this as one of the fixed parts of tragedy. We also know from Horace that in the alterations in the drama, music and decorations kept pace with the rest, and that as theatres were enlarged their music became more rich and full.

Nor was the flute at first with silver bound
Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
Few were its notes, its form was strictly plain;
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise,
Filling the little theatre with ease,
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners, and unsullied fame.
But when victorious Rome enlarged her state,
And broader walls enclosed the imperial seat,
Soon as with wine, grown dissolutely gay,
Without restraint she cheer'd the fatal day,
Then poesy in looser numbers moved
And music in licentious tones improved;
Such ever is the taste when clown and wit,
Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.
He who before with modest art had played,
Now called in wanton movements to his aid,
Filled with luxurious tones the pleasing strain:
And drew along the stage a length of train;
And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
Increased the strings, and sweeter charmed the ear;
Thus poetry precipitately flowed,
And with unwonted elocution glowed;
Poured forth prophetic truth in awful strain,
Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.

It may be safely assumed that this picture of progress in music is not overdrawn, when we consider the immense proportions to which Roman theatres grew, and

the consequent necessity for a continual strengthening and enlargement of musical, as well as other, effects.

Management and Actors.

In general the drama's laws at Rome were given by the drama's patrons—in other words, the production of plays was a matter of private speculation. Exhibitions were contracted for with the officials charged with the superintendence of public amusements; the actors were slaves trained for the art, mostly natives of Southern Italy or Greece. Many of them rose to reputation and wealth, purchased their freedom, and themselves became directors of companies; but though Sulla might make a knight of Roscius, and Cæsar and his friends defy ancient prejudice, the stigma of civil disability continued to adhere to the profession. The actor's art was carried on at Rome under conditions differing in other respects from those of the Greek theatre. The Romans loved a full stage, and from the later period of the republic liked to see it crowded with supernumeraries. This accorded with their military instincts and with the general grossness of their tastes, which led them in the theatre, as well as in the circus, to delight in spectacle and tumult. Thus they hailed Pompey with roars of applause, when he furnished for the return of Agamemnon in the *Clytemnestra* a grand procession of 600 heavily-laden mules.

On the other hand, the actors were nearer to the spectators in the Roman theatre than in the Greek, the stage not being separated from the first rows of

the audience by an orchestra occupied by the chorus; and this led, in earlier times, to the absence of masks, variously-colored wigs serving to distinguish the age of the characters. When Roscius, however, introduced masks, the innovation, though disapproved of, afterward maintained itself. The tragic actors wore the *crepida*, a boot corresponding to the *cothurnus*, and a heavy toga, which in the *prætexta* had a purple border. The comparative nearness of the actors to the spectators encouraged the growth of that close criticism of acting for which Italy has always been famous, and which manifested itself in ways familiar to modern audiences. In fine, though the acting at Rome must have originally formed itself on Greek example and precept, it was doubtless elaborated with a care unknown to the great Attic artists. Its most famous representatives were Gallus, called after his emancipation, Q. Roscius Gallus, who excelled equally in tragedy and comedy, and his younger contemporary Clodius Æsopus, a Greek by birth, likewise eminent in both branches of his art, though in tragedy more particularly. Both these actors are said to have been constant hearers of the great orator, Hortensius, and Roscius wrote a treatise on the relations between oratory and acting. In the influence of oratory upon the drama are perhaps to be sought the chief among the nobler features of Roman tragedy to which a native origin may be fairly ascribed. And this influence could not be otherwise than reflexive in Rome, as in all countries which have cultivated dramatic art, for no acknowledgment is so universal on the part of great orators, ancient and modern, as that

their skill in producing desired effects has been largely due to a study of the drama and a frequent witnessing of its rendition by efficient actors and faithful interpreters.

Stage Accessories.

With the decadence of dramatic literature the elaboration of scenic pomp and spectacle went hand in hand. The more limited the stock of plays, the greater became the activity of the management and the interest of the spectators in the scenic features of the drama; so that the most lucrative callings in Rome were those of the actor and the dancing girl, Roscius estimating his income at \$30,000 a year, and the danseuse, Dionysia, at \$10,000. Enormous sums were also lavished on costumes and decorations. To music still greater attention was given, so that it bore a most important part in the performance. By the use of quicker time it impelled the actor to more lively motion, and, says Varro, "as the wind sways the waves, so does the skillful flute-player sway the minds of the audience with every modulation of melody." Musical and dramatic connoisseurs were plentiful, and as the habitués of the theatre recognized a tune by its first note, and knew the text by heart, every fault in the music or recitation was severely censured.

The condition of the Roman stage at this period reminds us closely of the modern French theatre. As the Roman mime corresponds to the farce and burlesque, for which nothing is too good or too bad, so we find in both theatres the traditional classic tragedy and comedy,

intended for the man of culture. The drama of Rome oscillated, as does the French, between the cottage and the palace, between the grave, the gay and the licentious. Just as to the Roman Talma grace and symmetry of action were the supreme law of his art, so to the Roman dancing-girl it was grace and symmetry of person and of personal movement. The latter displayed her figure with as little regard to decorum or decency as the modern danseuse or burlesque actress.

VII.

Roman Tragedy.

If to Roman comedy must be assigned a subordinate rank in the history of dramatic literature, still lower in the scale was the tragedy of the Latins. Little, as we have seen, has come down to us, except for a few plays of Seneca, with occasional fragments from less prominent writers. While the works of Horace and Virgil, of Ovid and Lucretius, still hold their own with the great Hellenic masters, Roman tragedy is practically extinct.

To Nævius, Ennius and the earlier tragic poets brief reference has already been made. Among the numerous imitators of the Greeks during the later republican era Marcus Pacuvius and Lucius Accius are worthy of special mention. Pacuvius, a native of Brundisium, removed to Rome in early youth and earned his livelihood by painting, turning his attention to tragedy when well advanced in years. His style was formed after that of his uncle, Ennius, and in literary circles he was regarded as a model of artistic and polished composition. Yet in the fragments that have reached us there is much to justify Cicero's censure of his language and

Lucilius' condemnation of his style. More readable and adroit are the imitations of Greek tragedy by Lucius Accius, the son of a freedman of Pisaurum and a younger contemporary of Pacuvius.

At the opening of the Augustan age the condition and prospects of dramatic literature were simply lamentable. Both in tragedy and comedy all that possessed any trace of Roman nationality had become extinct. New pieces were no longer performed, but that they were expected is shown by the reproduction of old comedies under new titles and with other names for the *dramatis personæ*; for, as the managers said, it was better to see a good old play than a poor new one. There was, indeed, a certain productiveness among the Alexandrine school, but this was worse than none, for real dramatic composition Alexandrian literature never knew. Only a spurious drama, not intended for the stage, was introduced into Rome from the eastern capital, and this had so many readers and imitators that the writing of tragedy was regarded as one of the diseases of youth.

Tragedies of Seneca.

Only one specimen of Roman tragedy has come down to us, and it would be unfair to form from it a judgment of the lost works of other times. This is in the tragedies which pass under the name of Seneca. Even his claim to their authorship seems to be very ambiguous, and perhaps is grounded mainly on a circumstance which ought rather to have led to a contrary conclusion, namely, that Seneca himself is among the *dramatis personæ*

in one of them, the *Octavia*. The learned are divided in their opinions on the subject. Some assign the dramas that pass by his name partly to the philosopher and partly to his father, the rhetorician; others assume the existence of a poet named Seneca, distinct from both. On this point, however, all are agreed, that the plays are not entirely from one hand, but belong even to different ages. For the honor of Roman taste one would fain hold them to be after-births of a very late era of antiquity, but Quintilian quotes a verse from the *Medea*, which we actually find in the extant piece of that name, so that the plea will not hold good for this play, which seems, moreover, not to be greatly superior to the rest. We find also in Lucan, a contemporary of Nero, the very same style of bombast, which distorts every thing really great until it is converted into nonsense. The state of constant disturbance in which Rome was kept by a series of blood-thirsty tyrants led to similar outrages in rhetoric and poetry, and the same phenomenon has been observed in epochs of modern history. On the other hand, under the wise and mild government of a Vespasian and a Titus, and still more of a Trajan, the Romans returned to a purer taste.

But to whatever age these tragedies of Seneca may belong, they are beyond all description bombastic and frigid, utterly devoid of nature in character and action, full of the most revolting violations of propriety, and so barren of all theatrical effect that they were probably never intended to leave the schools of the rhetoricians for the stage. With the old tragedies, the highest of the creations of Greek poetical genius, these

have nothing in common but the name, the exterior form and the mythological matter, and yet they set themselves up beside them in the evident intention of surpassing them, in which attempt they appear like a hollow hyperbole contrasted with a heart-felt truth. All is sacrificed for phrase, even the expressions of the simplest thoughts being forced and stilted. Every commonplace of tragedy is pressed into service, and an utter poverty of mind is tricked out with a semblance of wit and acuteness. They have fancy too, or at least a phantom of it, while of the abuses of that faculty one may look to these plays for a speaking example. Their persons are neither ideal nor real, but misshapen giants and puppets, and the wire that sets them a-going is at one time an unnatural heroism, at another a passion alike unnatural, which no atrocity of guilt can appall.

In a sketch, therefore, of dramatic art, we might have wholly passed by the tragedies of Seneca, but that the fondness for all that remains to us from the ancient classics has attracted many imitators to these compositions. They were earlier and more generally known than the Greek tragedies. Scholars by no means destitute of poetical taste have judged favorably of them, nay, have preferred them to Greek tragedies, and great poets have deemed them worth perusing. The influence, for example, of Seneca on Corneille's notion of tragedy is too plain to be overlooked; Racine deigned to borrow much from him in his *Phèdre*, including nearly the whole of the scene in which the heroine declares her passion. And the same may be said without discredit of other modern dramatists who have acquired

fame in their art, whether such fame be due to the thereby-imparted strength or limpidity and versatility of their styles.

Seneca's Career and Works.

Lucius Annæus Seneca, the most brilliant figure of his time, was the second son of the great rhetorician of that name, and, like him, a native of Corduba in Spain. From infancy of a delicate constitution, he devoted himself with intense ardor to rhetorical and philosophical studies, and early won a reputation at the bar. Caligula threatened his life, and under Claudius his political career received a sudden check, for the influence of Messalina having effected the ruin of Julia, the youngest daughter of Germanicus, Seneca, who was compromised by her downfall, was banished to Corsica, 41 A. D. There eight weary years of waiting were relieved by study and authorship, with occasional attempts to procure his return by such gross flattery of Claudius as is found in the work on Consolation.

At length the tide turned; the next empress, Agrippina, had him recalled, appointed prætor and intrusted with the education of her son, Nero, then eleven years old. Seneca became, in fact, Agrippina's confidential adviser, and his pupil's accession increased his power. He was consul in 57, and for a few years he shared the actual administration of affairs with Burrus, the prætorian præfect. When the inevitable rupture between mother and son came they sided with the latter, and Seneca, who drew up all Nero's State papers, was called upon to write a defense of matricide. We must,

however, regard the general tendency of his measures; for to judge him as a stoic philosopher by the doctrines laid down in his writings would be like applying the standard of New Testament morality to the career of a Wolsey or Mazarin. He is the type of the man of letters, who, as courtier and minister, rises into favor by talent and suppleness, and is entitled as such to the credit of a beneficent rule. In course of time Nero came to dislike him more and more, the death of Burrus, in 62, hastening his downfall. In vain did he ask permission to retire, offering to Nero at the same time his enormous fortune. Even when he had sought privacy on the plea of ill health he could not avert his doom. On a charge of being concerned in Piso's conspiracy, he was forced to commit suicide, to avoid a more shameful death. His manly end might be held in some measure to redeem the weakness of his life but for the testimony it bears to his constant study of effect and ostentatious self-complacency.

Seneca is one of the most eminent among the Latin writers of the silver age, and in a special sense their representative, not least because he was the originator of a false style. His affected and sentimental mannerisms became gradually ingrained in him, and appear equally in everything he wrote, whether poetry or prose, as the most finished product of ingenuity concentrated upon declamatory exercises, substance being sacrificed to form, and thought to point. Every variety of rhetorical conceit in turn contributes to the effect, now tinsel and ornament, now novelty and versatility of treatment, or affected simplicity and studied absence of plan. But

the chief weapon is the epigram, summing up in terse, incisive antithesis the gist of a whole period. "Seneca is a man of real genius," writes Niebuhr, "which is, after all, the main thing; not to be unjust to him, one must know the whole range of that literature to which he belonged and realize how well he understood the art of making something even of what was most absurd."

Seneca had the wit to discover that conduct, which is, after all, "three-fourths of life," could furnish inexhaustible topics of abiding and universal interest, far superior to the imaginary themes discussed in the schools of philosophy. The innovation took the public taste—plain matters of urgent personal concern sometimes treated casuistically, sometimes in a liberal vein, with serious divergence from the orthodox standards, but always with an earnestness which aimed directly at the reader's edification, progress toward virtue and general moral improvement. His essays are, in fact, Stoic sermons; for the creed of the later Stoics had become less of a philosophical system and more of a religion, especially at Rome, where moral and theological doctrines attracted lively interest. The school is remarkable for its anticipation of modern ethical conceptions, for the lofty morality of its exhortations to forgive injuries and overcome evil with good; the obligation to universal benevolence deduced from the principle that all men are brethren. In Seneca, in addition to all this, there is a distinctively religious temperament, which finds expression in phrases curiously suggestive of the spiritual doctrines of Christianity. Yet the verbal coincidence is sometimes a mere accident, as

when he uses "holy spirit;" and in the same writings he sometimes advocates what is wholly repulsive to Christian feeling, as the duty and privilege of suicide.

Eight of the tragedies which bear Seneca's name are undoubtedly genuine. In them the defects of his prose style are exaggerated; as specimens of pompous rant they are probably unequalled, and the rhythm is unpleasant, owing to the monotonous structure of the verses. The *Octavia*, also ascribed to him, contains plain allusions to Nero's death, and must, therefore, be the product of a later hand.

Roman Revival of Tragedy.

The tragedies of Seneca constitute a sort of half-way house in the course of development between ancient and modern drama, and are rather continuations of Greek tragedy than a species in themselves. There is the same double form of lyric odes alternating with dramatic scenes; the subjects of the odes are the same; they are mainly odes of situation, with occasional ritual or national hymns, and odes of narrative. The blank verse of the episodes is identical, and there is the same tendency to invade these episodes with lyric monodies and concertos, where the emotion of the scene affords an opportunity. With one exception, each Roman play is the counterpart of a Greek tragedy, the story of which it at once follows and recasts.

Yet a glance below the surface shows a wide gulf between Euripides or Sophocles and Seneca. The Roman tragedies are clearly not intended for acting, and not

arranged for the stage; their motive is rhetorical or poetic, and they are dramatic only in form. Such dissociation from the stage is a disturbing force of the first magnitude; it is as if the opera had passed into the oratorio; the non-dramatic purpose has—perhaps unconsciously to the poet—produced strong divergence even in dramatic form. Thus Roman tragedy is hampered, first, by imitation of Greek models, and again by the revolutionizing effect produced by the substitution of literary for dramatic setting.

But to obtain a more definite idea of the subject it will be well to analyze a single play of Seneca and compare it with its Greek counterpart. *The Daughters of Troy* appears to be the point at which the Greek stage approaches nearest to Roman conceptions of dramatic poetry, though in the latter there is little of the pathos and scenic splendor which make the *Troades* one of Euripides' greatest masterpieces. Uniqueness of structure characterizes the prologue to the Greek version. There is first a formal prologue by Neptune, who is quitting the Troy he has been unable to save, and here describes the situation—the town in ruins and Queen Hecuba with other noble women waiting to be carried away into captivity. Athena encounters him, fresh from the sacrilege done to her shrine; she announces her change of mind, and the two deities concert a scheme of vengeance on the Greeks, agreeing to raise a storm which shall destroy them on their homeward voyage.

This dialogue constitutes a sort of divine intervention placed at the beginning and not at the end of the

drama; taken in connection with the prologue, its effect is to reduce the body of the play to the expansion of a single situation, of which the origin and the issue have been determined extra-dramatically. The choral odes are all celebrations of this one situation, and the episodes portray different phases of it, centring around the figures of different sufferers, with Hecuba as a point of unity, since she feels over again all that her daughters suffer.

The scene is in front of the tent in which the captives are confined. Hecuba opens the situation in a monody and then calls upon her companions to join her. The chorus of Trojan women enter the orchestra at her call and unite in a lyric concerto of woe, from which they pass to an ode inspired by the thought of the various countries to which they may be carried captives. The first episode is made by the entrance of the Greek herald, Talthybius, who brings news to the captives of the lots that have settled their fate; Cassandra has been assigned to Agamemnon, Polyxena is "to serve at a tomb," and Hecuba is the prize of Ulysses, while the anxious inquiry of the chorus about their own fate is passed over in contemptuous silence. Then follows a splendid scene, revealing Cassandra's part in the tragedy. She enters from the tent already dressed in bridal attire, and, in lyrics and blank verse successively, utters her prophetic forecasts of the tragedy in which the Greek triumph is to end, here, as always, striving vainly to win credence from friends and enemy. The chorus have taken their usual share in the scene, yet they make no allusion to it in the ode which follows; they can dwell only on the

one absorbing topic of their city's fall, and brilliantly picture its sudden capture in the dead of night.

Andromache is the centre of the next episode. She enters in a chariot, with the infant Astyanax at her breast. After bringing the news which explains Polyxena's service at the tomb of Achilles, she enters into a strange contest with the aged Hecuba in expressions of despair. But there is fresh matter for despair when the herald reappears bearing the decree of the victors, that Hector's child must be flung from the towers of Troy; the mother realizes her helplessness and has to purchase, by quiet submission, the right of sepulture for her child. Again the chorus, though a party to the preceding scene, ignore it in their choral ode, which puts the fall of Troy from a different side, and describes the deified heroes of the land luxuriating with divine selfishness in the joys of heaven, while their native city was sinking in ruins.

The third episode gives opportunity for a forensic contest, as Helen is dragged to her fate, and, seeking to plead her cause, is answered by her husband, Menelaus, by the queen and chorus. The ode which follows starts from the spectacle before the eyes of the chorus and proceeds to thoughts of ruin and slavery, with a passing curse upon Helen, author of it all. There remains an elaborate exodus. The mangled corpse of the child is borne in upon the shield of Hector, and Hecuba pours over it a piteous lament, while the ceremonies of Troy's last funeral are carried through. Then the last step is taken, and Troy is set on fire by a novel stage contrivance; the

scenery changes into a tableau of Troy burning, and amid the crash of its fall and wild lamentations the chorus and the nobler captives are dragged to the ships.

Seneca portrays in dramatic form the same situation, but there is a total absence of any provision, such as the prologue of Euripides' version, for presenting the situation as part of a story. Moreover, it is not a continuous poem, but is broken up into five acts, the first four concluding with choral interludes. With the transition from the stage to written literature tragedy has lost the continuous presence of the chorus from their entry to their exit, and with this has been also lost its binding effect upon dramatic unity. It may also be added that we cannot infer, from the words of the Latin tragedy, any definite locality or scenery, but, on the contrary, the local suggestions in different parts of the play are inconsistent with one another.

The opening of Seneca's version follows closely that of Euripides; Hecuba laments, with rhetorical fullness, the woes which she has long foreseen, and at her call the chorus join in a frenzied wail—tearing their hair, beating their breasts and mourning their lost heroes. This, as the equivalent of a choral interlude, concludes act first.

The second act centres around the incident of Polyxena, but the form in which this is introduced presents great innovations. The act opens thus:

Talthybius.—How long in port the Greeks still wind-bound are,
When war they seek, or for their homes prepare!

Chorus.—Declare the cause which thus their fleet detains,

What god it is that their return restrains.

Talthybius.—Amazement strikes my soul—

The herald then relates, in high-wrought strain, the portent of which he was a witness; how, amid thunder and earthquake and bowing woods, the earth opened to the depth of night, and the spirit of Achilles, emerging, reproached the Greeks with their want of faith to him and demanded the slaughter of the Trojan princess upon his tomb; how the departed hero then shrouded himself in night and all things returned to stillness.

The quiet main

Becalmed lies, the winds their rage restrain,
The smooth seas move with gentle murmurings,
And Triton thence the hymeneal sings.

There is nothing to show what errand brings the Greek herald into the presence of the chorus, or how he leaves the scene, nor does he distinctly address any one; the chorus put to him the formal inquiry, but make no comment on the startling news when it has been given.

What immediately follows constitutes a scene by itself in which the chorus do not take any part, and which obviously belongs to a locality different from that of the *Trojan Captives*. It is a forensic contest between Pyrrhus and Agamemnon. Pyrrhus, in a set speech, presses the demand made by his father's ghost. Agamemnon, in a corresponding speech, urges moderation in the hour of success. The dispute soon becomes

an exchange of taunts, Pyrrhus' murder of Priam and Agamemnon's rash quarrel with Achilles furnishing ample material. As the pace of the scene accelerates, a very characteristic feature of Seneca appears—the disputants hurl proverbs at one another.

Pyrrhus.—'Tis kingly to a king life to afford.

Agamemnon.—Then why a king did you deprive of breath?

Pyrrhus.—There's mercy sometimes shown in giving death.

Agamemnon.—So you'd in mercy sacrifice a maid?

Pyrrhus.—And such a sacrifice can you dissuade

Who offer'd your own child?

Agamemnon.— Their kingdom's good

Kings should prefer before their children's blood.

Pyrrhus.—Forbid a captive's death no law e'er did.

Agamemnon.—What the law does not is by shame forbid.

Pyrrhus.—What suits, is lawful by all victors thought.

Agamemnon.—The more you license, to will less you ought.

Personalities proceed to the extent of calling
Pyrrhus

a girl's bastard brat,
Got by Achilles when scarce man!

Pyrrhus.— By that

Achilles, who, to the world allied,

Enjoys the honors of the deified;

Who can a claim to sea by Thetis move,

To hell by Æacus, to Heaven by Jove—

Agamemnon.—Yes, he who fell by Paris' feeble hand—

Pyrrhus.—Whom yet not any of the gods durst stand

In open fight—

Agamemnon.—Sir, I could rule your tongue—

But the ruler of the host saves his dignity by referring the dispute to the seer, Calchas, who pronounces the will of heaven to be the slaughter of Polyxena and the death of the infant Astyanax.

This closes the scene. The choral interlude which succeeds illustrates the furthest point to which odes can reach in the direction of irrelevancy. The early part of the act has narrated the apparition of a departed spirit; the theme of this ode is a blank denial that there is anything after death, a theme dissociated equally from the scene and the speakers.

Is it a truth—or fiction blinds
Our fearful minds—
That when to earth we bodies give
Souls yet do live?
That, when the wife has closed with cries
The husband's eyes,
When the last fatal day of light
Has spoiled our sight,
And when to dust and ashes turned,
Our bones are urned,
Souls yet stand in no need at all
Of funeral,
But that a longer life with pain
They still retain?
Or die we quite, nor aught we have
Survives the grave,
As smoke which springs from fire is soon
Dispersed and gone,
Or clouds, which we but now behold,
By winds dispelled:
The spirit which informs this clay
So fleets away.
Nothing is after death; and this,
Too, nothing is:

The goal or the extremest space
Of a swift race.
The covetous their hopes forbear,
The sad their fear:
Ask'st thou, when'er thou com'st to die,
Where thou shalt lie?—
Where lie the unborn. Away time rakes us.
Then Chaos takes us.
Death, not divided, comes one whole
To body and soul.
Whate'er of Tænarus they sing,
And hell's fierce king,
How Cerberus still guards the port
O'er the Stygian court—
All are but idle rumors found,
And empty sound,
Like the vain fears of melancholy,
Dreams, and invented folly.

The third act is devoted to Andromache and her child. The chorus take no part in it until the final interlude, and their absence is the more remarkable as an aged person is imported to serve the function proper to a chorus—that of the confidant who draws out a disclosure. To this person Andromache relates a dream in which Hector appeared to warn her of the child's danger, and the incident is told with all the conventional setting of classical dramas. The dialogue ends with Andromache's selecting Hector's tomb as the hiding-place for the boy. Ulysses then enters, charged with the mission of securing Astyanax, and the scene is given up to the dramatic interest of dissimulation. Ulysses puts his painful demand with his proverbial eloquence, against which the mother is proof. He then changes his tone and threatens her with death.

Andromache.—No, Ithacus! if me thou'dst terrify,
Threaten my life!

He tries sympathy; he would give way to her woe, but he has his own son and all sons of the Greeks to consider, to whom it may be ruin to let the son of Hector grow up an avenger. Andromache repays dissimulation with dissimulation, and affects to be so far overcome as to acknowledge to her foes that the young hope of her nation is—dead! For a moment Ulysses is deceived by joy, but soon becomes suspicious and says he will sift the news. Feigning a search, he suddenly cries out that he has discovered the boy—marking at the moment Andromache's instinctive glance in the direction of Hector's tomb. With this as a clue he announces to Andromache that there is an alternative offered by Calchas—that the ashes of Hector shall be scattered to the winds; and he orders the tomb to be opened. Distracted by conflicting emotions, Andromache at length resolves to prevent this sacrilege to her husband's sepulchre and submits with lamentations and taunts to the sacrifice of the child. Ulysses seeks to put the blame of the sacrifice on Calchas, but Andromache turns upon him as a "night soldier," only stout enough by day to kill an infant. Then, with mourning long drawn out, the parting is effected.

In the ode that follows, the chorus give themselves up to questionings touching the lands into which captivity may lead them; they make no allusion to the matter of the act, unless it be to describe as their greatest dread that Ithaca in which Ulysses dwells.

In the fourth act Helen comes, charged with the mission of enticing Polyxena, without her knowing it, to her fate, and quieting her conscience with the thought that such deception will soften the cruel experience. She announces a project of marriage for Polyxena and Pyrrhus, but this is received by the Trojan women as an aggravation of their calamities and a bitter contest of words ensues. Moreover, the honesty of the message is doubted.

For this from our woes' sum may well be spared—
To be deceived! To die we're all prepared.

Then Helen admits the cruel project and Polyxena becomes transformed by the news; dejected at the announcement of marriage, she triumphs in the prospect of death. But all these emotions are depicted in dumb show only, and it is in dumb show that Pyrrhus enters and—amid the taunts of Hecuba—drags away his victim; so devoted is the scene to exchange of speeches and not to dramatic action. Helen also announces the lots which assign the captives to their respective masters. Then the chorus, who have taken no part in the scene, deliver an ode in which they work out the thought that society in suffering is a consolation. The conclusion of this ode recalls the closing portions of Euripides' drama:

But these sad meetings, these our mutual tears
Spent to deplore our miserable state,
The fleet, which ready now to sail appears,
Will straight dissolve and dissipate.

Soon as the trumpet's hasty sound shall call
The mariners aboard, and all
With favoring gale and oars for sea shall stand,
When from our sight shall fly our dear loved land:
What fears will then our wretched thoughts surprise
To see the land to sink, the sea to rise!
When Ida's towering height
Shall vanish from our sight,
The child shall then unto its mother say,
The mother to the child, pointing that way
Which tends unto the Phrygian coast:
"Lo, yonder's Ilium, where you spy
These clouds of smoke to scale the sky!"
By this sad sign, when all marks else are lost,
Trojans their country shall descry!

This is the last word of the chorus; they have no place in the fifth act, in which a messenger relates, with elaboration, to Hecuba and Andromache the double martyrdom of the child and of Polyxena at the tomb. Hecuba speaks her final words of mourning and the messenger orders all the captives on board the ships. So the play ends.

Roman Drama Compared with Greek.

In Greek drama, especially under Euripides, the external influences of rhetoric and epic served to withdraw one section after another of the action from dramatic treatment, and produced such effects as the formal prologue, the intervention of deities, the forensic contest and the messenger's speech. Such a tendency would be greatly favored by the conditions of Latin literature, when the support which a stage would give

to the dramatic element had been lost and rhetoric had become the master passion of the age. Accordingly, in Roman tragedy, extraneous influences overshadowed the dramatic spirit, and the decomposition of dramatic unity was followed by disintegration; the component elements of Greek tragedy—dramatic, lyric, epic, rhetoric—are in Roman tragedy developed separately, animating separate scenes, while the movement of the story is scarcely more than a frame which connects these scenes together. No play will illustrate this better than the *Daughters of Troy*. The element of story, exceptionally small in the version of Euripides, has in the version of Seneca vanished altogether as an interest in the poem. What story there is links together scenes, one of which is devoted to dissimulation, and another is a lyric meditation on death untouched by dramatic surroundings; one is an epic description, another is a rhetorical picture, of a ghost incident, which scarcely affects to be in dialogue, and still others have only the interest of forensic pleadings.

The extraneous interest of rhetoric is the dominant force in Roman tragedy, leavening every part of it, and constituting its main literary strength. — Epic narrative lends itself readily to rhetorical ornament, and the messenger's speeches in Seneca do not differ materially from those of Euripides. Rhetoric has a natural place in forensic contests, and if these scenes have any distinctiveness in the Latin plays, it is in the greater degree of conventionality which they admit. An example may be taken from the *Hippolytus*. The situation is dramatic enough, where the nurse seeks to win Hippo-

lytus to her mistress' corrupt will, and later on the incident becomes the main dramatic scene of the play; but the first encounter of the nurse and Hippolytus is treated forensically. The temptation is put in the form of a set speech of fifty lines, advocating a life of natural pleasure and family joys, without which all the beauty of the world would decay.

Hippolytus answers the temptation by a still more elaborate eulogium on the higher natural life of the wood-ranging votary of Diana.

He, harmless wandering in the open air,
The solitary country's sweets doth share;
No cunning subtleties nor craft he knows,
But to entrap wild beasts. And when he grows
Weary with toil, his tired limbs he laves
In cool Ilissus' pure refreshing waves;
Now by the banks of swift Alpheus strays,
And the thick coverts of the woods surveys
Where Lerna's streams with chilling waters pass,
Clear and pellucid as transparent glass.
His seat oft changes; from their warbling throats
The querulous birds here strain a thousand notes,
While through the leaves the whispering zephyr blows,
And sways the aged beeches' spreading boughs;
There by the current of some silver spring
Upon a turf behold him slumbering,
While the unbridled stream through new sprung flowers
With pleasing murmurs its sweet water pours.
Red-sided apples, falling from the trees,
And strawberries, new gathered, do appease
His hunger with soon-purchased food, who flies
The abhorred excess of princely luxuries.

The influence of rhetoric is more decisive in cases where what is nominally a dramatic dialogue is made a

medium in which a rhetorical picture is painted. The opening of the *Hippolytus* is in reality an elaborate description of hunting scenes thrown into the form of directions.

Go—you the shady woods beset,
You tall Cecropius' summits beat
With nimble feet; those plains some try
Which under stony Parnes lie,
And where the flood, borne with swift waves
Headlong, Thriasian valleys laves.
Climb you those lofty hills still white
With cold Rhipæan snows: their flight
Some others take where stands the grove,
With spreading alders interwove,
Where lie the fields which the Spring's sire,
The fostering Zephyr, doth inspire
With balmy breath, when to appear
He calls the vernal flowers, and where,
Meander-like, 'bove Agra's plains
'Through pebbles calm Ilissus strains
His course, whose hungry waters eat
Away his barren banks.

Under the same form of addressing his comrades and praying to his divine patroness, *Hippolytus* depicts every phase of the hunt, from the hounds held in slack line, or straining their necks, to the joyous home-coming,

Whilst the wain's back
Does with the loaded quarry crack,
And every hound up to the eyes
In blood his greedy snout bedyes.

The prologues, so notable in Seneca's plays, exhibit the full power of rhetoric in a situation specially adapted

to it. In one tragedy Juno appears as the outraged wife, seeking earth in disgust at heaven, which the bastard Hercules is allowed to enter in spite of her opposition. Recalling how all her efforts to destroy him have only added to his triumphs, she relates the story of the past, and then, casting about for fresh devices, she arrives gradually at the climax of fiendish vengeance which is to be the burden of the play. In another tragedy the ghost of Tantalus, first founder of the family of which Thyestes is now chief, is driven on the stage by the Fury Megæra, and forced by secret pangs to breathe on the household of his descendants fresh pollution, until he cries to return to the tortures of hell. In the *Agamemnon* it is the turn of Thyestes to come as a disembodied spirit, fugitive from the powers of hell and scaring mortals from his ghastly presence. He visits the home he helped to pollute in order to watch the new woe, when his proud successor, king of kings and chief of myriad chiefs, shall return in triumph, only that he may offer his throat to the dagger of his wife.

Other aspects of Greek dramatic development, such as the widening of field and characterization and tone, will hardly be expected in Roman plays, and the attempts made by Euripides at the intermixture of the serious and comic find no favor with Roman tragedians. Regarded in the light of the universal drama, the chief interest of Roman tragedy is the equivocal position given to its chorus by dissociation from acted performance, which prepared the way for the loss of the lyric element that forms the great distinction between ancient and modern drama. Viewed in themselves, the

distinguishing feature of Seneca's plays is the degree to which they show extraneous influences superseding those that are dramatic, until tragedy is little more than a dramatic form given to a combination of scenes, all strongly leavened by rhetoric.

VIII.

Roman Comedy—Plautus.

Of Greek comedy, as we have seen, there have come down to us only a few of the plays of Aristophanes, with the names of other authors, and occasional fragments from their writings, especially from Menander, to whom the Romans owe all that is best worth preserving in the lighter branch of the drama. Of the Latins our knowledge is almost restricted to the extant works of Plautus and Terence, and to the names and rare quotations from perhaps a dozen less gifted authors. As to the plays of the two great masters, their excellencies and defects, a brief description will be here in place, together with some account of their careers.

The period between the second and third Punic wars found the Romans in the full development of their powers. Never, perhaps, were they in a more sound and vigorous condition than when Hannibal had been driven from the gates of Rome and forced to make peace with the people whom he had sworn to destroy. True, there was neither in the field of authorship nor of politics a man of the very highest rank. Nævius, Ennius, Plautus, Cato, though gifted writers, were not men of strong

*A DANSEUSE WHO BECAME WIFE OF A
ROMAN EMPEROR*

After an original painting by A. D. Rahn

"The Roman dancing-girl displayed her figure with as little regard to decorum or decency as the modern danseuse or burlesque actress, often throwing off, at the finale, her upper robe, and exposing herself to the public gaze in the airiest of undress costume."

MOMMSEN'S ROME.





creative ability; nevertheless we observe, in the bold and soaring strain of their epic, dramatic and historic productions, the effects of the gigantic struggle through which their nation had passed. Much is artificially transplanted; there are faults in construction, coloring and delineation, and even the language lacks purity of treatment, Greek elements being quaintly introduced, while the whole work betrays its scholastic origin, and is wanting in completeness and independence. Yet there exists in the poets of this age, if not the power to attain their ideal, at least the courage to compete with and the hope of rivaling the Greeks.

Early and Later Styles.

A century or two later all was changed. What had been begun in the consciousness of powers developed and hardened by war, with youthful want of insight into the difficulties of the undertaking and the measure of their own ability, but also with youthful delight in the task, could not be carried further when the eyes of the more intelligent were opened to the incomparable glories of the Greek drama and to the slender dramatic capabilities of their own nation. Thus was occasioned a literary reaction which destroyed the germs of promise contained in the first attempts and rooted up together the wheat and tares of the older type of the drama. The cultured Roman, familiar with the *Iliad*, with the works of Euripides and Menander, was not greatly impressed with the Roman Homer, and still less with the feeble translations of Euripides which Ennius

had furnished and Pacuvius had continued to furnish. Thus Lucilius and others directed their sarcasms against them as poets "who appeared to have a license to talk pompously and to reason illogically." People shrugged their shoulders at the interpolations with which the homely wit of Rome had garnished the elegant comedies of Philemon and Diphilus. Half smiling, half envious, they turned away from such productions somewhat as a mature man turns away from the poetical effusions of his youth, contenting themselves with an intelligent appreciation of foreign masterpieces.

Correctness in style, and, above all, in language, became the one thing needful; for the Roman tongue was now divided into the classical Latin of the cultured classes and the vulgar Latin of the common people. According to Cicero, the golden age of pure unadulterated Latin was that of Lælius and Scipio, and the productions of this period are, of their kind, more pleasing and complete than those of an earlier or later date. Meanwhile, literature had risen, in public opinion, from a trade to an art. Plautus and Terence lived by their plays and were none too well rewarded, gaining neither honor nor profit in proportion to their merits; but in the time of Sulla a favorite dramatist could obtain such prices for his work as went far to remove the stigma of his profession.

Upon the manifest intimate relation between Roman comedy and its Greek original considerable light is thrown by the prologues to the Latin plays, especially in the case of Terence, who has continually to defend

himself against the malicious criticism of a rival. The prologues generally give the name, and often the author, of the Greek play, adding the new name, under which the Roman poet has "made his rendering;" this is done with a regularity which suggests that the audience expected such use of foreign material, and, indeed, in one play the Greek author's name is omitted on the ground that most of the spectators will be aware of it. The scene of the story is laid in Greece, usually at Athens.

'Tis the way
With poets in their comedies to feign
The business passed at Athens, so that you
May think it the more Grecian. For our play
I'll not pretend the incidents to happen
Where they do not; the argument is Grecian,
And yet it is not Attic, but Sicilian.

Absence of Local Coloring.

So little attempt is there to give a Roman coloring to the incidents that the spectators are sometimes referred to as barbarians, a term applied in Greece to all who were not Greeks. Occasionally an apology is made for some exceptional peculiarity of Greek manners, as where the slave, Stichus, being granted a cask of wine with which to celebrate his master's return, bids the spectators feel no surprise at slaves having their parties and sweethearts and bottle, for such customs are allowable at Athens. Yet it must not be supposed that Roman poets merely translated individual Greek plays. Too literal adaptation is made by Terence a charge

against his adversary, Lucius Lavinius, who is described as giving the close rendering that is loose writing, and turns good Greek into bad Latin; yet even this cannot have been continuous translation, since Lavinius is further charged with a fault of arrangement—the clumsiness of making a defendant plead before the charge has been stated. It is clear that the Latin authors exercised a certain amount of judgment in their use of Greek materials. The *Brothers* of Terence, for instance, is described as being from a Greek original which had also been translated by Plautus, except for one of its strongest incidents.

In the beginning of the Grecian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a slave merchant: and this incident
Untouched by Plautus, rendered word for word,
Has our bard interwoven with his *Brothers*.

A more important matter is the weaving together of two Greek plays for the purpose of getting a more complex Latin plot.

Menander wrote the *Andrian* and *Perinthian*:
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less different than in sentiment and style.
What suited with the *Andrian* he confesses
From the *Perinthian* he transferred, and used
For his; and this it is these slanderers blame,
Proving by deep and learned disputation,
That fables should not be compounded thus.
Troth! all their knowledge is they nothing know:
Who, blaming him, blame Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
Whose great example is his precedent,

Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
Rather than their dark diligence.

All this tends to show that Roman comedy stood to the new Attic comedy in the same general relation in which Latin literature as a whole stood to the literature of Greece. The comic poets of Rome merely endeavor to give, in their own language, what was the actual drama of the educated classes throughout Greece. What differences there were between Roman and new Attic comedy were differences affecting authorship and the credit of individual poets; in literary development the two form one dramatic species.

The same principle applies to Roman comedy viewed by itself. The names of eleven dramatists have been preserved; the works of only two among them have come down to us. The earliest comic poet of Rome followed Menander by about a half century; in another half century we come to Plautus, and Terence is a quarter of a century later. But the close following of the Greek original gives a unity to Latin drama irrespective of the period over which its history may be spread. It is easy to point out characteristic differences between Plautus and Terence; but these amount to no more than may safely be assigned to the genius of the individual poet, and offer nothing that suggests any distinct process of literary development.

Writings and Career of Plautus.

Titus Maccius Plautus was esteemed by the Romans as their greatest dramatist, and still holds a high rank

among the comic writers of the world. Twenty of his plays are extant, and though a few of them are incomplete, they have reached us, in the main, as they were written. The maturity which comedy attained in a single generation affords remarkable contrast to the slow processes by which other literature was developed in Rome. This is probably due to the dramatic and musical medleys, which, in their allusions to current events and their spirit of banter, must have had a close affinity with the dialogue of Plautus, and also to the use of the Latin language as the organ of business among urban communities. More, however, was due to the genius and command of language possessed by the two oldest creators of Roman literature, Nævius and Plautus.

Nævius made literature the organ of the serious spirit and imperial ambition of the Roman aristocracy; Plautus appealed to the tastes and the temperament of the masses at a time when they cared only for enjoyment and were indifferent to political questions. The ascendancy of the aristocracy, after the second Punic war, was accompanied with the ascendancy of Ennius in Roman literature, and if the genius of Plautus and Ennius could not work side by side it was better that the work of the younger poet, as representing the true spirit of the people, should prevail. The popularity of Plautus was greatest in his own time and in the generation that followed him; but his plays continued to be acted until the age of Cicero, by whom, as also by Varro, he was greatly admired. The first century of the empire had other literary tastes, but the archaic

revival of the second century brought him again into favor, thus causing the preservation of his works throughout the middle ages and their revival at the Renaissance. That his original popularity was due to genuine gifts of humor and power in representing human life is shown from their reception by a world entirely different from that in which he himself played his part, as may be seen from its effect on Shakespeare and Molière, the two greatest dramatists of modern times.

Plautus was a native of Sarsina, in Umbria, born in the earlier half of the third century B. C., and died at a very advanced age in 184. His first occupation was connected with the Roman stage, probably as a scene-shifter, and at this he saved enough money to engage in foreign trade, in which he was unsuccessful. Returning to Rome in extreme poverty, he was glad to earn his livelihood as a mill hand, and it was then that he first began to write comedy, the earliest allusion to current events that we find in his writings being to the imprisonment of Nævius in 207 B. C. Most of his extant plays belong to the last ten years of his life, and they were not published during his lifetime, but were left in possession of the players, to whom are due most of the prologues and many interpolations. The works of many contemporary dramatists were attributed to him, so that Varro, who accepts only 21 as undoubtedly genuine, and 19 others as doubtful, states that 130 comedies passed under his name. He was a rapid and productive author, and though concerning himself more with the immediate

success of his works than with their literary merits, took a pride and pleasure in his art.

Plautus was a man of strong animal spirits and of large intercourse with the world, especially the trading and middle classes, for we find no traces of familiarity with the manners, tastes or ideas of the aristocracy. There is about his plays a flavor of the sea and a spirit of adventure, with the frequent use of Greek phrases and indications of his acquaintance with the sights and pleasures of the Greek cities on the Mediterranean. There are also allusions to works of art, to the subjects of Greek tragedy and Greek mythology, and he was always trying to enrich his Latin vocabulary with Greek words, which did not, however, maintain their place in the language.

Like all the Roman comedians, he borrowed his plots, incidents, scenes, characters and probably much of his dialogue from the authors of the new Attic comedy; but he treated his borrowed materials with much more freedom and originality than other dramatists. Of this we have evidence even in the titles of his plays, nearly all of which are in Latin, while those of Terence are in Greek. In his incidents there is remarkable breadth of range and variety of scene, with strong divergencies from conventional types, but it is on his dialogue and soliloquies that his individuality is chiefly stamped. Though all his personages are supposed to be Greek, living in Greek towns, they speak and act as if they were Romans living in the heart of Rome. Frequent mention is made of towns in Italy, of streets and markets in Rome, of Roman magistrates, of the busi-

ness of the law courts, the Senate and the comitia. Roman proverbs, expressions of courtesy and the like are extremely common, and, while avoiding politics, he often alludes to recent enactments and recent events in Roman history. He is by no means indifferent to social conditions, commenting on the growing estrangement between rich and poor as an element of danger to the State. Still, he does not write for that purpose, but simply from the desire to represent the passing humors of the day and amuse the people in their holiday mood.

The independence of Plautus is further shown by his puns and plays on words, by his alliterations, etc., which cannot be reproduced in translation, in metaphors taken from military operations, in business transactions and the trades of artisans, and especially in the terms of endearment and vituperation characteristic of Italian vivacity of temperament in modern as in ancient times. But in nothing does Plautus differ more decidedly from the originals which he followed than in the use of lyrical monologue, alternating with the ordinary dialogue, as do the choral odes in old Greek comedies. These may have been taken from passages in the old dramatic *Saturæ*, for in the reflection which they contain we recognize the earliest efforts of the Roman mind without any intermixture of Greek sentiment.

In Plautine comedy we have a valuable picture of Roman life and thought in the age in which he lived. The characters of his plays are the stock characters of new Attic comedy, but there is wonderful life and vigor, with considerable variety in the embodiments of the various types, showing that in reproducing Greek

originals he thoroughly realized them and animated them with the strong human nature of which he himself possessed so large a share. There is considerable sameness in his plots, but even in these he is more varied than his contemporaries. In some of them love plays no part; in others only a subordinate one. He also varies his scenes, which are often laid in Italy, and not, as with Terence, always at Athens. More, even, than the Greek plays from which they are taken, the works of Plautus have served for modern adaptations. The *Amphitryo*, for instance, has been imitated by Molière and Dryden, and the *Aulularia* suggested to the former the subject of his *Miser*, while the principal motive in *The Comedy of Errors* is taken from the *Menæchmi*. Lessing considers the *Captives* the best constructed drama in existence, and with it may be classed the *Rudens*, as appealing to a higher and purer class of feelings and coming nearer to serious poetry than any extant specimens of Latin comedy.

While the works of Plautus abound in good sense and good humor, with occasional touches of pathos and elevated sentiment, there is no trace of any serious purpose behind his comic scenes and characters. Judged by his epitaph, which has been attributed to himself, he presents a remarkable exception to the didactic and moralizing spirit characteristic of Roman literature. "After Plautus died, comedy mourns, the stage is deserted; then laughter, mirth and jest all wept in company." He has not the subtle and penetrating irony which we find in Terence, in Horace and Petronius, and still less can we attribute to him the bright fancies of a

Juvenal or a Lucilius. But among all the ancient humorists, with the exception of Aristophanes, he was unequalled in the power of provoking instant and hearty mirth and laughter. He was too careless in the construction of his plots to become a finished artist, and hence the want of appreciation among the more cultured classes, but among the mass of his countrymen he was by far the most popular of Roman authors. He had a wonderful faculty for the dramatic expression of feeling, fancy and character by means of action, rhythm and language, while the vivacity of gesture, dialogue, declamation and recitative, in which the plays of Plautus never fail must have made them admirable vehicles for the actor's art. The lyrical passages occupy a large space in his comedies and in these he shows the highest of poetic qualities; but that in which he was preëminent above nearly all other Roman authors was in the vigor and exuberance of his language. No other writer gives us in the same degree the life and force of the Latin idiom undisguised by mannerisms of style. Among the masters of expression in which the prose and poetical literature of Rome abounds, none were more prodigally gifted than Plautus, and this was a natural accompaniment of the exuberant creativeness of his fancy, of the strong vitality and lively animal spirits which were the endowment of the race to which he belonged.

Reputation of Plautus.

By the Romans themselves various judgments have been passed on Plautus. Varro says if the Muses were

to speak Latin they would borrow his language. Quintilian and Aulus Gellius speak of him with the highest praise; but Horace, whose judgment should have great weight, is not so favorable, as this criticism shows: "But our forefathers were taken with the jokes and numbers of Plautus, and admired them with too much indulgence, not to call it stupidity, if it be true that either you or I can distinguish a genteel from a clownish expression, and have ears fine enough to judge of the harmony and beauty of versification." It appears that Horace was not alone in this opinion, and that the court of Augustus had no greater liking than he, either for the versification or the pleasantries of Plautus.

As to his verses, it is certain that he was far from being exact. Nor is it less certain that he has flat, low and often extravagant pleasantries, but at the same time he has such as are fine and delicate. Cicero, for this reason, who was no bad judge of what the ancients called urbanity, proposes him as a model for *railery*. The faults of Plautus, therefore, do not mar his excellence as a poet; they are very happily atoned for by many fine qualities, inasmuch that, in the judgment of some critics, he disputes the prize even with Terence himself. We often meet with fine maxims in his plays for the conduct of life and regulation of manners, of which we have a remarkable example in his *Amphitryo* in a speech of Alcmena to her husband, which in a few lines included all the duties of a wise and virtuous wife: "I do not esteem that a dowry which is commonly called so, but honor, modesty, desires subjected to reason, the fear of the gods, the love of our

parents, unity with our relations, obedience to you, munificence to the deserving and to be useful to the just." It cannot be denied, however, that there are many passages in Plautus contrary to decency and purity of manners.

The Trinummus.

Among the plays of Plautus may here be presented, somewhat in detail, the *Trinummus*, or *Fee of Three Pieces*, as a fair specimen of his art, one written in his best style, and bringing us into contact with less repulsive personages than we are apt to meet in many of his works.

The scene is laid in Athens, in the street adjoining the house of Charmides, one of its leading citizens, who is absent on a mercantile expedition during the greater part of the play. His family includes a daughter and a spendthrift son, Lesbonicus, and in close connection with them is a friend, Callicles, whom the merchant, before departing, had begged to exercise a general superintendence over his heedless son's affairs. This family is, by the plot of the play, to be brought into connection with another, consisting of an old gentleman, Philto, and his son, Lysiteles.

The prologue is spoken by Luxury, who appears conducting her daughter, Poverty, to the house of Charmides. She explains to the audience:

There is a certain youth dwells in this house,
Who by my aid has squandered his estate.
Since then, for my support there's nothing left,
My daughter I'm here giving him to live with.

After the usual explanation as to the Greek source of the play, Luxury disappears with her daughter into the house and the play opens.

The friend who is supposed to watch over the merchant's interests in his absence has himself a confidential friend, Megaronides, who is the first to appear before us. He is on his way to make a call upon Callicles, and soliloquizes upon the painful duty he feels of reproaching his comrade with a lapse from his old uprightness. Callicles meets him, and in the small talk with which their conversation opens we have a stock topic of Roman wit—abuse of wives.

Megaronides.— Save you, Callicles;
How do you do? How have you done?

Callicles.—So, so.

Meg.—Your wife, how fares she?

Cal.—Better than I wish.

Meg.—Troth! I am glad to hear she's pure and hearty.

Cal.—You're glad to hear what sorrows me.

Meg.—I wish the same to all my friends as to myself.

Cal.—But hark ye. How is your good dame?

Meg.—Immortal: Lives and like to live.

Cal.—A happy hearing. Pray heaven that she may last to outlive you.

Meg.—If she were yours, faith, I should wish the same.

Cal.—Say, shall we make a swop? I take your wife,
You mine? I warrant you you would not get
The better in the bargain.

Meg.—Nor would you
Surprise me unawares.

Cal.—Nay, but in troth
You would not even know what you're about,

Meg.—Keep what you've got. The evil that we know
is best. To venture on an untried ill
Would puzzle all my knowledge how to act.

Megaronides suddenly dismisses jesting and begins to talk severely about the change in his father's character. He would fain have him free from blame and even suspicion. Conjured by Callicles as a close friend to say what is the drift of these suspicions, Megaronides details the opinion which the town is beginning to have of him—how he is nicknamed Gripe-all, Vulture and the like, and particularly how people talk about his behavior to his absent friend, Charmides. Now, instead of seeking to restrain the young spendthrift, people say Callicles is abetting his extravagance and has, actually, when the scapegrace sought to raise money by selling his father's house, aided his plans by himself becoming the buyer.

To the astonishment of Megaronides, Callicles admits that this rumor is perfectly true; he then, with great caution and secrecy, discloses the whole story. Charmides, on leaving Athens, committed to him a family secret, that a huge treasure was buried in the house, of which the father dared not let the son have any knowledge, lest, in his absence, he should appropriate it. Now, Callicles learned all of a sudden that Lesbonicus was about to sell the house, and alarmed lest the treasure should pass out of their hands altogether, he saw no better device than for himself to purchase the house and keep it in trust for the father's return, or for the daughter's marriage portion. Megaronides is confounded at the mistake he has made, and, when

the two friends have amicably parted, inveighs against the gossip of busybodies who had led him astray:

Everything

They will pretend to know, yet nothing know.
They'll dive into your breast, and learn your thoughts,
Present and future: nay, they can discover
What the king whispered in her highness's ear,
And tell what passed in Juno's chat with Jove.

The second act introduces the family of Philto. Both father and son in this family are distinguished by a strongly-marked characteristic—the strain of moralizing which they carry through all the scenes in which they appear.

The son details the endless waste of money that a life of pleasure involves, and how it is counter-balanced by moments of bitterness and loss of higher joys:

Begone, Love, the world of divorcement is spoken:
Love to me never more be a lover;
Seek the sad wights who still must obey thee,
Made thy slaves by too willing obedience.
It is fixed: I am all for what profits,
Never mind what the toil be of seeking.
This the prize is of good men's endeavor—
Solid gain, credit high, posts of honor;
This is the grace, this the glory of living.
Be it mine: other life is but hollow.

Night and day Philto is tormented with thinking on the age of villainy into which his years have been prolonged, and from which he beseeches his son to hold himself aloof:

I am weary of all these new fashions,
All that goodness adorns overflowing.
If but these my injunctions you follow,
Words of wisdom will sink in your bosom.

Lysiteles intimates his adhesion to his father's views :

From my earliest youth, my father, to this present age
have I bound
Myself a duteous bondsman, laws by you laid down to
heed:
Free I rank myself in spirit, but, where your command
came in,
Duty have I ever deemed it will of mine to yours to bind.

The father continues his lecture, and depicts youth fighting its own desires:

Routed by desire, he's done for: slave to lust, no free-
man he;
If desire he routs, then lives he conqueror of conquerors.

The son repeats his claim to have lived an obedient and innocent life. The father seems to resent such a claim; if his son has done well, the gain is his, not his father's, for whom life is well-nigh over. For this very reason, the son replies, he wishes to ask his father's assistance in doing a kindness to a friend in trouble. But the mention of trouble only sends the father on a fresh train of moralizing, and he shows the danger of so helping the bad as to feed their distemper. At last, after some further converse, Lysiteles is allowed to explain that he wishes not to give his friend anything,

but to receive from him his sister in marriage without a dowry. After further discussion, Philto is brought not only to give his consent, but also himself to undertake the task of making overtures to Lesbonicus.

It is a convention of the Roman stage—a result of its inability to present the interior of houses—that when a personage in a play goes to make a call upon another they meet accidentally in the street. So, in the present instance Philto, who has again relapsed into moralizing, is interrupted by the approach of the very man to whom he has undertaken his mission. Lesbonicus is seen coming up the street, attended by his slave, Stasimus. The master is angry at hearing that all the money so lately received for the sale of the house is already gone; he demands what has been done with it.

Stas.—Eaten and drunk, and washed away in baths;
Cooks, butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners,
Perfumers, have devoured it; gone as soon
As a grain of corn thrown to an ant.

With the permitted pertness which ancient comedy loved to introduce into its pictures of slave life, Stasimus adds that his master has not forgot to allow for his own pilferings, and Lesbonicus admits that that will be a heavy item. Philto discovers himself, and after general courtesies makes his proposal. While the slave can hardly keep himself quiet at the idea of so grand a match, Lesbonicus treats it as a mockery; he is no longer on a footing of social equality with Philto's family.

Philto.—What of that?

If you were present at a public feast,
And haply some great man were placed beside you,
Of the choice dishes served up in heaps before him
Would you not taste, but at the table rather
Sit dinnerless, because he neighbor'd you?

Lesbonicus.—Sure I should eat, if he forbade me not.

Stasimus.—And I, ev'n if he did;—so cram myself
I'd stuff out both my cheeks: I'd seize upon
The daintiest bits before him, nor give way to him
In matters that concern my very being.
At table no one should be shy or mannerly,
Where all things are at stake, divine and human.

Phil.—Faith, what you say is right.

Stas.—I'll tell you fairly.

Your great man if I meet, I make way for him,
Give him the wall, show him respect, but where
The belly is concerned, I will not yield
An inch, unless he box me into breeding.

The opportunity for moralizing is not lost by Philto:

What are riches?—

The gods alone are rich: to them alone
Is wealth and pow'r: but we, poor mortal men,
When the soul, which is the salt of life
Keeping our bodies from corruption, leaves us,
At Acheron shall be counted all alike,
The beggar and the wealthiest.

Lesbonicus at last bethinks him of a little farm he has, the only remnant of his ancestral estate left to him; he insists upon making this his sister's dowry. In the utmost alarm the slave protests against parting with this land—their nurse that supports and feeds them. Chidden by Lesbonicus for interfering, Stasimus sees

nothing but ruin before him unless he can manage to make an impression on Philto. He takes him aside with the air of confiding to him an important secret.

By gods and men
I do conjure you, let not this same farm
Come into your possession, or your son's,
The reason will I tell.

Phil.—I fain would hear it.

Stas.—First, then, when'er the land is ploughed, the oxen
Every fifth furrow drop down dead.

Phil.—Fye on it!

Stas.—A passage down to Acheron's in our field;
The grapes grow mouldy as they hang, before
They can be gathered.

Lesbonicus is surprised at this whispered colloquy, but supposes his faithful rogue is saving him the task of persuading Philto.

Stas.—Hear what follows:

When the harvest promises most fair,
They gather in thrice less than what was sown.

Philto.—Nay! then methinks it were a proper place
For men to sow their wild oats, where they would
not spring up.

Stas.—There never was a person yet,
That ever owned this farm, but his affairs
Did turn out bad:—some ran away, some died,
Some hanged themselves. Why, there's my master,
now,
To what sad straits is he reduced!

Philto.—O, keep me from this farm!

Stas.—You'd have more cause to say so,
Were you to hear the whole. There's not a tree,
But had been blasted with the lightning; more—

The hogs are eat up with the mange; the sheep
Pine with the rot, all scabby as this hand:
And no man can live there six months together,
No, not a Syrian, though they are most hardy,
The influenza is to all so fatal.

Philo.—I do believe it is true: but the Campanians
The Syrians far outgo in hardiness.
This farm is a fit spot, as you have described it,
Wherein to place bad men, and, as they tell us
That in those lands called "fortunate"
Assemble the upright and the virtuous livers,
So should the wicked here be thrust together.

Philo has been as ready to be deceived as Stasimus to deceive him, and so, when the slave adds that his master is seeking some one simple enough to take the dangerous possession off his hands, declares he will have none of it. Returning to Lesbonicus, Philo makes the betrothal a formal agreement, adding that this business of the farm must be settled between Lesbonicus and the bridegroom. The scene ends with the slave pressing his master to follow up such a chance instantly.

Stasimus has been sent to announce the betrothal to the lady concerned. On his way he meets her guardian, Callicles, and at the opening of the third act he is telling Callicles the news. Callicles goes off wondering how the girl can have secured so good a match without dower. Then the slave sees his master and Lysiteles disputing warmly, evidently about this vexed question of the farm, in which Stasimus feels so keen a personal interest that he stands aside and listens. The dispute is long and earnest, bringing out the contrast of character between the two friends. Lesbonicus admits that

he has dissipated his inheritance and tarnished the family name, and has no excuse but that he has been subdued by love and idleness. Lysiteles knows the better nature of Lesbonicus, and he has himself experienced the power of love.

Like a stone from warlike engine, swiftest speed has passion's flight:

Passion's ways are ever wayward, passion is all frowardness:
Disinclined to what is offered, coveting what is withheld,
Made by scarcity desirous, careless when abundance comes.

Lesbonicus lightly turns off his friend's warnings, but to his point, that he cannot, after wasting the family property for his own enjoyments, let his sister go without her natural dowry, a mistress rather than a wife, answers: "Let me not by loss of honor seek relief from loss of wealth."

Lysiteles sees what all this means. His friend will insist on giving up this, the last bit of property left him, and the only hope for recovering his losses, and then, as soon as the marriage is over, he will fly from his native land, a needy adventurer in the wars. At this—the very fear that has been troubling him all along—the concealed Stasimus can restrain himself no longer. "Bravo!" he cries to Lysiteles, "encore! you've won the prize!" and follows up the attack upon Lesbonicus, who promptly snubs him.

Stasimus retires into the background, and the conversation at last ends by Lysiteles insisting that there shall be no marriage portion, and that Lesbonicus shall

use his purse as his own, or there must be an end of their relationship. They part, and the slave gives himself up to despair, with no prospect before him but the arduous life of a soldier's attendant, as his master attaches himself to the army of some prince or other.

In the next scene Megaronides and Callicles are consulting upon the entirely new turn given to the affairs of the family in which they are interested by this matter of the betrothal. At last Megaronides hits upon a brilliant idea. Let them engage one of the professional sharpers that are ready to be hired for any purpose of conspiracy, and let him—for a consideration—pretend that he has come from Charmides, who remains abroad, bringing to Callicles money with which to dower his daughter should she marry.

The fourth act opens with the arrival of Charmides, who has just landed after a stormy voyage, and is offering thanks for his safety.

Lo, like hungry hounds the whirlwinds round about the ship
are circling,
Floods above us, waves beneath us, howling gales on mainmast
swooping,
Toppling yards and canvas splitting: then a gracious calm was
sent us.
Here we part: henceforth to leisure am I given; enough is
gathered;
Cares enough have I encountered, seeking for my son a fortune.

His meditations are interrupted by the approach of the hired sharper, who enters peering up and down the street, dressed in a queer imitation of foreign costume,

especially a broad hat, which makes Charmides refer the stranger to the mushroom genus. The sharper is heard naming the day as the Feast of the Three Pieces, the price of his art.

Charmides does not like the man's face, and, when he perceives him looking hard at his own house door, thinks it time to make inquiry. He finds that the man is actually seeking his son, Lesbonicus, and pours out a flood of questions as to his name and business, which the sharper coolly proposes to take in regular order.

Should you set out before the day began
With the first part and foremost of my name
The night would go to bed ere you had reached
The hindmost of it.

As to his business the sharper tells Charmides, much to his astonishment, that he is the bearer of letters from the father of Lesbonicus to his son and Callicles. Charmides thinks he has caught a cheat in the very act of cheating, and prepares to have rare fun with him in pushing his inquiries as to the person from whom the letters come. The sharper knows the man in question and was his messmate; but, asked his name, finds, to his dismay, that his memory has played him a trick, and the name is clean forgotten. In vain he evades the question; he is pressed with a string of queries and tantalizing suggestions before the name Charmides is tried.

In the course of further questionings the sharper, whose rôle is boldness, volunteers an account of his

wonderful travels, how they came first to Araby, in Pontus.

Charm.—Is Araby in Pontus?

Sharper.—Yes, it is;

But not that Araby, where frankincense

Is grown, but where sweet marjorum and wormwood.

Charm.—(aside) 'Tis the complete knave!

When the story begins to tell of sailing in a small cock-boat up the river that rises out from heaven itself, and of finding Jove out of town, it becomes too much for Charmides' patience. The sharper coolly returns to his first inquiry—where Lesbonicus lives. The father thinks it will be the cream of the joke if he can get from this sharper the three thousand gold pieces with which, as well as the letters, he claims to have been trusted.

Charm.—You received them, did you,
Of Charmides himself?

Sharper.—It had been wondrous
Had I received them of his grandsire, truly,
Or his great-grandsire, who are dead.

Charm.—Young man, prithee, give me the gold.

Sharper.—Give you what gold?

Charm.—That which you owned you did receive of me.

Sharper.—Received of you?

Charm.—I say it.

Sharper.—Who are you?

Charm.—I gave you three thousand pieces; I am Charmides.

But the sharper can now turn the balance of suspicious appearances against his interrogator:

When I said I had brought gold
You then were Charmides; before you were not,
Till I made mention of gold. 'Twont do.
So prithee, as you've taken up the name
Of Charmides, e'en lay it down again.

Besides, he has brought only bills, not coin. On hearing this Charmides bids him begone, under pain of thrashing. Before moving off, the sharper puts the question once more:

I pray you, are you he?

Charm.—Yes, I am he.

Sharper.—What say you? Are you he?

Charm.—I am, I say.

Sharper.—Himself?

Charm.—I say, I'm Charmides, himself.

Sharper.—And are you he, himself?

Charm.—His very self.

Then the sharper confounds him by all the gods for his inopportune arrival, just spoiling a job. Fortunately, he has pocketed his fee; he will go to those who hired him and let them know their money is thrown away.

When he is at last alone, Charmides wonders what the meaning of all this business can be; the bell does not clink without being handled. The first explana-

tion comes in the form of a scene peculiarly popular with Roman dramatists, who had many different tastes to satisfy. Charmides meets his own slave, and, after some trouble in stopping him, gives Stasimus an opportunity of recognizing "the best of masters," but cuts his raptures short to make inquiries. From Stasimus Charmides hears the worst insinuations as to the action taken by Callicles in his absence; but the appearance of Callicles at this point soon removes the misunderstanding. The slave characteristically maintains his unfavorable opinion to the last.

The final act is occupied with the meeting between Charmides and the other personages of the story, together with the clearing up of all that is obscure. The merchant confirms the betrothal of his daughter to Lysiteles, and provides an ample dowry for her, notwithstanding her lover's protest; if he likes the girl, Charmides insists, he must like the portion, too. Lesbonicus has to bear only gentle reproaches from his father; to assist his reform the daughter of Callicles is offered him for a wife. Lesbonicus declares he will take her, and, he adds, any one else his father wishes.

Charm.—Angry though I be with you

One man, one woe, is the quota.

Callicles—Nay, too little in this case:

Since for such a hardened sinner twenty wives were
not too much.

Lesbonicus promises amendment and all ends happily, as must be the case in Roman as in the later Greek comedy, neither of which permitted their audiences to

The Braggart Captain.

Pyrq.—O, that indeed. That on my troth was nothing.

Art.—Nothing, 'tis true, compar'd with other feats,
That I could mention, (aside) which you ne'er
performed—

Show me whoever can a greater liar,
One fuller of vain boasting than this fellow,
And he shall have me. I'll resign me up
To be his slave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,
He should allow me nothing else to eat
But whey and buttermilk.

Pyrg.— Where art thou?

Art.— Here.—

How, in the name of wonder, was't you broke
In India with your fist an elephant's trunk?

Pyrg.—How! trunk?

Art.—His thigh, I meant.

Pyrg.—I was but playing.

Art.—Had you put forth your strength, you would have
driv'n

Your arm quite through his hide, bones, guts and all.

Pyrg.—I would not talk of these things now.

Art.— Indeed

You would but spend your breath in vain to tell
Your valorous feats to me, who know your prowess.
(Aside) My appetite creates me all this plague;
My ears must hear him, for my teeth want work;
And I must swear to every lie he utters.

Pyrg.—Hold,—what was I about to say?

Art.— I know

What you design to say? a gallant action!—
I well remember—

Pyrg.— What?

Art.— Whate'er it be.

Pyrg.—Hast thou got tablets?

Art.— Yes, I have—d'ye want them?

A pencil too.

Pyrg.—How rarely thou dost suit

Thy mind to mine!

He's wondrous handsome, quoth another:—how
His hair becomes him!—O, what happiness
Those ladies do enjoy, who share his favors!

Pyrg.—Did she, indeed, say so?

Art.— Two in particular
Begged of me I would bring you by their way,
That they might see you march.

Pyrg.— What plague it is
To be too handsome!

Art.— They are so importunate,
They're ever begging for a sight of you!
They send for me so often to come to them,
I scarce have leisure to attend your business.

Pyrg.—'Tis time, methinks, to go unto the Forum,
And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday:
For King Seleucus pray'd me with much suit
To raise him some recruits. I have resolved
To dedicate this day unto his service.

Art.—Come, let us be going then.

Then follows the prologue, spoken by Palæstrio, servant to the captain, at the opening of the second act, where, properly speaking, the play begins:

To tell the argument of this our play
I have the courtesy, if you will have
The kindness but to hear it. Whoso will not
Let him get up, go out, and to another
Resign his seat that would be glad to hear
In Greek the comedy, 'tis styled Alazon,
Which, rendered in our tongue, we call the Braggart.
This town is Ephesus. The Captain, he
That went hence to the Forum, is my master,
An impudent, vain-glorious, dunghill fellow,
As full of lies as of debauchery.
He makes his brag, forsooth, that he is followed

By all the women; though he is the jest
Of all, where'er he goes. Our very harlots
That woo him to their lips make wry mouths at him.

Then he relates the argument, and the play proceeds, full of adventures and love intrigues, ending with the discomfiture of the captain, which is drawn in the strong, coarse style in which Plautus excels. Pyrgopolinices is surprised in the house of an old gentleman carrying on an intrigue with his mistress and pretended wife, in consequence of which it is determined to frighten him, Cario, the cook, threatening him with his knife, while other servants drag him into the streets at the bidding of the injured man, Periplectomenes, who says to them:

Bring him along; or if he will not follow,
Drag him out neck and heels, up with him, hoist him
Betwixt the earth and sky; cut him to pieces.

Pyrg.—Periplectomenes! I do beseech you—

Per.—In vain do you beseech me. Cario! See
Your knife is sharp.

Car.— It longs to rip his belly.
I'll hang his chitterlings about his neck
As children carry baubles.

Pyrg.— I am done for!

Car.—Hold, you cry out before you're hurt.
Now, now, shall I have at him?

Per.— Let him first be cudgelled.

Car.—Aye, lustily.

Per.— How dare you to attempt
Another's wife?

Pyrg.— As I do hope for mercy
She made the first advances.

Per.— It's a lie. Lay on him.

Pyrg.—Stay and let me tell you—

Per.— Why don't you fall on?

Pyrg.—Will you not let me speak?

Per.— Speak.

Pyrg.—I was invited to come here.

Per.—Ha!—howdare you? There,—take this. (Beating him.)

Pyrg.—Oh!—good sir! Oh! I have enough—I pray you.

Car.—Shall I slice him?

Per.— Whene'er you will.—Come, stretch him out.
Spread out his pinions.

Pyrg.— Hear me, I beseech you—

Per.—Speak, ere we make you nothing.

Pyrg.—I believed that she was husbandless; and so the
Maid, her pimp, informed me.

Per.—If we let you go, swear you will not avenge you upon
Any one, for that you have been, or you shall be
beaten,—
Grandson of Venus!

Pyrg.— Both by her and Mars
I swear: I'll not avenge me upon any one.
For that I have been, or I shall be beaten;
But think it my due:—should you proceed
To further outrage, I am justly punished.

Per.—What, if you fail to do so?

Pyrg.—Never more may I be trusted or in word or deed!

Car.—E'en let him have another drubbing;—then
I think you may dismiss him.

Pyrg.—Blessings on you, for taking thus my part!

Car.—You'll give us, therefore, a golden mina.

Pyrg.—How!—on what account?

Car.—Because we let you off unmaimed and whole,
Grandson of Venus! On no other terms
Wilt thou escape; don't flatter thee.—

Pyrg.— I'll give it.

Car.—'Tis the best way.—As for your clothes and sword,
Don't hope to have them back.—Suppose I give him
Another drubbing ere you let him go.

Pyrg.—O! I beseech you,—ye have made me tame
Already with your cudgels,—pray now.

Per.— Loose him.

Pyrg.—I thank you.

Per.— If I catch you poaching here
Henceforth, I'll send you back disqualified.

Pyrg.— Wretched fool!
I fear that I have been sweetly gull'd—
That rascal of a fellow, that Palæstrio,
'Tis he has lured me into this vile snare.—
And yet I think it right.—If other lechers
Were served like me, their number would decrease:
They would stand more in awe, and give their minds
Less to intrigue.

The Captives.

The *Captives* is perhaps the most refined of the Plautine plays, and this is claimed for it in an address to the spectators at its close:

Gallants, this play is founded on chaste manners;
No wenching, no intrigues, no child exposed,
No close old dotard cheated of his money,
No youth in love, making his mistress free
Without his father's knowledge or consent.
Few of these sort of plays our poets find
T' improve our morals and make good men better.

Here, again, we have the inevitable parasite in the person of Ergasilus, who opens the play with the following soliloquy:

To say the truth, we are termed parasites
For a sufficient reason.—For, like mice,
Asked, or not asked, we always live upon
Provisions not our own.—In the vacation,
When to the country men retire, 'tis also
Vacation with my teeth.—As in hot weather
Snails hide them in their shells, and if no dew
Should chance to fall, live on their proper moisture,
We parasites, in time of the vacation,
Keep ourselves snug; and while into the country
Those are retired, on whom we us'd to feed,
Poor we support our natural call of appetite
From our own juices.—We in the vacation
Are thin as hounds; but when men come to town,
We are as plump as mastiffs, full as troublesome,
And as detested. What is worst of all,
Except we patiently endure a drubbing,
And let them break their pots upon our heads,
We must submit to sit among the beggars
Without the city gate.—That this will be
My lot there's not a little danger.

Once more, at the end of the fourth act, we have a monologue from the parasite, who is always represented as a huge feeder:

He's gone: and has entrusted to my care
The high and grand concern of catering.—
Immortal gods! How I shall cut and quarter!
How I shall chop the crags from off the chines!
Whatever devastation will befall the hams!
What a consumption rage among the bacon!
What massacre of fat sows' paps! of brawn
What havoc will arise!—Then what fatigue
Awaits the butchers! what the hog-killers!
But to say more of what concerns good eating,
Is loss of time and hindrance.—I will now
Go enter on my government, and sit

In judgment o'er the bacon,—set at liberty
Hams that have hung untried and uncondemned.

The Merchant.

The Merchant exhibits the follies of a vicious old man and his son. Two years before the period of the play Charinus has been sent by his father, Demipho, to traffic at Rhodes. Returning thence, he brings with him a young woman, named Pasicompsa, who is in reality his mistress, but whom he pretends to have purchased as an attendant upon his mother. Demipho, in the absence of his son, goes down to the ship, and there falls desperately in love with the young woman. He then pretends to Charinus that she is too handsome to be brought into the house as a servant, and that she must be sold again. He persuades his friend, Lysimachus, to purchase her for him in his own name and take her to his own house. This being done, the wife of Lysimachus unexpectedly returns from the country and finds her there. Meanwhile, Charinus, reduced to despair on losing his mistress, determines to leave the country. His friend, Eutyclus, the son of Lysimachus, having discovered his friend's mistress in his father's house, stops him just as he is about to depart and informs him where she has been found. He then reconciles his own parents, and the play concludes with the just censure of Demipho for his vicious conduct by Eutyclus and his father.

Eut.—(To Demipho.) I bring you word that you have got no mistress.

Dem.—The gods confound you. Why, prithee, what affair is this?

Eut.—I'll tell you. Give your attention then, both of you.

Lys.—Well, then; we are giving you our attention both of us.

Eut.—Those who are born of a good family, if they are of bad tendencies, by their own faultiness withdraw nobleness from their rank and disgrace their disposition.

Dem.—He says what's true.

Lys.—Then it's to yourself he says it.

Eut.—For this reason is this the more true; for at this time of life it wasn't just for you to take away from your son, a young man, his mistress, purchased with his own money.

Dem.—How say you? Is she the mistress of Charinus?

Eut.—(Aside.) How the rogue does dissemble.

Dem.—Why, he said that he had bought her as a maid-servant for his mother.

Eut.—Was it for that reason, then, you bought her, you young lover, you old boy?

Lys.—Very well said, i' troth! Proceed, proceed. I'll stand by him here on the other side. Let's both load him well with such speeches as he's worthy of.

Dem.—(Aside.) I'm done for.

Eut.—Who has done an injustice so great to his blameless son; whom, in fact, upon my faith, I brought back home just when he was setting out in self-banishment; for he was going into exile.

Dem.—Has he gone, then?

Lys.—What, do you speak, you hobgoblin? At this time of life you ought to abstain from those pursuits

Dem.—I confess it; undoubtedly I've acted wrong.

Eut.—What, do you speak, you hobgoblin? You ought at this time of life to have done with these guilty practices. Just as the seasons of the year, so different lines of conduct befit different ages; but if this is proper, that old fellows should be wenching in their old age, where in the world is our common welfare?

Dem.—Alas! wretch that I am! I'm undone.

Eut.—The young men are more in the habit of giving their attention to following those pursuits.

Dem.—Troth! now prithee, do take her to yourselves.

Eut.—Restore her to your son; let him have her, now, as he wishes.

Dem.—So far as I am concerned, he may have her.

Eut.—High time, i' faith, since you haven't the power of doing otherwise.

Dem.—For this injury let him take what satisfaction he likes; only do you make peace, I beg of you, that he mayn't be angry with me. I' faith, if I had known it, or if, indeed he had told me in the slightest way of joke that he was in love with her, I should never have proceeded to have taken her away from him so in love. Eutychus, you are his companion; preserve and rescue me, I beg of you. Make this old fellow your client. You shall say that I'm mindful of a kindness.

Lys.—Entreat him that he'll pardon his offences and his youthful age.

Dem.—Heyday, now; are you still persisting in inveighing against me with your airs? I trust that a like opportunity will befall me as well for returning you a similar compliment.

Lys.—I've long made an end of those pursuits.

Dem.—And really, so shall I from this time forward.

Lys.—Not a Bit of it. Through usage your inclinations will be leading you to it again.

Dem.—Prithee, do now be satisfied. Rather scourge me with thongs, even, if you like.

Lys.—You say right. But that your wife will do when she comes to know of this.

Dem.—There's no need for her to come to know of it.

Eut.—What's that? She shan't come to know of it. Don't be afraid. Let's go in-doors; this place isn't a suitable one for your practices, for there are persons to overhear who are passing through the street, while we are talking.

Dem.—Why, faith, you say what's right; that way the story will be shorter. Let's be off.

Eut.—Your son is in-doors here at our house.

Dem.—It's very good. We'll pass that way through the garden home.

Lys.—Eutychus, I want this affair to be settled before I set my foot again within doors.

Eut.—What is it?

Lys.—Each person thinks about his own concerns. Answer me this: Do you know for certain that your mother isn't angry with me?

Eut.—I do know it.

Lys.—Take care.

Eut.—Trust me for it. Are you satisfied?

Lys.—I am. But still, troth now, prithee, do take care.

Eut.—Don't you believe me?

Lys.—Yes, I do believe you; but still I'm dreadfully afraid.

Dem.—Let's go in-doors.

Eut.—Ay, but I think we must pronounce the law for the old men before we depart, on what terms they are to keep check upon themselves and to be continent. Whoever shall be sixty years of age, if we know of any one, whether husband or, i' faith, whether bachelor, in fact, who goes a-wenching upon these terms shall we deal with him; we shall deem him a fool. And, i' faith, so far as we're concerned, he shall be in want who has squandered away his property. And let no one hereafter forbid his youthful son to be in love and to keep a mistress, so it be done in a decent manner. If he shall forbid him, let, him, unknown to himself, suffer more loss than if he had openly permitted him. Let this law, then, from this night forward, be binding upon the old men.

The Churl.

In *Truculentus*, or *The Churl*, Phronesium, a courtesan, has three admirers—Dinarchus, a dissipated young Athenian; Strabax, a young man from the

country, and Stratophanes, a captain in the Babylonian army. To impose on the last she palms off a child upon him, pretending that he is the father of it. Later, Callicles, an old gentleman, comes forward with two female servants, whom he accuses of making away with a female child born to his daughter. They confess that they have carried it to Phronesium, to be passed off as her own, and that Dinarchus is its father. In great alarm, Dinarchus, who is at the house of the courtesan, overhears the conversation, and then, confessing his fault to Callicles, offers to marry his daughter. His offer is accepted, on which he requests Phronesium to restore to him the child. She, however, prevails on him to lend it for a few days, that she may carry out her design of imposing on the captain. After this Stratophanes appears, bringing presents. He has a quarrel with Strabax, who has fallen in love with Phronesium's maid-servant, Astaphium, and the play ends with the former promising to divide her favors between them.

Strat.—(To himself.) That I should love for this! I'm taking an atonement for my offences to my mistress! That that may be taken by her in kindly part which I've squandered before, I'll add this as well. But what's this? I see the mistress and her maid before the house. I must accost her. (Addressing them.) What are you doing here?

Phron.—Don't speak to me.

Strat.—You are too angry. (Pats her on the shoulder.)

Phron.—Leave me alone. Can't you possibly cease to be an annoyance to me?

Strat.—What is the matter, my dear little Astaphium?

Ast.—I' faith, she's angry with you with good reason.

Phron.—What, I? I'm not even half spiteful enough towards that fellow.

Strat.—My love, if I have at all offended before, I present you with this mina of gold. If you smile upon me, deign me a look.

Phron.—My hand forbids me to believe anything, before it holds in its possession. We require food for the child; we require it for the dame, as well, that bathes the child; we require it for the nurse, as well, that she may have a leather bottle full of old wine in ample style, that night and day she may tipple; we stand in need of fire; we want coals, too; we want baby clothes, napkins, the cradle, the cradle-bed; oil we want; the child requires flour for pap; all day we are wanting something; never in any one day can our task be performed, but what there's always need for something; for the children of officers cannot be reared upon medlars.

Strat.—Look upon me, then. Take this (presenting the money) with which to satisfy these necessities.

Phron.—(Taking it.) Give it me, although it's very little.

Strat.—Whatever you shall order shall be given at your demand. Give me a kiss now. (Tries to kiss her.)

Phron.—Leave me alone, I say! You are a nuisance!

Strat.—(Aside.) It's no use; she loves me not. The day wears apace. More than ten pounds of silver have I lost in this short time by reason of my passion.

Phron.—(Giving the money to Astaphium.) Take this, and carry it away in-doors.

Enter Strabax from the house.

Strab.—(To himself.) Where in the world is my mistress? I don't get on with my business neither in the country nor here, at this rate; I'm spoiling with mouldiness. I'm grown so dreadfully numbed with lying waiting here upon the couch. But look, I perceive her. Hallo! sweetheart; what are you about?

Strat.—What fellow is that?

Phron.—One that, upon my honor, I love far more than yourself.

Strat.—Than myself? In what way?

Phron.—Why, this way: that you are not to be troublesome to me. (Moves as if going.)

Strat.—Are you going now, after you have got the gold?

Phron.—What you've given me, I've put away in-doors.

Strab.—Come here, sweetheart; I've got something to say to you.

Phron.—Why, I was just coming to you.

Strab.—To me, my charmer?

Phron.—In serious truth, I' faith.

Strab.—Although I seem a simpleton to you, I like myself to have a bit of recreation. For pretty though you are, you are so to your own loss, unless I amuse myself a bit with you.

Phron.—Should you like me to embrace you and give you a kiss?

Strab.—Do whatever you like, I'll deem it agreeable. (She kisses him.)

Strat.—What, shall I suffer her to be embracing other men before my eyes? I' faith, 'twere better that I were dead. Woman, take your hands off of him, unless, perhaps, by this sword of mine, won from the enemy, you wish yourself and him to die. (Flourishing his sword.)

Phron.—There's no use in badinage, Captain. If you want yourself to be loved, with gold, Stratophanes, not with iron, may you prevent him from loving me.

Strat.—How, the plague; are you pretty or witty, to be fond of a fellow of that description?

Phron.—(Aside to Stratophanes.) Don't it come to your recollection what an actor once said upon the stage? "All people have an eye to their profit and are not over-delicate."

The Stratagem Defeated.

A servant, having obtained from a woman a female infant which was about to be exposed, takes it to his mistress, Cleostrata, who brings it up with the greatest

care. The child is called Casina, and when she grows up both Stalino, the husband, and Euthynicus, the son of Cleostrata, fall in love with her. Cleostrata, being aware of this, and favoring the passion of Euthynicus, is desirous to give Casina in marriage to Chalinus, his armor-bearer, as a covert method of putting her in the power of Euthynicus. On the other hand, Stalino wishes her to be married to Olympio, the bailiff of his farm, as a means of getting her into his own possession. It is at last arranged that the matter shall be decided by lots, which being drawn, Olympio is the winner. Cleostrata then resorts to a stratagem to defeat her husband's plan. With the assistance of a friend and her own female servants she dresses up Chalinus to represent Casina, who is taken by the bridegroom, Olympio, to a house in the vicinity, which has been secretly engaged by Stalino. The play concludes with Olympio and Stalino rushing out of the house in dismay, after having been soundly beaten by Chalinus. Stalino implores pardon of his wife, which, at the intercession of Myrrhina, is granted. It is then discovered that Casina is really the daughter of Alcesimus, and the audience is informed that she is to be given in marriage to Euthynicus.

The following is the opening scene:

Olympio.—Am I not to be allowed to speak and think about my own affairs by myself, just as I choose, without you as an overlooker? What the plague are you following me about?

Chalinus.—Because I'm resolved, like your shadow, wherever you go, to follow you about. Why, troth, even if you are ready to go to the cross, I'm determined to follow you. Hence

judge of the sequel, whether you can or not, by your artifices, slyly deprive me of Casina for a wife, just as you are attempting.

Ol.—What business have you with me?

Cha.—What say you, impudence? Why are you creeping about in the city, you bailiff, so very valuable in this place?

Ol.—Because I choose.

Cha.—But why ain't you in the country at your post of command? Why don't you rather pay attention to the business that has been entrusted to you, and keep yourself from meddling in city matters? Have you come hither to deprive me of my betrothed? Be off to the country—be off to your place of command, and be hanged to you.

Ol.—Chalinus, I have not forgotten my duty. I've given charge to one who will still take care that all's right in the country. When I've got that for which I came hither to the city, to take her as my wife whom you are dying for—the fair and charming Casina, your fellow-servant—when I've carried her off with myself into the country as my wife, I'll then stick fast in the country at my post of command.

Cha.—What, you marry her? By my faith, 'twere better I should die by a halter than that you should win her.

Ol.—She's my prize; do you put yourself in a halter at once.

Cha.—Fellow, dug up from your own dunghill, is she to be your prize?

Ol.—You'll find that such is the fact. Woe be unto you! In what a many ways, if I only live, I'll have you tormented at my wedding!

Cha.—What will you do to me?

Ol.—What will I do to you? In the first place of all, you shall hold the lighted torch for this new-made bride of mine; that always in future you may be worthless and not esteemed. Then next, after that, when you get to the country-house, a single pitcher shall be found you, and a single path, a single spring, a single brass cauldron, and eight casks; and unless these shall be always kept filled, I'll load you with lashes. I'll make you so thoroughly bent with carrying water, that a

horse's crupper might be manufactured out of you. And in the future, unless in the country, you either feed on pulse, or, like a worm, upon earth, should you require to taste of any better food. Never, upon my faith, is hunger as full of hungriness as I'll make you to be in the country. After that, when you're tired out, and starved with famine, care shall be taken that, at night, you go to bed as you deserve.

Cha.—What will you do?

Ol.—You shall be shut up fast in a nook with bars, where you can listen while I'm caressing her, while she is saying to me, "My soul, my own Olympio, my life, my sweet, my delight, do let me kiss your dear eyes, my love! do, there's a dear; let yourself be loved, my own day of happiness, my sparrow-chick, my own dove, my leveret!" When these expressions shall be being uttered to me, then will you, you villain, be wriggling about like a mouse in the middle of the wall. Now, that you mayn't give me an answer, I'll off indoors; I'm tired of your talk. (Goes into the house of Stalino.)

Cha.—I'll follow you. Here, indeed, on my word, assuredly you shall do nothing without me for your overlooker. (Follows him into the house.)

Enter Cleostrata and Pardalisca, a servant, from the house of Stalino.

Cle.—(At the door, to the servants within.) Seal fast the store-rooms, bring back the signet to me. I'm going here to my next-door neighbor; if my husband wants me for anything, take care and send for me thence.

Par.—The old gentleman ordered a breakfast to be got ready for him to-day.

Cle.—Tut! Hold your tongue, and be off. (Pardalisca goes into the house.) I don't prepare it, and it shan't be cooked; since he sets himself against myself and his son, for the sake of his passion and his appetite. A disgraceful fellow, that! I'll punish this lover with hunger, I'll punish him with thirst, with abuse, with hardships. By my faith, I'll thoroughly worry him with disgraceful speeches; I'll make him pass a life in future just as he deserves—fit food for Acheron, a hunter after iniquity, a stable of infamy! Now I'll away hence

to my neighbors, to lament my lot. But the door creaks; and see, she's coming out of doors herself. On my word, I've not started for my call at a convenient time.

Enter Myrrhina, from the house of Alcesimus.

Myrr.—(To her servants at the door.) Follow me, my attendants, here next door. You there! Does any one hear this that I say? I shall be here, if my husband or any person shall seek me. Did I order my distaff to be taken *there?* For when I'm at home alone, drowsiness takes effect upon my hand.

Cle.—Myrrhina, good morrow.

Myrr.—Good morrow my *dear* Cleostrata. But, prithee, why are you sad?

Cle.—So all are wont to be who are unfortunately married. At home and abroad, there's always enough to make them sad. But I was going to your house.

Myrr.—And, troth, I was coming here to yours. But what is it now that distresses your mind? For whatever distresses you, that same is a trouble to me.

Cle.—On my word I do believe you. For with good reason no female neighbor of mine do I love better than yourself, nor any one with whom I have more ties of intimacy to afford me pleasure.

Myrr.—I thank you kindly, and I long to know what this is.

Cle.—My husband has put slights upon me in a most unworthy manner.

Myrr.—Hah! What is it? Prithee, repeat that same again; for, on my word, I don't, in my mind, sufficiently comprehend your complaints.

Cle.—My husband has put slights upon me in a most unworthy manner, and I have not the advantage of enjoying my own rights.

Myrr.—'Tis surprising, if you say the truth; for husbands can scarce obtain from their wives what's their own right.

Cle.—Why, against my will, he demands a female servant of me, who belongs to myself, and was brought up at my own expense, for him to give to his bailiff. But he is in love with her himself.

Myrr.—Pray, do hold your tongue.

Cle.—(Looking around.) But here we may speak at present; we are alone—

Myrr.—It is so. But whence did you get her? For a good wife ought to have no property unknown to her husband; and she who has got any, it is not to her credit, for she must either have purloined it from her husband or obtained it by unfaithfulness. Whatever is your own, all that I take to be your husband's.

Cle.—Surely, you're saying all this out of opposition to your friend.

Myrr.—Do hold your tongue, will you, simpleton, and attend to me. Do you forbear to oppose him, will you? Let him love on; let him do what he chooses, so long as nothing's denied you at home.

Cle.—Are you quite in your senses? For really, you are saying these things against your own interest.

Myrr.—Silly creature; do you always take care and be on guard against this expression from your husband—

Cle.—What expression?

Myrr.—"Woman! out of doors with you!"

Cle.—(In a low voice.) 'St! be quiet.

Myrr.—What's the matter?

Cle.—Hush! (Looks in a particular direction.)

Myrr.—Who is it that you see?

Cle.—Why, look, my husband's coming; you go in-doors. Make all haste; be off, there's a dear.

Myrr.—You easily prevail; I'm off.

Cle.—At a future time, when you and I shall have more leisure, then I'll talk to you. For the present, adieu!

Myrr.—Adieu! (Goes into her house. Cleostrata stands aside.)

Enter Stalino.

Sta.—(To himself.) I do believe that love excels all things and delights that are exquisite. It is not possible for anything to be mentioned, that has more relish and more that's delicious in it. Really, I do wonder at the cooks, who employ

so many sauces that they don't employ this one seasoning, which excels them all. For where love shall be the seasoning, that, I do believe, will please every one; nor can there be anything relishing or sweet, where love is not mixed with it. The gall which is bitter, that same it will make into honey; a man from morose into one cheerful and pleasant. This conjecture do I form rather from myself at home than from anything I've heard. Since I've been in love with Casina, more than in my young days have I excelled Neatness herself in neatness. I give employment to all the perfumers; wherever an unguent is excellent, I perfume myself, that I may please her. And I do please her, as I think. But inasmuch as she keeps living on, my wife's a torment. (Catches sight of his wife, and speaks in a low voice.) Ah! I spy her standing there in gloominess. This plaguy baggage must be addressed by me with civility. (Going towards her.) My own wife and my delight, what are you about? (Takes hold of her.)

Cle.—(Shaking him off.) Get you gone, and keep your hands off!

Sta.—O, fie! my Juno. You shouldn't be so cross to your own Jupiter. Where art come now?

Cle.—Let me alone. (Moves as if going.)

Sta.—Do stay.

Cle.—(Still going.) I shan't stay.

Sta.—I' troth, then I'll follow you. (Follows her.)

Cle.—(Turning around.) Prithee, are you in your senses?

Sta.—In my senses, inasmuch as I love you.

Cle.—I don't want you to love me.

Sta.—You can't have your way there.

Cle.—You plague me to death.

Sta.—I only wish you spoke the truth.

Cle.—There I believe you. (Moves on.)

Sta.—Do look back, O my sweet one.

Cle.—About as much, I suppose, as you are to me. Whence is this strong smell of perfumes, prithee?

Sta.—(Aside.) O dear, I'm undone; to my misfortune, I'm caught in the fact. Why delay to rub it off my head with

my cloak? (Rubs his head with his cloak.) May good Mercury confound you, you perfumer who provided me with this.

Cle.—How now, you worthless grey gnat! I can hardly restrain myself from saying what you deserve. In your old age, good-for-nothing, are you walking along the streets reeking with perfumes?

Sta.—I' faith, I lent my company to a certain friend of mine while he was purchasing some perfumes.

Cle.—How readily he did trump that up. Are you ashamed of anything?

Sta.—Of anything that you like.

Cle.—In what dens of iniquity have you been lying?

Sta.—(With an air of surprise.) I, in dens of iniquity?

Cle.—I know more than you think I do.

Sta.—What is it that you know?

Cle.—That not one among all the old men is more worthless than yourself, an old man. Whence come you, good-for-nothing? Where have you been? In what den amusing yourself? Where have you been drinking? You are found out, on my word; look at this cloak, how it's creased.

Sta.—May the gods confound both me and yourself if I this day have put a drop of wine into my mouth.

Cle.—Very well, then; just as you like; drink, eat, and squander away your property!

Sta.—Hold, wife; there's now enough of it; you din me too much. Do leave a little of your talk, that you may wrangle with me to-morrow. But what say you? Have you by this time subdued your temper, so as to do that in preference which your husband wishes to be done, rather than strive against him?

Cle.—About what matter are you speaking?

Sta.—Do you ask me? About the handmaid Casina—that she may be given in marriage to our bailiff, an honest servant, where she'll be well off, in wood, warm water, food and clothing, and where she may properly bring up the children which she may have, in preference to that rascally servant of an armor-bearer, a good-for-nothing and dishonest, a fellow that hasn't this day a leaden lump of money his own.

Cle.—Upon my faith, I'm surprised that in your old age you do not remember your duty.

Sta.—How so?

Cle.—Because, if you were to act rightly or becomingly, you'd let me manage the maid-servants, which is my own province.

Sta.—Why the plague do you wish to give her to a fellow that carries a shield?

Cle.—Because it's our duty to gratify our only son.

Sta.—But, although he is an only one, not a bit the more is he my only son than I am his only father. It's more becoming for him to conform to me, than for me to him.

Cle.—By my troth, sir, you're providing for yourself a serious piece of trouble.

Sta.—(Aside.) She suspects it; I find that. (To his wife.) What, I, do you mean?

Cle.—You; but why do you stammer so? Why do you wish for this with such anxiety?

Sta.—Why, that she may rather be given to a servant that's honest, than to a servant that's dishonest.

Cle.—What if I prevail upon and obtain of the bailiff that for my sake he'll give her up to the other one?

Sta.—But what if I prevail upon the armor-bearer to give her up to the other one? And I think that I can prevail upon him in this.

Cle.—That's agreed upon. Should you like that, in your name, I should call Chalinus hither out of doors? Do you beg of him, and I'll beg of the bailiff.

Sta.—I'm quite willing.

Cle.—He'll be here just now. Now we'll make trial which of us two is the most persuasive. (She goes into the house.)

Sta.—(To himself.) May Hercules and the gods confound her!—a thing that now I'm at liberty to say. I'm wretchedly distracted with love; but she, as though on purpose, thwarts me. My wife has some suspicion now of this that I'm planning; for that reason is she purposely lending her assistance to the armor-bearer.

IX.

Terence and His Plays.

Publius Terentius Afer was born at Carthage and was a slave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman Senator, who, perceiving him to have an excellent understanding and an abundance of wit, not only bestowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom very early in life. The poet was beloved and much esteemed by noblemen of the first rank in the Roman commonwealth, living in great intimacy with Scipio Africanus and C. Lælius, to whom, also, as Porcius states, his personal attractions recommended him:

Seeking the pleasures and deceitful praise
Of nobles, while the Bard with greedy ears
Drinks in the voice divine of Africanus,
Happy to sup with Furius and with Lælius,
Caress'd and often, for his bloom of youth,
Whirl'd to Mount Alba; amidst all these joys,
He finds himself reduced to poverty.
Wherefore withdrawing from all eyes, and flying
To the extremest parts of Greece, he dies
At Stympthalus, a village in Arcadia.

When Terence, as he is commonly called in English speech, offered his first play, the *Andrian*, to the ædiles,

he was ordered to read it to Cæcilus. Arriving at that poet's house, he found him at table; and being very meanly dressed, was suffered to read the opening lines seated on a very low stool, near the couch of Cæcilus; but as soon as he had repeated a few verses, Cæcilus invited him to sit down to supper with him, after which Terence proceeded with his play, and finished it to the great admiration of his host.

The *Eunuch* met with such remarkable success that it was acted twice in one day, and Terence was paid for it 8,000 sesterces, a greater sum than was ever paid for any comedy before. It is commonly said that Scipio and Lælius assisted the author in his plays; and, indeed, Terence himself increased that suspicion by the little pains he took to refute it. Nepos asserts that he had been informed, on good authority, that Lælius, being at his villa, at Puteoli, on a certain first day of March, was requested by his lady to sup sooner than his usual hour, but he entreated her not to interrupt his studies. Coming in to supper rather late, he declared he had never employed his time with better success than he had then done, and, being asked what he had written, repeated some verses from the *Self-Tormentor*.

To wipe off the aspersion of plagiarism, or perhaps to make himself a master of the customs and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, Terence left Rome in the twenty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the six comedies which are still extant; and he never returned. Some ancient writers relate that he died at sea.

He is said to have been of middle stature, genteel

and of a swarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterward married to a Roman knight; and, according to the best authorities, at the time of his death he was possessed of a house, together with six acres of land, on the Appian way.

Prominence of Terence.

From an historical point of view Terence is one of the most interesting characters in Roman literature. Born in Phœnician Africa, brought in early youth as a slave to Rome, and there initiated into the Greek culture of the day, he seemed from the very first destined to restore to the new Attic comedy that cosmopolitan character which, in its adaptation to the Roman public under the rough hands of Nævius, Plautus and their associates, it had in some measure lost. Even in the selection and employment of models the contrast is apparent between him and the only predecessor with whom we can now compare him. Plautus chooses his pieces from the whole range of the new Attic comedy, and by no means disdains the more popular comedians; Terence restricts himself almost exclusively to Menander, the most elegant, polished and chaste of all the writers of the new comedy. The method of working up several Greek pieces into one is retained by Terence, but it is handled with incomparably more skill and carefulness. The Plautine dialogue beyond doubt departed very frequently from its models; Terence boasts of the verbal adherence of his imitations to the originals.

The frequently coarse, but always effective, laying on of Roman local tints over the Greek groundwork, in which Plautus indulged, is completely and designedly banished from Terence; not an allusion puts one in mind of Rome, not a proverb, hardly a reminiscence; even the Latin titles are replaced by Greek. The same distinction shows itself in the artistic treatment. First of all, the players receive back their appropriate masks, and greater care is observed as to the scenic arrangements, so that it is no longer the case, as with Plautus, that everything needs to be done on the street whether belonging to it or not. Plautus ties and unties the dramatic knot carelessly and loosely, but his plot is droll and often striking; Terence, far less effective, keeps everywhere account of probability, not unfrequently at the cost of suspense, and wages emphatic war against the flat and insipid expedients of his predecessors. Plautus paints his characters with broad strokes, often as if after a pattern, always with a view to the general effect; Terence handles the psychological development like a careful and often excellent miniature painting, as in the *Brothers*, for instance, where the two old men—the easy bachelor enjoying life in town, and the sadly harassed and somewhat boorish country landlord—form a masterly contrast.

The springs of action and the language of Plautus are drawn from the tavern; those of Terence from the household of the good citizen. The lazy Plautine hostelry, the very unconstrained but very charming damsels, with the hosts duly corresponding, the sabrerattling troopers, the slave-world painted with an al-

together peculiar humor, whose heaven is the cellar and whose fate is the lash, have disappeared in Terence, or at least undergone improvement. In Plautus we find ourselves, on the whole, among incipient or thorough rogues; in Terence, as a rule, among honest men. The Plautine pieces exhibit the characteristic antagonism of the tavern to the house; wives are visited with abuse, to the delight of all husbands temporarily emancipated and not quite sure of an amiable salutation at home. In the comedies of Terence there prevails not a more moral, but a more becoming conception of the feminine nature and of married life. As a rule they end with a virtuous marriage, or if possible with two.

The eulogies of bachelor life, which are so frequent in Menander, are repeated by his Roman remodeler only with characteristic shyness, whereas the lover in his agony, the tender husband at the accouchment, the loving sister by the death-bed in the *Eunuch* and the *Andrian* are very gracefully delineated; in the *Step-mother* there even appears at the close, as a delivering angel, a virtuous courtesan, which the Roman public very properly hissed. In Plautus the fathers throughout exist only for the purpose of being jeered and swindled by their sons; with Terence, in the *Self-Tormentor*, the lost son is reformed by the wisdom of his father, and the point of the best of his pieces, the *Brothers*, turns on finding the right mean between the too liberal training of the uncle and the too rigorous training of the father. Plautus writes for the multitude and gives utterance to profane and sarcastic speeches, so far as the censorship of the stage allowed;

Terence, on the contrary, describes it as his aim to please the good and, like Menander, to offend nobody. Plautus is fond of vigorous, often noisy dialogue, and his pieces require the liveliest play of gesture in the actors; Terence confines himself to "quiet conversation." The language of Plautus abounds in burlesque turns and attempts at verbal witicisms, in alliterations, in comic coinages of new terms, Aristophanic combinations of words, slang expressions jestingly borrowed from the Greek. Terence knows nothing of such caprices; his dialogue moves on with the purest symmetry, and its points are elegant, epigrammatic and sententious.

Objections to Terence.

The new style of comedy made its way amidst the most determined literary warfare. The Plautine style of composing had taken root among the Roman populace; the comedies of Terence encountered the liveliest opposition from the public, which found their "insipid language," their "feeble style," intolerable. The sensitive poet replied in his prologues—which properly were not intended for any such purpose—with counter-criticisms full of defensive and offensive polemics; and appealed from the multitude, which had twice run away from his *Stepmother* to witness a band of gladiators and rope-dancers, to the cultivated circles of the genteel world. He declared that he aspired only to the approval of the "good." He acquiesced in or even favored the report that persons of distinction aided him in composing, with their counsel, or even with

their coöperation. In reality he carried his point; even in literature the oligarchy prevailed and the artistic comedy of the exclusives supplanted that of the people, the plays of Plautus gradually disappearing from the stage. This is the more significant, because, after the early death of Terence, no man of conspicuous talent further occupied this field.

Fame of Terence as a Writer.

Terence holds a unique position among Roman writers, acquiring a great reputation while contenting himself with a very limited function. He leaves no claim to be an original artist, painting from life or commenting on the results of his own observation, and his art has little relation to his own time or country. Plautus, though, like Terence, he takes his plots, scenes and characters from the Attic stage, is yet a genuine Italian, writing before the genius of Italy had learned the restraints of Greek literature. The whole aim of Terence was to present a faithful copy of the life, manners, modes of thought and expression, drawn from those which existed a century before his time, by the writers of the new comedy of Athens.

The result obtained by Terence is that, while he has left no trace in any of his comedies of one sketching from the life by which he was surrounded, there is perhaps no more delicate, truthful and natural delineator of human nature within the whole range of classical literature. His position is due no doubt to the genius of Menander, whose creations he has perpetuated as a

fine engraver may perpetuate the spirit of a great painter whose works have perished. Yet no mere copyist or verbal translator could have accomplished this result. Though without claims to creative power, Terence must have possessed not only critical genius to enable him fully to appreciate and identify himself with his originals, but artistic genius of the highest and purest type. His position in Roman literature is this: he was the first writer who set before himself a high ideal of artistic perfection and was the first to realize that perfection in style, form and consistency of conception and execution. His plays have not only reached our time in the form in which they were given to the world, but have been read in the most critical and exacting literary epochs, and may still be read without having to make allowance for the rudeness of a new and undeveloped art.

While his great gift to Roman literature is that he first made it artistic, that he imparted to "rupe Latium" the sense of elegance, consistency and moderation, his gift to the world is that through him it possesses a living image of Greek society in the third century B. C., presented in the purest Latin idiom; yet Terence had no affinity by birth either with the Greek race or with the people of Latium. He was more distinctly a foreigner than any of the great classical writers of Rome. He lived at the meeting-point of three distinct civilizations: the decadent civilization of Greece, of which Athens was still the centre; that of Carthage, which was soon to pass away, and the nascent civilization of Italy, in which all others were soon to be absorbed. Terence was by

birth a Phœnician and was thus perhaps a fitter medium of connection between the genius of Greece and that of Italy than if he had been a pure Greek or a pure Italian; just as in modern times the Hebrew type of genius is sometimes found more detached from national peculiarities and thus more capable of reproducing a cosmopolitan type of character than the genius of men belonging to European races.

Terence's preëminence in art was freely recognized by the critics of the Augustan age. It consisted chiefly in the clearness and simplicity with which, in his comedies, the situation is presented and developed, and in the consistency and moderation with which his characters play their parts. But his great attraction is the charm and purity of his style, whether employed in narrative or dialogue. This charm he derived from his familiarity with the purest Latin idiom, as it was habitually used in the best Roman families, and also with the purest Attic idiom, as it had been written and spoken a century before his time. Indeed, the Attic flavor is more perceptible in his Latin than in the Greek of his contemporaries. If he makes no claim to the creative exuberance of Plautus, he is entirely free from his extravagance and mannerisms.

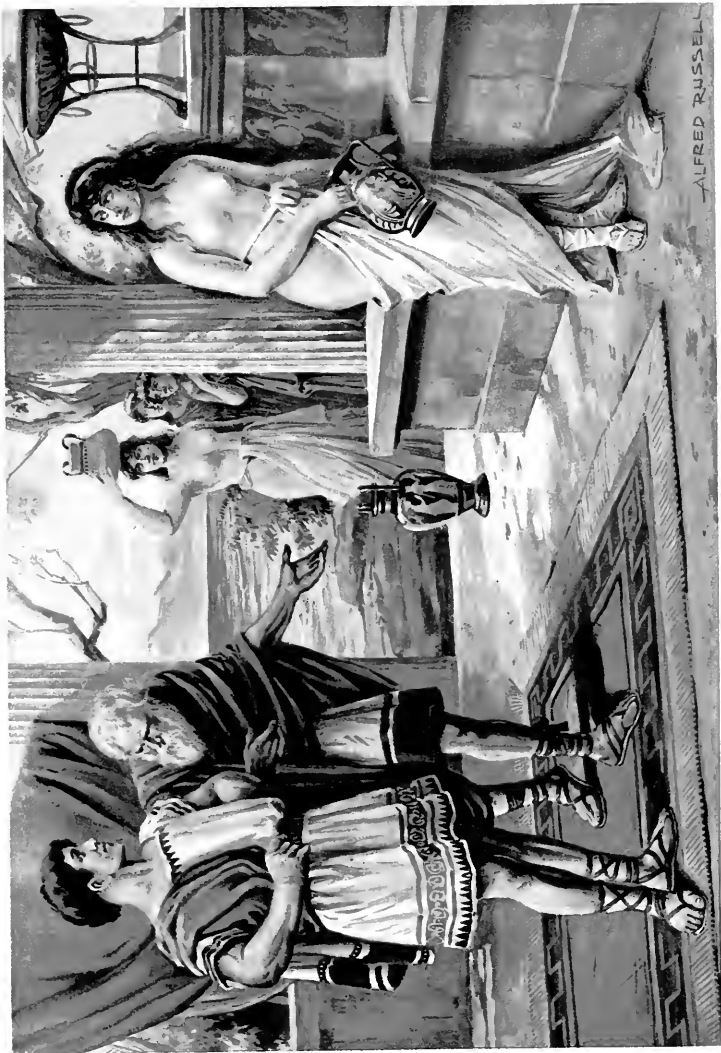
The best judges and the greatest masters of style in the best period of Roman literature were his chief admirers. Cicero frequently reproduces his expressions, applies passages in his plays to his own circumstances, and refers to his personages as typical representations of character. Julius Cæsar characterizes him as a lover of pure discourse. Horace shows his appreciation

by frequent reproductions in his odes and satires of the language and philosophy of Terence. Quintilian applies to his writings the epithet "elegantissima," and in that connection refers to the belief that they were the works of Scipio Africanus. His plays were studied and learned by heart by the great Latin writers of the Renaissance, as Erasmus and Melanchthon. It is among the French, the great masters of fine conversation, that his merits have been most appreciated in modern times. Fénelon preferred him even to Molière, and Sainte-Beuve calls him the bond of union between Roman urbanity and the Atticism of the Greeks, adding that it was in the seventeenth century, when French literature was most truly Attic, that he was most appreciated.

Such humor as exists in Terence is always of a more chaste and delicate complexion than that of Plautus, Jonson or Molière. While there are many grave and affecting passages in his plays, it cannot be said that he trespasses on the proper domain of tragedy, nor are there altogether absent touches of humor in every one of the pieces which he has left behind him; some humor of dialogue, more of character, and still more of comic situation, necessarily resulting from the artful contexture of his comedies. The *Adrian*, the *Eunuch*, the *Brothers*, and *Phormio* are pleasant comedies, and the *Eunuch* in particular was the favorite entertainment of the Roman theatre. The *Self-Tormentor*, and even the *Stepmother*, the dullest of his plays, have also passages that should raise a laugh. His humor always arises from the occasion, and flows from him in the natural course of the play, in which he not only does

PILÆDRIA AND THE SLAVE-GIRL

After an original painting by A. Russell



not admit idle scenes, but scarce a speech that is not immediately conducive to the business of the drama.

The Self-Tormentor.

In the *Self-Tormentor* the character of Syrus must be allowed to be almost wholly comic, and that of Chremes still more so. The deep distress of Menedemus, with which the play opens, makes but a very inconsiderable part of the comedy. As the poet has contrived, the self-punishment of Menedemus ends as soon as the play begins. The son returns in the very second scene, and the chief cause of his father's grief being removed, other incidents, and those of the most comic cast, are worked into the play.

In the prologue, which, as usual, is largely apologetic, Terence answers some of the charges brought against him as an author by envious rivals, acting as his own counsel, and speaking of himself in the third person:

As to reports which envious men have spread,
That he had ransacked many Grecian plays,
While he composes some few Latin ones,—
That, he denies not, he has done; nor does
Repent he did it; means to do it still;
Safe in the warrant and authority
Of great bards, who did long since the same.
Then for the charge that his arch-enemy
Maliciously reproaches him withal,
That he but lately hath applied himself
To music, with the genius of his friends,
Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
Your judgments, your opinions, must decide.
I would entreat you, therefore, not to lean

To tales of slander, rather than of candor.
Be favorable; nurse with growing hopes
The bards, who give you pleasing novelties;
Pleasing, I say, not such as his I mean,
Who lately introduced a breathless slave,
Making the crown give way. But wherefore trace
A dunce's faults? which shall be shown at large,
When more he writes, unless he cease to rail.

In the opening scene, Chremes, a neighbor of Menedemus, the self-tormentor, takes him to task.

In his speech occurs a line which has become one of the most familiar Latin quotations—*Homo sum nihil humani a me alienum puto*. The English translation is indicated by italics.

Chremes.—Though our acquaintance is as yet but young,
Since you have bought this farm that neighbors mine,
And little other commerce is betwixt us;
Yet or your virtue or good neighborhood,
Which is in my opinion kin to friendship,
Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
That you appear to me to labor more
Than your age warrants, or affairs require.
For, in the name of heaven and earth, what would you?
What do you drive at? Threescore years of age,
Or older, as I guess; with an estate,
Better than which, more profitable, none
In these parts hold; master of many slaves;
As if you had not one at your command,
You labor in their offices yourself.
I ne'er go out so soon, return so late,
Morning or evening, but I see you still
At labor on your acres, digging, ploughing,
Or carrying some burthen; in a word,
You ne'er remit your toil, nor spare yourself.
This, I am certain, is not done for pleasure.

—You'll say, perhaps, it vexes you to see
Your work go on so slowly:—do but give
The time you spend in laboring yourself,
To set your slaves to work, 'twill profit more.

Mened.—Have you such leisure from your own affairs
To think of those that don't concern you, Chremes?

Chremes.—*I am a man, and feel for all mankind.*
Think I advise, or ask for information;
If right, that I may do the same; if wrong,
To turn you from it.

Mened.—I have need to do thus.
Do as you think fit.

Chremes.—Need any man
Torment himself?

Mened.—I need.

Chremes.—If you're unhappy,
I'm sorry for it. But what evil's this?
What is the offence so grievous to your nature,
That asks such cruel vengeance on yourself?

Mened.—Alas! alas! (In tears.)

Chremes.—Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reserved; fear nothing: prithee, trust me;
By consolation, counsel, or assistance,
I possibly may serve you.

Mened.—Would you know it?

Chremes.—Ay, for the very reason I have mentioned.

Mened.—I will inform you: One only son I have—
I have. Have? did I say? Had, I mean, Chremes.
Have I, or no, is now uncertain.

Chremes.—Wherefore?

Mened.—That you shall know. An old Corinthian woman
Now sojourns here, a stranger in these parts,
And very poor. It happened of her daughter
My son became distractedly enamor'd,
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me. This I no sooner learned
Than I began to deal severely with him,

Not as a young and love-sick mind required,
 But in the rough and usual way of fathers.
 Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, sir!
 "Think you that you shall hold these courses long,
 "And I your father living? Keep a mistress,
 "As if she were your wife!—You are deceived,
 "If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
 "While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
 "I shall act toward you worthy of myself.
 "All this arises from mere idleness,
 "I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
 "To seek my fortune in the wars in Asia,
 "And there acquired in arms both wealth and glory!"
 In short, things came to such a pass, the youth,
 O'ercome with hearing still the self-same thing
 And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking
 Age and experience had enabled me
 To judge his interest better than himself,
 Went off to serve the king in Asia, Chremes.

Chremes.—How say you?

Mened.—Stole away three months ago,
 Without my knowledge.

Chremes.—Both have been to blame:
 And yet this enterprise bespeaks a mind,
 Modest and manly.

Mened.—Having heard of this
 From some of his familiars, home I came
 Mournful, half-mad, and almost wild with grief.
 I sit me down: my servants run to me;
 Some draw my sandals off; while others haste
 To spread the couches and prepare the supper:
 Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
 To mitigate my sorrow. Noting this,
 "How," said I to myself; "so many then
 "Anxious for me alone? to pleasure me?
 "So many slaves to dress me? All this cost
 "For me alone? Meanwhile, my only son,
 "For whom all these were fit, as well as me,
 "Nay, rather more, since he is of an age

"More proper for their use—Him, my poor boy,
 "Has my unkindness driven forth to sorrow.
 "Oh, I were worthy of the heaviest curse,
 "Could I brook that! No; long as he shall lead
 "A life of penury abroad, an exile
 "Through my unjust severity, so long
 "Will I revenge his wrongs upon myself,
 "Laboring, scraping, sparing, slaving for him."
 In short I did so; in the house I left
 Nor clothes, nor movables; I scrap'd up all.
 My slaves, both male and female, except those
 Who more than earned their bread in country work,
 I sold them: then set my house to sale: In all,
 I got together about fifteen talents;
 Purchased this farm; and here fatigue myself;
 Thinking I do my son less injury,
 While I'm in misery, too: nor is it just
 For me, I think, to taste of pleasure here,
 Till he return in safety to partake on't.

Chremes.—You I believe a tender parent; him
 A duteous son, if governed prudently:
 But you were unacquainted with his nature,
 And he with yours. Sad life, where things are so!

After some further colloquy *Chremes* invites his friend to dinner, but this he declines:

It is not meet,
 That I, who drove him forth to misery,
 Should flee it now myself.

The Andrian.

The *Andrian*, which has been freely borrowed by modern playwrights, was written when Terence was only seventeen years of age.

Chremes and Phania were brothers, both citizens of Athens. Chremes being under the necessity of going to Asia, left Pasibula, at that time his only daughter, to the care of his brother. Soon after his departure, violent civil wars arising in Greece, Phania thought it best to retire from them, and taking the young girl on shipboard with him, set sail to Asia to find his brother. A storm in the meantime arising, he was shipwrecked and cast upon the island of Andros. There he addressed himself to an Andrian, who, though but in poor circumstances, yet entertained him with great liberality. Not long after this Phania dies, and the Andrian, taking the young girl under his protection, changes her name from Pasibula to Glycerium, and educates her with the same care as his own daughter, Chrysis. In a few years he also dies. Chrysis, finding herself an orphan and in danger of want, sails for Athens, taking Glycerium with her. Here she endeavors, for some time, to maintain herself by her industry, and the labor of her hands; but overcome at last by the solicitations and promises of young men, she takes to the trade of a courtesan. Among others that resorted to her was Pamphilus, the son of Simo, a youth of a promising temper and not much addicted to gallantry. Chancing to see Glycerium, he fell desperately in love with her, and she receiving only his addresses, he got her with child, and afterward made her a promise of marriage.

Chremes, by this time, had another daughter, named Philumena, who was of age, and, as Pamphilus was a young man of very fair character, desired above all things to marry her to him. For this purpose he comes

of his own accord to Simo and concludes the match. The old men, without ever communicating their design to Pamphilus, fix upon the day for consummating the marriage. While these things are in progress Chrysis dies, and an accident that follows first makes Simo acquainted with his son's passion; for going along with him to the funeral, when Chrysis was laid upon the pile and fire put to it, Glycerium, through impatience of grief, seemed as if she designed to throw herself after her. Pamphilus observing it, immediately ran up to her and endeavored to prevent her with an anxiety that plainly discovered his fondness. The day after Chremes comes to Simo and renounces the match, declaring he understood for certain that Pamphilus was married to this stranger, whom he so called in a way of reproach, little suspecting in the meantime that she was his own daughter. Pamphilus is overjoyed at the news, and Simo as much disconcerted. When the day appointed for the marriage ceremony was come, Simo cunningly resolved to counterfeit the continuance of the match, imagining that he should thus be able to form a judgment how his son stood affected. Passing the forum he there meets his son, who never dreamed of his father's design. He desires him to go home and prepare for his wedding, which was that day to be celebrated. The young man, uncertain what course to follow, is met by Davus, a slave of great cunning and dexterity, who by this time understood the whole project of the old man and how Chremes stood disposed.

Davus.—Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus.

I'd have you wed to-day; I will, say you.

What reason has he to reproach you then?
Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes,
And put him to confusion; all the while
Secure yourself: for 'tis beyond a doubt
That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you;
So obstinately too, you need not pause,
Or change these measures, lest he change his mind;
Say to your father, then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cause to chide,
But if deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
"No one will wed his daughter to a rake,
"A libertine—" Alas, you're much deceived.
For know your father will redeem some wretch
From rags and beggary, to be your wife,
Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an easy mind,
He, too, will grow indifferent, and seek out
Another match at leisure—the meanwhile
Affairs may take a lucky turn.

And thus does Davus fool Simo himself:

Davus.—Now he supposes I've some trick in hand,
And loiter here to practice it on him!

Simo.—Well, what now, Davus?

Davus.—Nothing.

Simo.—Nothing, say you?

Davus.—Nothing at all.

Simo.—And yet I looked for something.

Davus.—So I perceive you did. This nettles him. (*Aside*.)

Simo.—Can you speak truth?

Davus.—Most easily.

Simo.—Say, then, is not this wedding irksome to my son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?

Davus.—No, faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know;

Then 'twill be over, for he sees the thing
In its true light.

Simo.—I praise him for it.

Davus.—While you restrained him not; and while his youth
allowed,

'Tis true he loved; and even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.

Simo.—Yet, in my eyes, he seemed a little sad.

Davus.—Not upon that account. He has, he thinks,
Another reason to complain of you.

Simo.—For what?

Davus.—A trifle.

Simo.—Well, what is it?

Davus.—You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expense.

Simo.—I?

Davus.—You. A feast of scarce ten drachmas! Does this,
says he,

Look like a wedding supper for his son?
What friends can I invite? Especially,
At such a time as this? And truly, sir,
You have been very frugal; much too sparing.
I can't commend you for it.

Simo.—Hold your peace.

Davus.—I've ruffled him. (Aside.)

Simo.—I'll look to that. Away! (Exit *Davus*.)

What now? What means the varlet? Precious rogue,
For if there's any knavery on foot,
He, I am sure, is the contriver on't.

There happened to be at that time with Pamphilus,
one Charinus, a youth greatly enamored of Philumena,
and who had often in vain essayed to obtain her in
marriage. Hearing that she was that day to be given to

Pamphilus, he begs of him, in the utmost despair, that if he had any regard to his happiness he would either decline the match or at least defer it for a few days. Pamphilus, as much on his own account as the young man's, advises him to take courage and leave nothing unattempted to obstruct the marriage; for his part, he also would do all in his power to prevent it. Davus, in the meantime, coming up, counsels Charinus, now full of hope, to solicit the old man's friends. He afterwards discovers his suspicions apart to Pamphilus, advising him to counterfeit a compliance with his father's will, for by that means, says he, "you will elude the well-laid snare and give him no cause to chide you." By good hap Glycerium is that very day brought to bed of a son, and Davus, thinking this the most likely way to disturb the marriage, causes her maid to lay the child before Simo's gate. Chremes happening to come upon her at that juncture, and understanding that the child belonged to Pamphilus, again refuses to give his daughter. This raises a prodigious stir, till, as good luck would have it, Crito, an Andrian, arrives, coming to Athens as nearest akin to Chrysis, to look after the inheritance which she had left. By this means Chremes comes to know that Glycerium was the same with his daughter Pasibula. Thus all ends joyfully, Pamphilus marrying Glycerium, and Charinus, Philumena.

The Brothers.

In the prologue to *The Brothers*, one of the best of his plays, Terence plainly intimates that he has been

aided by Scipio, Furius Publius and Lælius, "who in war, in peace, and in counsel ever have rendered you the dearest service."

The Bard, perceiving his piece cavill'd at
By partial critics, and his adversaries
Misrepresenting what we're now to play,
Pleads his own cause, and you shall be the judges,
Whether he merits praise or condemnation.

The *Synapthescontes* is a piece
By Diphilus, a comedy which Plautus,
Having translated, call'd *Commorientes*.
In the beginning of the Græcian play
There is a youth who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer, and this incident,
Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
Has our Bard interwoven with his *Brothers*;
The new piece which we represent to-day.
Say, then, if this be theft or honest use
Of what remain'd unoccupied. For that
Which malice tells, that certain noble persons
Assist the Bard, and write in concert with him,
~~That which they deem a heavy slander~~, he
Esteems his greatest praise, that he can please
Those who please you, who all the people please;
Those who in war, in peace, in counsels, ever
Have rendered you the dearest services,
And ever borne their faculties so meekly.

Expect not now the story of the play:
Part the old man, who first appears, will open;
Part will in act be shown. Be favorable;
And let your candor to the poet now
Increase his future earnestness to write!

After a long soliloquy, Micio thus holds converse with his brother, Demea, as to the conduct of the latter's son, who has been placed under Micio's guardianship:

Micio.—Demea, I'm glad to see you well.

Demea.—Oho!

Well met: the very man I came to seek.

Micio.—But you appear uneasy; What's the matter?

Demea.—Is it a question when there's *Æschinus*

To trouble us, what makes me so uneasy?

Micio.—I said it would be so. What has he done?

Demea.—What has he done? A wretch, whom neither ties

Of shame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!

For not to speak of all his former pranks,

What has he been about but even now?

Micio.—What has he done?

Demea.—Burst open doors, and forc'd

His way into another's house, and beat

The master and his family half dead;

And carried off a girl whom he was fond of.

The whole town cries out shame upon him, *Micio*.

I have been told of it a hundred times

Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk.

And if we needs must draw comparisons,

Does not he see his brother, thrifty, sober,

Attentive to his business in the country?

Not given to these practices? and when

I say all this to him, to you I say it.

You are his ruin, *Micio*.

Micio.—How unjust

Is he who wants experience! who believes

Nothing is right, but what he does himself!

Demea.—Why d'ye say that?

Micio.—Because you, *Demea*,

Judge wrongly of these matters. 'Tis no crime

For a young man to wench, or drink.—'Tis not,

Believe me!—Nor to force doors open.—This

If neither you nor I have done, it was

That poverty allow'd us not. And now

You claim a merit to yourself, from that

Which want constrains you to. It is not fair,

For had there been but wherewithal to do't

We likewise should have done thus. Wherefore **you**,

Were you a man, would let your younger son,
Now, while it suits his age, pursue his pleasures;
Rather than, when it less becomes his years,
When, after wishing long, he shall at last
Be rid of you, he should run riot then.

Demea.—Oh, Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
Is it no crime, d'y'e say, for a young man
To take these courses?

Micio.—Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor stun me with the self-same thing forever!
Your elder son you gave me for adoption:
He's mine, then, Demea; and if he offends
'Tis an offence to me, and I must bear
The burden. Does he treat? or drink? or dress?
'Tis at my cost,—Or wench? I will supply him,
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
His mistresses perhaps will shut him out.
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? it shall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this
And 'tis as yet not irksome.—In a word,
Or cease, or choose some arbiter between us—
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

Demea.—Ah, learn to be a father; learn from those,
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!

Micio.—By nature you're his father, I by counsel.

Demea.—You? Do you counsel any thing?

Micio.—Nay, nay;

If you persist, I'm gone.

Demea.—Is't thus you treat me?

Micio.—Must I still hear the same thing o'er and o'er?

Demea.—It touches me.

Micio.—And me it touches, too.

But, Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other.
For to concern yourself with both appears
As if you'd redemand the boy you gave.

Demea.—Ah, Micio!

Micio.—So it seems to me.

Demea.—Well, well;

Let him, if 'tis your pleasure, waste, destroy,
And squander; it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er say one word—

Micio.—Again?

Angry again, good Demea?

Demea.—You may trust me.

Do I demand him back again I gave you?

—It hurts me.—I am not a stranger to him.

—But if I once oppose—Well, well, I've done.

You wish I should take care of one. I do

Take special care of him; and he, thank heav'n,

Is as I wish he should be: which your ward,

I warrant, shall find out one time or other.

I will not say aught worse of him at present. (Exit.)

Micio.—Though what he says be not entirely true,

There's something in it, and it touches me.

But I dissembled my concern with him,

Because the nature of the man is such,

To pacify, I must oppose and thwart him;

And even thus I scarce can teach him patience.

But were I to inflame, or aid his anger,

I were as great a madman as himself.

Yet Æschinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.

What wench is there he has not lov'd? to whom

He has not made some present?—And but lately

(Tir'd, I suppose, and sick of wantonness)

He told me he propos'd to take a wife.

I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,

And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance

Breaks out afresh.—Well, be it what it may,

I'll find him out; and know it instantly,

If he is to be met with at the Forum.

Lighter Comedy and Farce.

The farce appeared afresh at this period in the field of Roman literature. It was in itself very old; long be-

fore Rome was built the merry youths of Latium probably improvised on festal occasions in masks once for all established for particular characters. These pastimes obtained a fixed local background in the Latin "asylum of fools," selecting, as we have seen, the formerly Oscan town of Atella, which was destroyed in the Punic war and its site handed over to comic use; thenceforth the name of "Oscan plays," or "plays of Atella," was common for such exhibitions.

It was not until the days of Terence that the Atellan pieces were handed over to the actors properly so-called, and were performed, like the Greek satyric drama, as afterpieces, particularly after tragedies, a change which naturally suggested the extension of literary activity to that field. Whether this authorship developed itself independently, or whether the farce of lower Italy, which was of kindred character, gave the impulse to this Roman farce, cannot be determined; but that the several pieces were original works is certain. The founder of this new species of literature, Lucius Pomponius, from the Latin colony of Bononia, wrote about 90 B. C.; and along with his pieces those of another poet, Novius, soon became favorites. So far as the few remaining fragments, together with the reports of critics, allow us to form an opinion, they were short farces, ordinarily of one act, the charm of which depended less on the preposterous and loosely-constructed plot than on the drastic portraiture of particular classes and situations.

Festal days and public acts were favorite subjects of comic delineation, such as the "Marriage," the "First of March" and "Harlequin Candidate;" so were, also, for-

eign nationalities, as the Transalpine Gauls and the Syrians. Above all, the various trades frequently appear on the boards; the sacristan, the soothsayer, the bird-seer, the physician, the publican, the painter, fisherman, baker, pass across the stage; the criers were severely assailed, and still more the fullers, who seem to have played in the Roman fool-world the part of our tailors. While the varied life of the city thus received due attention, the farmer, with his joys and sorrows, was also represented in different aspects. The copiousness of this rural repertory may be seen from the numerous titles of that nature, such as "Harlequin Countryman," "the Cattle-herd," "the Vine-dresser," "the Fig-gatherer," "Wood-cutting," "Pruning," "the Poultry-yard." In these pieces it was always the standing figures of the stupid and the artful servant, the good old man, the wise man, that delighted the public; the first in particular might never be wanting—the Pulcinello of this farce—the gluttonous Maccus, hideously ugly and yet eternally in love, always on the point of stumbling across his own path, set upon by all with jeers and with blows, and at the close, the regular scapegoat.

Although these farces, at least after they came to be written, accommodated themselves to the general laws of literature, and in their metres followed the Greek stage, they naturally retained a far more Latin and more popular stamp than even the national comedy. The Greeks resorted to the farce only for travestied tragedy; and this species appears to have been cultivated first by Novius, and not very frequently by any one. The tone, as a matter of course, was not refined; they were full

of ambiguities, coarse, rustic obscenities; ghosts frightening and occasionally devouring children formed part of the entertainment, and offensive personalities, even with the mention of names, not infrequently crept in. But there was no want, also, of vivid delineation, of grotesque incidents, of telling jokes and of pithy sayings; and the harlequinade rapidly won for itself no inconsiderable position in the theatrical life of the capital, and even in literature.

Stage Improvements.

Lastly, it is clear on the whole—that the general interest in dramatic performances was constantly on the increase, and that they became more and more frequent and magnificent. Not only was there hardly a popular festival that was not celebrated with dramatic exhibitions, but even in country towns and in private houses representations by companies of hired actors were common. Notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Senate, as suggested by Publius Scipio Nasica, theatrical entertainments were allowed to increase rapidly, and enormous sums were expended annually in erecting and decorating structures for the purpose. The arrangements of the stage became visibly better. The improved *mise en scène*, and the reintroduction of masks, about the time of Terence, are doubtless connected with the fact that the erection and maintenance of the stage and stage apparatus were now charged on the public treasury. The plays which Lucius Mummius produced after the capture of Corinth, 146 B. C., formed an

epoch in the history of the theatre. It was then, probably, that a theatre was first constructed with acoustic properties similar to those of the Greeks, and that more careful attention was bestowed on stage-mounting and accessories.

At this time, also, competition is implied by the frequent mention of a prize of victory, and of an audience, with its clagues and claqueurs, taking a lively part for or against the leading actors. Not only were decorations and machinery greatly improved, but movable scenery was carefully painted, and under the ædileship of Lucius and Marcus Lucullus the decorations were changed by turning round the scenes. To this epoch belongs the greatest of Roman actors, Quintus Roscius, the friend and boon-companion of Sulla, and long the pride and ornament of the Roman stage.

THE CLOUDS
OF
ARISTOPHANES.

(Translated from Dindorf's Text.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STREPSIADES.

PHEIDIPPIDES.

SERVANT OF STREPSIADES.

SOCRATES.

PUPILS OF SOCRATES.

CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

RIGHT LOGIC.

WRONG LOGIC.

PASIAS.

AMYNIAS.

CHÆREPHON.

SCENE—ATHENS.

The Clouds.

PRELUDE.

"Men smile," says Doctor William Sewell, in his eloquent introduction to the *Dialogues of Plato*, "men smile when they hear the anecdote of one of the most venerable fathers of the Church, who never went to bed without a copy of Aristophanes under his pillow. But the noble tone of morals, the elevated taste, the sound political wisdom, the boldness and acuteness of the satire, the grand object, which is seen throughout, of correcting the follies of the day and improving the condition of his country—all these are features in Aristophanes which, however disguised, as they intentionally are, by coarseness and buffoonery, entitle him to the highest respect from every reader of antiquity."

Strepsiades.—

O dear! O dear!

O Lord! O Zeus! these nights, how long they are.

Will they ne'er pass? Will the day never come?

Surely I heard the cock crow, hours ago.

Yet still my servants snore. These are new customs.

O 'ware of war for many various reasons;

One fears in war even to flog his servants.

And here's this hopeful son of mine wrapped up

Snoring and sweating under five thick blankets.

Come, we'll wrap up and snore in opposition.

(Tries to sleep.)

But I can't sleep a wink, devoured and bitten
By ticks and bug-bears, duns and race-horses,
All through this son of mine. He curls his hair,
And sports his thorough-breds, and drives his tandem;
Even in dreams he rides: while I—I'm ruined
Now that the Moon has reached her twentieths,
And paying time comes on. Boy! light a candle,
And fetch my ledger: now I'll reckon up
Who are my creditors, and what I owe them.
Come, let me see then. Fifty pounds to Pasiás!
Why fifty pounds to Pasiás? What were they for?
O, for the hack from Corinth. O dear! O dear!
I wish my eye had been hacked out before——

Pheidippides.—(In his sleep.) You are cheating, Philon; keep
to your own side.

Streps.—Ah! there it is! that's what has ruined me!
Why, in his very sleep he thinks of horses.

Pheid.—(In his sleep.) How many heats do the war-chariots
run?

Streps.—A pretty many heats you have run your father.
Now, then, what debt assails me after Pasiás?
A curricule and wheels. Twelve pounds. Amynias.

Pheid.—(In his sleep.) Here, give the horse a roll, and take
him home.

Streps.—You have rolled me out of house and home, my boy,
Cast in some suits already, while some swear
They will distrain for payment.

Pheid.—Good, my father,
What makes you toss so restless all night long?

Streps.—There's a bumbailiff from the mattress bites me.

Pheid.—Come, now, I prithee, let me sleep in peace.

Streps.—Well, then, you sleep; only be sure of this,
These debts will fall on your own head at last.
Alas, alas! Forever cursed be that same matchmaker,
Who stirred me up to marry your poor mother.
Mine in the country was the pleasantest life;

I was so rough, unpolished, independent;
 Full of my sheep, and honey-bees, and raisins.
 Ah! then I married—I a rustic—her
 A fine town-lady, niece of Megacles.
 A regular, proud, luxurious Cæsya.
 This wife I married, and we came together,
 I rank with cheese-racks, wine-lees, dripping wool;
 She all with scents, and saffron, and tongue-kissings,
 Feasting, expense, and lordly modes of loving.
 She was not idle, though; she was too fast.
 I told her once, showing my only cloak,
 Threadbare and worn: Wife, you're too fast by half.

Servant-Boy.—Here's no more oil remaining in the lamp.

Streps.—O me! what made you light the tippling lamp?
 Come and be whipp'd.

Serv.—Why, what would you whip me for?

Streps.—Why did you put one of those thick wicks in?
 Well, when at last to me and my good woman
 This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,
 Why, then we took to wrangle on the name.
 She was for giving him some knightly name,
 Callippides, Xanthippus, or Charippus;
 I wished Phidonides, his grandsire's name.
 Thus for some time we argued: till at last
 We compromised it in Pheidippides.
 This boy she took, and used to spoil him, saying:
 Some day you'll drive in purple to the Rock,
 Like Megacles, your uncle; whilst I said:
 Some day you'll drive our goats from yonder hills,
 In rough inverted hides, like me, your father.
 Well, he cared naught for my advice, but soon
 A galloping consumption caught my fortunes.
 Now cogitating all night long, I've found
 One way, one marvelous transcendant way,
 Which, if he'll follow, we may yet be saved.
 So—but, however, I must rouse him first:
 But how to rouse him kindest? that's the rub.
 Pheidippides, my sweet one.

Pheid.—Well, my father.

Streps.—Shake hands, Pheidippides, shake hands and kiss me.

Pheid.—There; what's the matter?

Streps.—Dost thou love me, boy?

Pheid.—Ay! by Poseidon there, the God of horses.

Streps.—No, no; not that: miss out the God of horses,

That God's the origin of all my evils.

But if you love me from your heart and soul,

My son, obey me.

Pheid.—Well, and what's your will?

Streps.—Strip with all speed, strip off your present habits,

And go and learn what I'll advise you to.

Pheid.—Name your commands.

Streps.—Will you obey?

Pheid.—I will,

By Dionysus!

Streps.—Well, then, look this way.

See you that wicket and the lodge beyond?

Pheid.—I see; and, prithee, what is that, my father?

Streps.—That is the thinking-house of sapient souls.

There dwell the men who teach—aye, who persuade us

That Heaven is one vast fire-extinguisher

Placed round about us, and that we're the cinders.

Aye, and they'll teach (only they'll want some money),

How one may speak and conquer, right or wrong.

Pheid.—Come, tell their names.

Streps.— Well, I can't quite remember,

But they're deep thinkers, and true gentlemen.

Pheid.—Out on the rogues! I know them. Those rank pedants,

Those mealy, unshod vagabonds you mean:

That Chærephon, and Socrates, poor devil.

Streps.—Oh! Oh! hush! hush! Don't use those foolish words;

But if the sorrows of my barley touch you,

Enter their Schools and cut the Turf forever.

Pheid.—I wouldn't go, so help me Dionysus,

For all Leogoras' breed of Racers!

Streps.—Go, I beseech you, dearest, dearest son,

Go and be taught.

Pheid.—And what would you have me learn?

Streps.—'Tis known that in their Schools they keep two Logics,
The Worse, Zeus save the mark, the Worse and Better.
This Second Logic then, I mean the Worse one,
They teach to talk unujstly and—prevail.
Think, then, you only learn that Unjust Logic,
And all the debts, which I have incurred through you—
I'll never pay; no, not one farthing of them.

Pheid.—I will not go. It were a burning shame.
How could I speak to knights, a yellow pedant!

Streps.—O! then, by Zeus, you've ate your last of mine,
You, and your coach-horse, and your out-rider;
Out with you! Go to pot, for all I care.

Pheid.—But Uncle Megacles won't leave me long
Without a horse: I'll go to him: good-bye.

Streps.—I'm thrown, by Zeus, but I won't long lie prostrate.
I'll pray the Gods and send myself to school:
I'll go at once and try their thinking house.
Stay: how can I, forgetful, slow, old fool,
Learn the nice hair-splittings of subtle Logic.
Well, go I must. 'Twon't do to linger here.
Come on, I'll knock the door. Boy. Ho, there. Boy.

Student.—(Within.) Ugh! Go to pot! Who's knocking at the
door?

Streps.—Me! Phidon's son: Strepsiades of Cicynna.

Stud.—Why, what a clown you are! so viciously,
Rudely, and carelessly, to kick our door!
You've made my cogitation to miscarry.

Streps.—Forgive me: I'm an aukward country fool.
But tell me, what was that I made miscarry?

Stud.—'Tis not allowed: Students alone may hear.

Streps.—O, that's all right: you may tell me: I'm come
To be a student in your thinking-house.

Stud.—Come, then. But they're high mysteries, remember.
'Twas Socrates was asking Chærephon
How many feet of its own a flea could jump.
For one had just bit Chærephon's huge eyebrow,
Then off it hopped, and pitched on Socrates.

Streps.—How did he measure this?

Stud.—Most cleverly.

He warmed some wax, and then he caught the flea,
And dipped its feet into the wax he'd melted:
Then let it cool, and there were Persian slippers!
These he took off, and so he found the distance.

Streps.—O Zeus and king, what subtle intellects!

Stud.—What would you say, then, if you heard another,
Our Master's own?

Streps.—O come, do tell me that.

Stud.—Why, Chærephon was asking him in turn,
Which theory did he sanction; that the gnats
Hummed through their mouth, or backwards, through
the tail?

Streps.—Aye, and what said your Master of the gnat?

Stud.—He answered thus: the entrail of the gnat
Is small: and through this narrow pipe the wind
Rushes with violence straight toward the tail;
There, close against this pipe, the hollow rump
Receives the wind, and whistles to the blast.

Streps.—So then the rump is trumpet to the gnats!
O happy, happy in your entrail-learning:
Full surely need he fear, nor debts, nor duns,
Who knows about the entrails of the gnats.

Stud.—And yet, last night a mighty thought we lost
Through a green lizard.

Streps.—Tell me, how was that?

Stud.—Why, as himself, with eyes and mouth wide open,
Mused on the moon, her paths and revolutions,
A lizard from the roof squirted full on him.

Streps.—He, he, he, he. I like the lizard's spattering Socrates.

Stud.—Then yesterday, poor we, we'd got no dinner.

Streps.—Hah! what did he devise to do for barley?

Stud.—He sprinkled on the table—some fine sand—
He bent a spit—he raised some compasses—
And—bagged a mantle from the Wrestling School.

Streps.—My stars! Why, Thales was a fool to this!

O, open, open wide the study door,
 And shew me, shew me, shew me, Socrates.
 I die to be a student. Burst the door.
 O Heracles, what kind of beasts are these!

Stud.—Why, what's the matter? what d'y'e think they're like?

Streps.—Like? why those Spartans whom we caught at Pylus:
 What makes them fix their eyes so on the ground?

Stud.—They seek things underground.

Streps.—O! to be sure.

They're seeking mushrooms. Hollo! don't look there,
 I'll tell you where the best and finest grow.
 Look! why do those stoop down so very much?

Stud.—They're diving deep into the deepest secrets.

Streps.—Then why's their rump turned up toward the sky?

Stud.—It's taking private lessons on the stars.

(To the other Students.)

Come, come: get in: HE'll catch us presently.

Streps.—Not yet! not yet! just let them stop one moment,
 While I impart a little matter to them.

Stud.—No, no: they must go in: 'twould never do
 To expose themselves too long to the open air.

Streps.—O! by the Gods, now, what are these? do tell me.

Stud.—This is Astronomy.

Streps.—And what is this?

Stud.—Geometry.

Streps.—Well, what's the use of that?

Stud.—To mete out lands.

Streps.—What, for allotment grounds?

Stud.—No, but all lands.

Streps.—A choice idea, truly.

Then every man may take his choice, you mean.

Stud.—Look; here's a chart of the whole world. D'y'e see?
 This city's Athens.

Streps.—Athens? I like that.

I see no jury sitting. That's no Athens.

Stud.—In very truth, this is the Attic ground.

Streps.—And where, then, are my townsmen of Cicynna?

Stud.—Why, thereabouts; and here, you see, Eubœa:

Here, reaching out a long way by the shore.

Streps.—Yes, overreached by us and Pericles.

But now, where's Sparta?

Stud.—Let me see: O, here.

Streps.—Heavens! how near us. O do please manage *this*

To shove her off from us, a good deal further.

Stud.—We can't do that by Zeus.

Streps.—The worse for you.

Hollo! who's that? that fellow in the basket?

Stud.—That's HE.

Streps.—Who's HE?

Stud.—'Tis Socrates.

Streps.—

Socrates!

You, sir, call out to him as loud as you can.

Stud.—Call him yourself: I have not leisure now.

Streps.—

Socrates! Socrates!

Sweet Socrates!

Socr.—Mortal! why call'st thou me?

Streps.—O, first of all, please tell me what you are doing.

Socr.—I walk on air, and contem-plate the Sun.

Streps.—O then from a basket you condemn the Gods,

And not from the earth, at any rate?

Socr.—Most true.

I could not have searched out celestial matters

Without suspending judgment, and infusing

My subtle spirit with the kindred air.

If from the ground I were to seek these things,

I could not find: so surely doth the earth

Draw to herself the essence of our thought.

The same too is the case with water-cress.

Streps.—Hillo! what's that?

Thought draws the essence into water-cress?

Come down, sweet Socrates, more near my level,

And teach the lessons which I come to learn.

Socr.—And wherefore art thou come?

Streps.—To learn to speak.

For owing to my horrid debts and duns,
My goods are seized; I'm robbed, and mobbed, and plundered.

Socr.—How did you get involved with your eyes open?

Streps.—A galloping consumption seized my money.

Come, now: do let me learn the unjust Logic
That can shirk debts: now do just let me learn it.
Name your own price, by all the Gods I'll pay it.

Socr.—The Gods! why you must know the Gods with us
Don't pass for current coin.

Streps.—Eh? what do you use then?

Have you got iron, as the Byzantines have?

Socr.—Come, would you like to learn celestial matters,
How their truth stands?

Streps.—Yes, if there's any truth.

Socr.—And to hold intercourse with yon bright Clouds,
Our virgin Goddesses?

Streps.—Yes, that I should.

Socr.—Then sit you down upon that sacred bed.

Streps.—Well, I am sitting.

Socr.—Here, then, take this chaplet.

Streps.—Chaplet? why? why? now, never, Socrates:
Don't sacrifice poor me, like Athamas.

Socr.—Fear not: our entrance-services require
All to do this.

Streps.—But what good comes of it?

Socr.—You'll be the flower of talkers, prattlers, gossips:
Only keep quiet.

Streps.—Zeus! your words come true!
I shall be flour indeed with all this peppering.

Socr.—Old man sit you still, and attend to my will, and hearken
in peace to my prayer,
O Master and King, holding earth in your swing, O
measureless infinite Air;

And thou glowing Ether, and Clouds who enwreathe her
 with thunder, and lightning, and storms,
 Arise ye and shine, bright Ladies Divine, to your student
 in bodily forms.

Streps.—No, but stay; no, but stay, just one moment I pray,
 while my cloke round my temples I wrap.
 To think that I've come, stupid fool, from my home,
 without either beaver or cap!

Socr.—Come forth, come forth, dread Clouds, and to earth
 your glorious majesty show;
 Whether lightly ye rest on the time-honored crest of
 Olympus environed in snow,
 Or tread the soft dance 'mid the stately expanse of old
 Ocean, the nymphs to beguile,
 Or stoop to enfold with your pitchers of gold, the mys-
 tical waves of the Nile,
 Or around the white foam of Mæotis ye roam, or Mimas
 all wintry and bare,
 O! hear while we pray, and turn not away from the rites
 which your servants prepare.

Chorus.— Clouds of all hue,
 Rise we aloft with our garments of dew.
 Come from old Ocean's unchangeable bed,
 Come, till the mountain's green summits we tread,
 Come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
 Gaze on the Earth with her harvests of gold,
 Gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
 Gaze on the lordly, invincible Sea,
 Come, for the Eye of the Ether is beaming,
 Come, for all Nature is flashing and free.
 Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
 From our members eternally new,
 And sail upwards the wide world to view.
 Come away! Come away!

Socr.—O Goddesses mine, great Clouds and divine, ye have
 heeded and answered my prayer.
 Heard ye their sound, and the thunder around, as it
 thrilled through the petrified air?

Streps.—Yes, by Zeus, and I shake, and I'm all of a quake, and
I fear I must sound a reply,

Their thunders have made my soul so afraid, and those
terrible voices so nigh:

So if lawful or not, I must run to a pot; by Zeus, if I
stop I shall die.

Socr.—Don't act in our schools like those Comedy-fools with
their scurrilous scandalous ways.

Deep silence be thine: while this Cluster divine their
soul-stirring melody raise.

Chorus.—

Come then with me,

Daughters of Mist, to the land of the free.

Come to the people whom Pallas hath blest,

Come to the soil where the Mysteries rest;

Come, where the glorified Temple invites

The pure to partake of its mystical rites:

Holy the gifts that are brought to the Gods,

Shrines with festoons and with garlands are crowned,

Pilgrims resort to the sacred abodes,

Gorgeous the festivals all the year round.

And the Bromian rejoicings in Spring,

When the flutes with their deep music ring,

And the sweetly-toned Choruses sing

Come away! Come away!

Streps.—O Socrates pray, by all the Gods, say, for I earnestly
long to be told,

Who are these that recite with such grandeur and might?
are they glorified mortals of old?

Socr.—No mortals are there, but Clouds of the air, great Gods
who the indolent fill:

These grant us discourse, and logical force, and the art
of persuasion instil,

And periphrasis strange, and a power to arrange, and a
marvelous judgment and skill.

Streps.—So then when I heard their omnipotent word, my
spirit felt all of a flutter,

And it yearns to begin subtle cobwebs to spin and about
metaphysics to stutter,

And together to glue an idea or two, and battle away
in replies:

So if it's not wrong, I earnestly long to behold them
myself with my eyes.

Socr.—Look up in the air, toward Parnes, out there, for I see
they will pitch before long

These regions about.

Streps.—Where? point me them out.

Socr.—They are drifting, an infinite throng,
And their long shadows quake over valley and brake.

Streps.—Why, whatever's the matter to-day?

I can't see them a bit.

Socr.—There, they're close by the pit.

Streps.—Ah, I just got a glimpse, by the way.

Socr.—There, now you must see how glorious they be, or your
eyes must be pumpkins, I vow.

Streps.—Ah! I see them proceed; I should think so indeed:
great powers! they fill everything now.

Socr.—So then till this day that celestials were they, you
never imagined nor knew?

Streps.—Why, no, on my word, for I always had heard they
were nothing but vapor and dew.

Socr.—O, then I declare, you can't be aware that 'tis these who
the sophists protect,

Prophets sent beyond sea, quacks of every degree, fops
signet-and-jewel-bedecked,

Astrological knaves, and fools who their staves of dithy-
rambs proudly rehearse—

'Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease, be-
cause they exalt them in verse.

Streps.—'Tis for this then they write of "the terrible might of
the light-flashing, rain-splashing Cloud,"

And "the dankmatted curls, which the Tempest God
whirls," and "the blasts with their trumpets so loud,"

And "birds of the sky floating upward on high," and
"Clouds of first water, which drown

With their soft falling dew the great Ether so blue," and
then in return they gulp down

Huge cutlets of pike, and game if they like, most delicate
game in its season.

Socr.—And is it not right such praise to requite?

Streps.—Ah, but tell me then what is the reason

That if, as you say, they are Clouds, they to-day are
regular women and true?

For the ones in the air are not women, I swear.

Socr.—Why, what do they seem then to you?

Streps.—I can't say very well, but they straggle and swell like
fleeces spread out in the skies;

Not like women they flit, no, by Zeus, not a bit, but
these have mouths, noses and eyes.

Socr.—Well, now then, attend to this question, my friend.

Streps.—Look sharp, and propound it to me.

Socr.—Didst thou never espy a Cloud in the sky, which a
centaur or leopard might be,

Or a wolf, or a cow?

Streps.—Very often, I vow: and shew me the cause, I entreat.

Socr.—Why, I tell you that these become just what they please,
and whenever they happen to meet

Xenophantes' heir with his long shaggy hair, or one of
those monsters hirsute:

Forthwith they appear like Centaurs, to jeer the ridic-
ulous look of the brute.

Streps.—What then do they do if Simon they view, that fraud-
ulent harpy to shame?

Socr.—Why, his nature to show to us mortals below, a wolfish
appearance they frame.

Streps.—O, they then I ween having yesterday seen Cleonymus
quaking with fear,

(Him who threw off his shield as he fled from the field),
metamorphosed themselves into deer.

Socr.—Yes, and now they espy soft Cleisthenes nigh, and
therefore as women appear.

Streps.—O then without fail, All hail! and All hail! my wel-
come receive; and reply

With your voices so fine, so grand and divine, majestic
Queens of the Sky!

Chor.—Our welcome to thee, old man, who would see the mar-
vels that science can show:

And thou, the high-priest of this subtlety feast, say what
would you have us bestow?

Since there is not a sage for whom we'd engage our
wonders more freely to do,

Except, it may be, for Prodicus: he for his knowledge
may claim them, but you,

Because as you go, you glance to and fro, and in dignified
arrogance float,

And think shoes a disgrace, and put on a grave face,
your acquaintance with us to denote.

Streps.—Oh Earth! what a sound, how august and profound!
it fills me with wonder and awe.

Socr.—These, these then alone, for true Deities own, the rest
are all God-ships of straw.

Streps.—Let Zeus be left out: He's a God beyond doubt: come,
that you can scarcely deny.

Socr.—Zeus, indeed! there's no Zeus: don't you be so obtuse.

Streps.—No Zeus up aloft in the sky!

Then, you first must explain, who it is sends the rain;
or I really must think you are wrong.

Socr.—Well then, be it known, these send it alone: I can prove
it by arguments strong.

Was there ever a shower seen to fall in an hour when
the sky was all cloudless and blue?

Yet on a fine day, when the Clouds are away, he might
send one, according to you.

Streps.—Well, it must be confessed, that chimes in with the
rest: your words I am forced to believe.

Yet before, I had dreamed that the rain-water streamed
from Zeus and his chamber-pot sieve.

But whence then, my friend, does the thunder descend?
that does make me quake with affright!

Socr.—Why, 'tis they, I declare, as they roll through the air.

Streps.—What! the Clouds? Did I hear you aright?

Socr.—Ay: for when to the brim filled with water they swim,
by Necessity carried along,

They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky, and
so by Necessity strong

In the midst of their course, they clash with great force,
and thunder away without end.

Streps.—But is it not He who compels this to be? does not
Zeus this Necessity send?

Socr.—No Zeus have we there, but a Vortex of air.

Streps.—What! Vortex? that's something, I own.

I knew not before, that Zeus was no more, but Vortex
was placed on his throne!

But I have not yet heard to what cause you referred the
thunder's majestic roar.

Socr.—Yes, 'tis they, when on high full of water they fly, and
then, as I told you before,

By Compression impelled, as they clash, are compelled a
terrible clatter to make.

Streps.—Come, how can that be? I really don't see.

Socr.—Yourself as my proof I will take.

Have you never then ate the broth-puddings you get
when the Panathenæa comes round,

And felt with what might your bowels all night in tur-
bulent tumult resound?

Streps.—By Apollo, 'tis true, there's a mighty to-do, and my
belly keeps rumbling about;

And the puddings begin to clatter within and to kick
up a wonderful rout:

Quite gently at first, papapax, papapax, but soon pappapax
pappax away,

Till at last, I'll be bound, I can thunder as loud, papa-
pappappapappax, as they.

Socr.—Shalt thou then a sound so loud and profound from thy
belly diminutive send,

And shall not the high and the infinite Sky go thunder-
ing on without end?

For both, you will find, on an impulse of wind and
similar causes depend.

Streps.—Well, but tell me from whom comes the bolt through
the gloom, with its awful and terrible flashes;

And wherever it turns, some it singes and burns, and
some it reduces to ashes!

For this 'tis quite plain, let who will send the rain, that Zeus against perjurers dashes.

Socr.—And how, you old fool of a dark-ages school, and an antediluvian wit,

If the perjured they strike, and not all men alike, have they never Cleonymus hit?

Then of Simon again, and Theorus explain: known perjurers, yet they escape.

But he smites his own shrine with these arrows divine, and "Sunium, Attica's cape,"

And the ancient gnarled oaks: now what prompted those strokes? They never forswore I should say.

Streps.—Can't say that they do: your words appear true. Whence comes then the thunderbolt, pray?

Socr.—When a wind that is dry, being lifted on high, is suddenly pent into these,

It swells up their skin, like a bladder, within, by Necessity's changeless decrees:

Till compressed very tight, it bursts them outright, and away with an impulse so strong,

That at last by the force and the swing of its course, it takes fire as it whizzes along.

Streps.—That's exactly the thing that I suffered one Spring, at the great feast of Zeus, I admit:

I'd a paunch in the pot, but I wholly forgot about making the safety-valve slit.

So it spluttered and swelled, while the saucepan I held, till at last with a vengeance it flew:

Took me quite by surprise, dung-bespattered my eyes, and scalded my face black and blue!

Chor.—O thou who wouldst fain great wisdom attain, and comest to us in thy need,

All Hellas around shall thy glory resound, such a prosperous life thou shalt lead:

So thou art but endued with a memory good, and accustomed profoundly to think,

And thy soul wilt inure all wants to endure, and from no undertaking to shrink,

And art hardy and bold, to bear up against cold, and
with patience a supper thou lovest:
Nor too much dost incline to gymnastics and wine, but
all lusts of the body refusest:
And esteemest it best, what is always the test of a truly
intelligent brain,
To prevail and succeed whensoever you plead, and hosts
of tongue-conquests to gain.

Streps.—But as far as a sturdy soul is concerned and a horrible
restless care,
And a belly that pines and wears away on the wretched-
est, frugalest fare,
You may hammer and strike as long as you like; I am
quite invincible there.

Socr.—Now then you agree in rejecting with me the Gods you
believed in when young,
And my creed you'll embrace "I believe in wide Space,
in the Clouds, in the eloquent Tongue."

Streps.—If I happened to meet other God in the street, I'd show
the cold shoulder, I vow.
No libation I'll pour: not one victim more on their altars
I'll sacrifice now.

Chor.—Now be honest and true, and say what we shall do:
since you never shall fail of our aid,
If you hold us most dear in devotion and fear, and will
ply the philosopher's trade.

Streps.—O Ladies Divine, small ambition is mine: I only most
modestly seek,
Out and out for the rest of my life to be best of the
children of Hellas to speak.

Chor.—Say no more of your care, we have granted your prayer:
and know from this moment that none
More acts shall pass through in the People than you:
such favor from us you have won.

Streps.—Not acts, if you please: I want nothing of these: this
gift you may quickly withdraw;
But I wish to succeed, just enough for my need, and to
slip through the clutches of law.

Chor.—This then you shall do, for your wishes are few: not many nor great your demands,

So away with all care from henceforth and prepare to be placed in our votaries' hands.

Streps.—This then will I do, confiding in you, for Necessity presses me sore,

And so sad is my life, 'twixt my cobs and my wife, that I cannot put up with it more.

So now, at your word, I give and afford

My body to these, to treat as they please,

To have and to hold, in squalor, in cold,

In hunger and thirst, yea, by Zeus, at the worst,

To be flayed out of shape from my heels to my nape

So along with my hide from my duns I escape,

And to men may appear without conscience or fear,

Bold, hasty and wise, a concocter of lies,

A rattler to speak, a dodger, a sneak,

A regular claw of the tables of law,

A shuffler complete, well worn in deceit,

A supple, unprincipled, troublesome cheat;

A hang-dog accurst, a bore with the worst,

In the tricks of the jury-courts thoroughly versed.

If all that I meet this praise shall repeat,

Work away as you choose, I will nothing refuse,

Without any reserve, from my head to my shoes.

You shan't see me wince though my gutlets you mince,

And these entrails of mine for a sausage combine,

Served up for the gentlemen students to dine.

Chor.—Well said, old man, thy soul is great;

I love a heart that smiles at fate.

Do this for me, and thou shalt be

Known unto fame eternally.

Streps.—Known where?

Chor.—With us in bliss divine

An envied life for aye is thine.

Streps.—O that I may behold that day.

Chor.—Then round thy doors shall many a client linger,

With pleas and briefs thy counsel to retain,

And deep the riches thou may'st hope to finger;
Vast though thy wisdom, vaster far thy gain.
Here, take the old man, and do all that you can, your
new-fashioned thoughts to instil,
And stir up his mind with your notions refined, and test
him with judgment and skill.

Socr.—Come, now, you tell me something of your habits:
For if I don't know them I can't determine
What engines I must bring to bear upon you.

Streps.—Eh! what? Not going to storm me, by the Gods?

Socr.—No, no: I want to ask you a few questions.
First: is your memory good?

Streps.—Two ways, by Zeus:
If I'm owed anything, I'm mindful, very:
But if I owe (Oh! dear), forgetful, very.

Socr.—Well, then: have you the gift of speaking in you?

Streps.—The gift of speaking, no: of cheating, yes.

Socr.—No? how then can you learn?

Streps.—O, well enough.

Socr.—Then when I throw you out some clever notion
About the laws of nature, you must catch it.

Streps.—What! must I snap up sapience, in dog-fashion?

Socr.—O! why, the man's an ignorant old savage:
I fear, my friend, that you'll require the whip.
Come, if one strikes you, what do you do?

Streps.—I'm struck:
Then in a little while I call my witness:
Then in another little while I summon him.

Socr.—Put off your cloak.

Streps.—Why, what have I done wrong?

Socr.—O, nothing, nothing: all go in here naked.

Streps.—Well, but I have not come with a search-warrant.

Socr.—Fool! throw it off.

Streps.—Well, tell me this one thing:
If I'm extremely careful and attentive,
Which of your students shall I most resemble?

Socr.—Why, Chærephon. You'll be his very image.

Streps.—What! I shall be half dead! O me, poor devil.

Socr.—Don't chatter there, but come and follow me;
Make haste, now, quicker, here.

Streps.—O, but do first

Give me a honied cake: Zeus! how I tremble,
To go down there, as if to see Trophonius.

Socr.—Go on! why stand you pottering round the door?

Chor.—Yes! go, and succeed, and may all the Gods speed
So manly a deed!

May good fortune help thee through,
Thou, who at an age like thine,
Seekest with discoveries new
Thine old nature to imbue,
In philosophy to shine.

O spectators, I will utter honest truths with accents free.
Yea! by mighty Dionysus, Him who bred and nurtured
me.

So may I be deemed a poet, and this day obtain the prize,
As till that unhappy blunder I had always held you wise,
And of all my plays esteeming this the wisest and the
best,

Served it up for your enjoyment, which had, more than
all the rest,

Cost me thought, and time, and labor: then most scandalously treated,

I retired in mighty dudgeon, by unworthy foes defeated.
This is why I blame your critics, for whose sake I framed
the play:

Yet the clever ones amongst you even now I won't betray.
No! for ever since from judges unto whom 'tis joy to
speak,

Brothers profligate and modest gained the prize we
fondly seek,

When, for I was yet a virgin, and it was not right to
bear,

I exposed it, and another did the foundling nurse with
care,

But 'twas ye who nobly nurtured, ye who brought it up
with skill—

From that hour I proudly cherish pledges of your sure
good will.

Now then comes its sister hither, like Electra in the play,
Comes in earnest expectation kindred minds to meet to-
day;

She will recognize full surely, if she find, her brother's
tress.

And observe how pure her morals: who, to notice first
her dress,

Enters not with filthy symbols on her modest garments
hung,

Jeering bald-heads, dancing ballets, for the laughter of
the young.

In this play no wretched grey-beard with a staff his
fellow pokes,

So obscuring from the audience all the poorness of his
jokes.

No one rushes in with torches, no one groans, "Oh, dear!
Oh, dear!"

Trusting in its genuine merits comes this play before
you here.

Yet, though such a hero-poet, I, the bald-head, do not
grow

Curling ringlets: neither do I twice or thrice my pieces
show.

Always fresh ideas sparkle, always novel jests delight,
Nothing like each other, save that all are most exceed-
ing bright.

I am he who floored the giant, Cleon, in his hour of pride,
Yet when down I scorned to strike him, and I left him
where he died!

But the others, when a handle once Hyperbolus did lend,
Trample down the wretched caitiff, and his mother,
without end.

In his *Maricas the Drunkard*, Eupolis the charge began,
Shamefully my *Knights* distorting, as he is a shameful
man,

Tacking on the tipsy beldame, just the ballet-dance to keep,
Phrynichus' prime invention, ate by monsters of the deep.

Then Hermippus on the caitiff opened all his little skill,
And the rest upon the caitiff are their wit exhausting still;

And my simile to pilfer "of the Eels" they all combine.
Whoso laughs at their productions, let him not delight in mine.

But for you who praise my genius, you who think my writings clever,
Ye shall gain a name for wisdom, yea! for ever and for ever.

O mighty God, O Heavenly King,
To thee my earliest vows I bring,
O listen, Zeus, and hear me sing.

And thou, dread power, whose trident's sweep
Heaves up the earth and the briny deep—
And thou, our own great father and lord,
The life-giving Æther, by sages adored—

And thou—beloved, revered by all
In earth, in heaven, whose rays of gold
The world's vast plains in glory fold,
Bright Sun, to thee I call!

O most sapient wise spectators, hither turn attention due,
We complain of sad ill-treatment, we've a bone to pick with you:

We have ever helped your city, helped with all our might and main;

Yet you pay us no devotion, that is why we now complain.

We who always watch around you. For if any project seems

Ill-concocted, then we thunder; then the rain comes down in streams.

And, remember, very lately, how we knit our brows together,

"Thunders crashing, lightnings flashing," never was such awful weather;

And the Moon in haste eclipsed her, and the Sun in anger
swore

He would curl his wick within him and give light to you
no more,

Should you choose that cursed reptile, Cleon, whom the
Gods abhor,

Tanner, Slave and Paphlagonian, to lead out your hosts
to war.

Yet you chose him! yet you chose him! For they say
that Folly grows

Best and finest in this city, but the gracious Gods dispose
Always all things for the better, causing errors to suc-
ceed:

And how this sad job may profit, surely he who runs
may read.

Let the cormorant be convicted, in command, of bribes
and theft;

Let us have him gagged and muzzled, in the pillory
chained and left,

Then again, in ancient fashion, all that ye have erred
of late,

Will turn out your own advantage, and a blessing to the
State.

“Still unto thee, to thee alone,”

Apollo, with thine awful throne

Upreared on Cynthus’ high-peaked stone:—

Thou at whose shrine on the festal day

The daughters of Ephesus kneel and pray:—

Thou with the Ægis of Zeus in thine hand,

Athenè, the guardian, the queen of our land:—

And thou whose torches brightly shine

The deep Parnassian glades among,

Come, Bacchus, with thy Mænad throng,

Come, Reveller most divine!

We, when we had finished packing, and prepared our
journey down.

Met the Lady Moon, who charged us with a message for
your town.

First, All hail to noble Athens, and her faithful true
allies;

Then, she said, your shameful conduct made her angry
 passions rise,
 Treating her so ill who always aids you, not in words,
 but clearly;
 Saves you, first of all, in torchlight every month a
 drachma nearly,
 So that each one says, if business calls him out from
 home by night,
 "Buy no link, my boy, this evening, for the Moon will
 lend her light."
 Other blessings, too, she sends you, yet you will not
 mark your days
 As she bids you, but confuse them, jumbling them all
 sorts of ways.
 And, she says, the Gods in chorus shower reproaches on
 her head,
 When in bitter disappointment they go supperless to bed,
 Not obtaining festal banquets, duly on the festal day;
 Ye are badgering in the law-courts when ye should arise
 and slay!
 And full oft when we celestials some strict fast are duly
 keeping,
 For the fate of mighty Memnon, or divine Sarpedon
 weeping,
 Then you feast and pour libations: and Hyperbolus of
 late
 Lost the crown he wore so proudly as Recorder of the
 Gate,
 Through the wrath of us immortals: so perchance he'll
 rather know
 Always all his days in future by the Lady Moon to go.

Socr.—Never by Chaos, Air and Respiration,
 Never, no never have I seen a clown
 So helpless, and forgetful, and absurd!
 Why, if he learns a subtlety or two
 He's lost them ere he's learnt them: all the same,
 I'll call him out of doors here to the light.
 Take up your bed, Strepsiades, and come!

Streps.—By Zeus, I can't: the bugs make such resistance.

Socr.—Make haste. There, throw it down and listen.

Streps.—Well!

Socr.—Attend to me: what shall I teach you first
That I've not taught you yet? Come now, decide:
Would you learn tunes, or measures, or heroics?

Streps.—O! measures, to be sure: for very lately
A grocer swindled me of full three pints.

Socr.—I don't mean that: but which do you like the best
Of all the measures; six feet or eight feet?

Streps.—Well, I like nothing better than the yard.

Socr.—Fool! don't talk nonsense.

Streps.—What will you bet me now
That two yards don't exactly make six feet?

Socr.—O go to pot, ridiculous old blockhead!
Still, perhaps you can learn tunes more easily.

Streps.—But will tunes help me to repair my fortunes?

Socr.—They'll help you to behave in company:
If you can tell which kind of tune is best
For the sword-dance, and which for finger music.

Streps.—For fingers! aye, but I know that.

Socr.—Say on, then.

Streps.—What is it but this finger? though before,
Ere this was grown, I used to play with that.

Socr.—Insufferable dolt!

Streps.—Well, but, you goose,
I don't want to learn this.

Socr.—What do you want, then?

Streps.—Teach me the Logic! teach me the unjust Logic!

Socr.—But you must learn some other matters first:
As, what are the males among the quadrupeds.

Streps.—I should be mad, indeed, not to know that.
The ram, the bull, the goat, the dog, the fowl.

Socr.—Ah! there you are! there's a mistake at once!
You call the male and female fowl the same.

Streps.—How! tell me how.

Socr.—Why, fowl and fowl, of course

Streps.—That's true, though! what then shall I say in future?

Socr.—Call this a fowless and the other a fowl.

Streps.—A fowless? Good! Bravo! Bravo! by Air.

Now for that one bright piece of information
I'll give you a barley bumper in your trough.

Socr.—Look there, a fresh mistake; you called it trough,
Masculine, when it's feminine.

Streps.—How, pray?

How did I make it masculine?

Socr.—Why, "trough,"

Just like "Cleonymus."

Streps.—I don't quite catch it.

Socr.—Why, "trough," "Cleonymus," both masculine.

Streps.—Ah, but Cleonymus has got no trough,
His bread is kneaded in a rounded mortar:
Still, what must I say in future?

Socr.—What! why, call it

A "troughess," female, just as one says "an actress."

Streps.—A "troughess," female?

Socr.—Quite correct, you've hit it.

Streps.—O "troughess," then, and Miss Cleonymus.

Socr.—Still you must learn some more about these names;
Which are the names of men and which of women.

Streps.—Oh, I know which are women.

Socr.—Well, repeat some.

Streps.—Demetria, Cleitagora, Philinna.

Socr.—Now, tell me some men's names.

Streps.—O yes, ten thousand.

Philon, Melesias, Amynias.

Socr.—Hold! I said men's names: these are women's names.

Streps.—No, no, they're men's.

Socr.—They are not men's, for how

Would you address Amynias if you met him?

Streps.—How? somehow thus: "Here, here Amynia!"

Socr.—Amynia! a woman's name, you see.

Streps.—And rightly, too; a sneak who shirks all service!

But all know this: let's pass to something else.

Socr.—Well, then, you get into the bed.

Streps.—And then?

Socr.—Excogitate about your own affairs.

Streps.—Not there: I do beseech, not there: at least

Let me excogitate on the bare ground.

Socr.—There is no way but that.

Streps.—Poor devil, I!

How I shall suffer from the bugs to-day.

Chor.—Now then survey in every way, with airy judgment
sharp and quick:

Wrapping thoughts around you thick:

And if so be in one you stick,

Never stop to toil and bother,

Lightly, lightly, lightly leap,

To another, to another;

Far away be balmy sleep.

Streps.—Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

Chor.—What's the matter? where's the pain?

Streps.—Friends! I'm dying. From the bed

Out creep bug-bears scanty fed,

And my ribs they bite in twain,

And my life-blood out they suck,

And my manhood off they pluck,

And my loins they dig and drain,

And I'm dying, once again.

Chor.—O take not the smart so deeply to heart.

Streps.— Why, what can I do?

Vanished my skin so ruddy of hue,

Vanished my life-blood, vanished my shoe,

Vanished my purse, and what is still worse

As I hummed an old tune till my watch should be past,

I had very near vanished myself at the last.

Socr.—Hallo there, are you pondering?

Streps.—Eh! what? I?

Yes, to be sure.

Socr.—And what have your ponderings come to?

Streps.—Whether these bugs will leave a bit of me.

Socr.—Consume you, wretch!

Streps.—Faith, I'm consumed already.

Socr.—Come, come, don't flinch: pull up the clothes again:
Search out and catch some very subtle dodge
To fleece your creditors.

Streps.—O me, how can I

Fleece any one with all these fleeces on me?

(Puts his head under the clothes.)

Socr.—Come, let me peep a moment what he's doing.

Hey! he's asleep!

Streps.—No, no! no fear of that!

Socr.—Caught anything?

Streps.—No, nothing.

Socr.—Surely, something.

Streps.—Well, I had something in my hand, I'll own.

Socr.—Pull up the clothes again, and go on pondering.

Streps.—On what? now do please tell me, Socrates.

Socr.—What is it that you want? first tell me that.

Streps.—You have heard a million times what 'tis I want:
My debts! my debts! I want to shirk my debts.

Socr.—Come, come, pull up the clothes: refine your thoughts
With subtle wit: look at the case on all sides:
Mind you divide correctly.

Streps.—Ugh! O me.

Socr.—Hush: if you meet with any difficulty

Leave it a moment: then return again

To the same thought: then lift and weigh it well.

Streps.—O, here, dear Socrates!

Socr.—Well, my old friend.

Streps.—I've found a notion how to shirk my debts.

Socr.—Well then, propound it.

Streps.—What do you think of this?

Suppose I hire some grand Thessalian witch
To conjure down the Moon, and then I take it

And clap it into some round helmet-box,
And keep it fast there, like a looking-glass,—

Socr.—But what's the use of that?

Streps.—The use, quotha:

Why, if the Moon should never rise again,
I'd never pay one farthing.

Socr.—No! why not?

Streps.—Why, don't we pay our interest by the month?

Socr.—Good! now I'll proffer you another problem.

Suppose an action: damages, five talents:
Now tell me how you can evade that same.

Streps.—How! how! can't say at all: but I'll go seek.

Socr.—Don't wrap your mind forever round yourself,
But let your thoughts range freely through the air,
Like beetles with a thread about their feet.

Streps.—I've found a bright evasion of the action:
Confess yourself, 'tis glorious.

Socr.—But what is it?

Streps.—I say, haven't you seen in druggists' shops
That stone, that splendidly transparent stone,
By which they kindle fire?

Socr.—The burning glass?

Streps.—That's it: well then, I'd get me one of these,
And as the clerk was entering down my case,
I'd stand, like this, some distance toward the sun,
And burn out every line.

Socr.—By my three Graces,
A clever dodge!

Streps.—O me, how pleased I am
To have a debt like that clean blotted out.

Socr.—Come, then, make haste and snap up this.

Streps.—Well, what?

Socr.—How to prevent an adversary's suit
Supposing you were sure to lose it; tell me.

Streps.—O, nothing easier.

Socr.—How, pray?

Streps.—Why, thus,

While there was yet one trial intervening,
Ere mine was cited, I'd go hang myself.

Socr.—Absurd!

Streps.—No, by the Gods, it isn't, though:

They could not prosecute me were I dead.

Socr.—Nonsense! Be off: I'll try no more to teach you.

Streps.—Why not? do, please: now, please do, Socrates.

Socr.—Why, you forget all that you learn, directly.

Come, say what you learned first: there's a chance for you.

Streps.—Ah! what was first?—Dear me: whatever was it?—

Whatever's that we knead the barley in?—

Bless us, what was it?

Socr.—Be off, and feed the crows,

You most forgetful, most absurd old dolt!

Streps.—O me! what will become of me, poor devil!

I'm clean undone: I haven't learnt to speak.

O gracious Clouds, now do advise me something.

Chor.—Our counsel, ancient friend, is simply this,

To send your son, if you have one at home,

And let him learn this wisdom in your stead.

Streps.—Yes! I've a son, quite a fine gentleman:

But he won't learn, so what am I to do?

Chor.—What! is he master?

Streps.—Well: he's strong and vigorous,

And he's got some of the Cæsyra blood within him:

Still I'll go for him, and if he won't come,

By all the Gods I'll turn him out of doors.

Go in one moment, I'll be back directly.

Chor.—Dost thou not see how bounteous we our favors free

Will shower on you,

Since whatsoe'er you will prepare

This dupe will do.

But now that you have dazzled and elated so your man,

Make haste and seize whate'er you please as quickly as
you can,

For cases such as these, my friend, are very prone to
change and bend.

Streps.—Be off: you shan't stop here: so help me Mist!
There, run and grub at Megacles' marbles.

Pheid.—How now, my father? what's i'the wind to-day?
You're wandering; by Olympian Zeus, you are.

Streps.—Look there! Olympian Zeus! you blockhead you,
Come to your age, and yet believe in Zeus!

Pheid.—Why, prithee, what's the joke?

Streps.—'Tis so preposterous
When babes like you hold antiquated notions.
But come and I'll impart a thing or two,
A wrinkle, making you a man indeed.
But, mind: don't whisper this to any one.

Pheid.—Well, what's the matter?

Streps.—Didn't you swear by Zeus?

Pheid.—I did.

Streps.—See now, how good a thing is learning.
There is no Zeus, Pheidippides.

Pheid.—Who, then?

Streps.—Why, Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.

Pheid.—Oh me, what stuff.

Streps.—Be sure that this is so.

Pheid.—Who says so, pray?

Streps.—The Melian—Socrates,
And Chærephon, who knows about the flea-tracks.

Pheid.—And are you come to such a pitch of madness
As to put faith in brain-struck men?

Streps.—Fie! Fie!
Don't you blaspheme such very dexterous men
And sapient too: men of such frugal habits
They never shave, nor use your precious ointment,
Nor go to baths to clean themselves: but you
Have taken me for a corpse and cleaned me out.
Come, come, make haste, do go and learn for me.

Pheid.—What can one learn from them that is worth knowing?

Streps.—Learn! why, whatever's clever in the world:
And you shall learn how gross and dense you are.
But stop one moment: I'll be back directly.

Phcid.—O me! what must I do with my mad father?

Shall I indict him for his lunacy,
Or tell the undertakers of his symptoms?

Streps.—Now then! you see this, don't you? what do you call it?

Phcid.—That? why, a fowl.

Streps.—Good! now then, what is this?

Phcid.—That's a fowl, too.

Streps.—What, both! Ridiculous!

Never say that again, but mind you always
Call this a fowless and the other a fowl.

Phcid.—A fowless! These, then, are the mighty secrets

You have picked up amongst those Giants there.

Streps.—And lots besides: but everything I learn

I straight forget: I am so old and stupid.

Phcid.—And this is what you've lost your mantle for?

Streps.—It's very absent sometimes: 't isn't lost.

Phcid.—And what have you done with your shoes, you mad
old dotard?

Streps.—Like Pericles, all for the best, I've lost them.

Come, come; go with me: humor me in this,
And then do what you like. Ah! I remember
How I to humor you, a coaxing baby,
With the first obol which my judgeship fetched me
Bought you a go-cart at the great Diasia.

Phcid.—The time will come when you'll repent of this.

Streps.—Good boy to obey me. Hallo! Socrates.

Come here; come here; I've brought this son of mine,
Trouble enough, I'll warrant you.

Socr.—Poor infant

Not yet aware of my suspension-wonders.

Phcid.—You'd make a wondrous piece of ware, suspended.

Streps.—Hey! go to pot! Do you abuse the Master?

Socr.—And look, "suthsuspended!" How absurd he mouthed it

With pouting lips, and soft affected lisp.

How can *he* learn evasion of a suit,

Timely citation, damaging replies?

Hyperbolus, though, learnt them for a talent.

Streps.—O never fear! he's very sharp by nature.
For when he was a little chap, so high,
He used to build small baby-houses, boats,
Go-carts of leather, darling little frogs
Carved out of peach-stones, you can't think how nicely!
So now, I prithee, teach him both your Logics,
The Better, as you call it, and the Worse.
Which with the worse cause can defeat the Better;
Or if not both, at all events the Worse.

Socr.—Aye, with his own ears he shall hear them argue.

Streps.—Well, I must go: and do remember this,
Give him the knack of reasoning down all Justice.

Right Logic.—Come show yourself now with your confident
brow.

—To the stage, if you dare!

Wrong Logic.—"Lead on if you please:" I shall smash you with
ease,

If an audience be there.

Right L.—You'll smash me, you say! And who are you, pray?

Wrong L.—A Logic, like you.

Right L.—But the Worst of the two.

Wrong L.—Yet you I can drub whom my Better they dub.

Right L.—By what artifice taught?

Wrong L.—By original thought.

Right L.—Ah! these blockheads have made
Yours a flourishing trade.

Wrong L.—Not blockheads, but wise.

Right L.—I'll smash you and your lies!

Wrong L.—By what method, forsooth?

Right L.—By speaking the Truth.

Wrong L.—Your words I will meet, and entirely defeat:
There never *was* Justice or Truth, I repeat.

Right L.—No Justice! you say?

Wrong L.—Well, where does it stay?

Right L.—With the Gods in the air.

Wrong L.—If Justice be there,

How comes it that Zeus could his father reduce,
Yet live with their Godships unpunished and loose?

Right L.—Ugh! Ugh! These evils come thick, I feel awfully sick,

A basin, quick, quick!

Wrong L.—You musty old dame!

Right L.—You monster in shame!

Wrong L.—Hey! Roses, I swear.

Right L.—You lickspittle there!

Wrong L.—What! Lilies from you?

Right L.—You're a parricide, too!

Wrong L.—You shower gold on my head.

Right L.—Yes! it used to be lead.

Wrong L.—But now it's a grace and a glory instead.

Right L.—You're a little too bold.

Wrong L.—You're a good deal too old.

Right L.—'Tis through you I well know not a stripling will go
To attend to the rules which are taught in the Schools;
But Athens one day shall be up to the fools.

Wrong L.—How squalid your dress!

Right L.—Yours is fine, I confess.

Yet when alms to implore at every one's door
Once you borrowed the garments which Telephus wore,
You thought it a treat as you begged through the street
The scraps by Pandeletus hoarded to eat.

Wrong L.—O me! for the wisdom you've mentioned in jest!

Right L.—O me! for the folly of you, and the rest
Who you to destroy their children employ!

Wrong L.—Well, well, you'll have nothing to do with this boy.

Right L.—If not, he'll be lost, as he'll find to his cost:
Taught nothing by you but gossip untrue.

Wrong L.—He raves, as you see: let him be, let him be.

Right L.—Touch him if you dare! I bid you beware.

Chor.—Forbear, forbear to wrangle and scold!

Each of you show

You what you taught their fathers of old,
 You let us know
 Your system untried, that hearing each side
 From the lips of the Rivals the youth may decide
 To which of your schools he will go.

Right L.—This then will I do.

Wrong L.—And so will I, too.

Chor.—And who will put in his claim to begin?

Wrong L.—If he wishes, he may: I kindly give way:
 But mind that, as soon as he's finished his say,
 I will strike him and hit with sharp arrows of wit,
 And keen enigmatical proverbs emit.
 And at last if a word from his mouth shall be heard
 My sayings like fierce savage hornets shall pierce
 His forehead and eyes,
 Till in fear and distraction he yields and he—dies!

Chor.—With thoughts and words and maxims pondered well
 Now then in confidence let both begin:
 Try which his rival can in speech excel:
 Try which this perilous wordy war can win,
 Which all my votaries' hopes are fondly centred in.
 O Thou who wert born our sires to adorn with char-
 acters blameless and fair,
 Say on what you please, say on and to these your glorious
 Nature declare.

Right L.—To hear then prepare of the Discipline rare which
 flourished in Athens of yore
 When Honor and Truth were in fashion with youth and
 Frugality bloomed on our shore;
 First of all the old rule was preserved in our school that
 "boys should be seen and not heard:"
 And then to the home of the Harpist would come de-
 corous in action and word
 All the lads of one town, though the snow peppered down,
 in spite of all wind and all weather:
 And they sung an old song as they paced it along, not
 shambling with thighs glued together:
 "O the dread shout of War how it peals from afar," or
 "Pallas the Stormer adore,"

To some manly old air all simple and bare which their fathers had chanted before.

And should any one dare the tune to impair and with intricate twistings to fill,

Such as Phrynis is fain, and his long-winded train, perversely to quaver and trill,

Many stripes would he feel in return for his zeal, as to genuine Music a foe.

And every one's thigh was forward and high as they sat to be drilled in a row,

So that nothing the while indecent or vile the eye of a stranger might meet;

And then with their hand they would smooth down the sand whenever they rose from their seat,

To leave not a trace of themselves in the place for a vigilant lover to view.

They never would soil their persons with oil but were inartificial and true.

Nor tempered their throat to a soft mincing note and sighs to their lovers addressed:

Nor laid themselves out, as they strutted about, to the wanton desires of the rest:

Nor would any one dare such stimulant fare as the head of the radish to wish:

Nor to make over bold with the food of the old, the anise, and parsley, and fish:

Nor dainties to quaff, nor giggle and laugh, nor foot within foot to enfold.

Wrong L.—Faugh! this smells very strong of some musty old song, and grasshoppers mounted in gold;

And Slaughter of beasts, and old-fashioned feasts.

Right L.—Yet these are the precepts which taught

The heroes of old to be hardy and bold, and the men who at Marathon fought!

But you from the first teach the lads to be nursed with flannels and blankets increased:

So that I with my spleen half-strangled have been, when in Tritogeneia's high feast

The dancers go by with their shields to their thigh, and Athenë seems wholly forgot.

'You therefore young man, choose me while you can; cast
 in with my method your lot;
 And then you shall learn the forum to spurn, and from
 dissolute baths to abstain,
 And fashions impure and shameful abjure, and scorners
 repel with disdain:
 And rise from your chair if an elder be there, and re-
 spectfully give him your place,
 And with love and with fear your parents revere, and
 shrink from the brand of Disgrace,
 But strive with your might to copy aright the beautiful
 image of Shame,
 Nor resort any more to an actress' door, nor gape after
 "girls of the game;"
 Lest at length by the blow of the apple they throw from
 the hopes of your manhood you fall.
 Nor dare to reply when your father is nigh, nor "musty
 old Japhet" to call
 In your malice and rage that Sacred Old Age which lov-
 ingly cherished your youth.

Wrong L.—Yes, Yes, my young friend, if to him you attend, by
 Bacchus I swear of a truth

You will scarce with the sty of Hippocrates vie, as a
 mammy-suck known even there!

Right L.—But then you'll excel in the games you love well, all
 blooming, athletic and fair:

Not learning to prate as your idlers debate with mar-
 velous funny dispute,

Nor dragged into Court day by day to make sport in
 some small disagreeable suit:

But you will below to the Academe go, and under the
 olives contend

With your chaplet of reed, in a contest of speed with
 some excellent rival and friend:

All fragrant with yew and leisure time too, and the leaf
 which the white poplars fling,

When the plane whispers love to the elm in the grove
 in the beautiful season of Spring.

If then you'll obey and do what I say

And follow with me the more excellent way,
Your chest shall be white, your skin shall be bright,
Your arms shall be tight, your tongue shall be slight,
And everything else shall be proper and right.
But if you pursue what men now-a-days do,
You shall have, to begin, a cold pallid skin,
Arms small and chest weak, tongue practised to speak,
Special laws very long, and the symptoms all strong
Which show that your life is licentious and wrong.
And your mind he'll prepare so that foul to be fair
And fair to be foul you shall always declare;
Till with vices so grim you are filled to the brim
That the filthy Antimachus claims you for him!

Chorus.—O glorious Sage! with loveliest wisdom teeming!

Sweet on thy words does ancient Virtue rest!

Thrice happy they who watched thy youth's bright
beaming!

Thou of the vaunted genius, do thy best;

This man has gained applause: His wisdom stands con-
fest.

And you with clever words and thoughts must needs
your case adorn,

Else he will surely win the day, and you retreat with
scorn.

Wrong L.—Aye, say you so? why I have been half-burst; I do
so long

To meet his thoughts with thoughts more clear, his
words with words more strong.

I am the Lesser Logic? True: these Schoolmen call
me so,

Simply because I was the first of all mankind to show
How old established rules and laws might contradicted be:
And this, as you may guess, is worth a thousand pounds
to me,

To take the feebler arguments, and win the disputation.
And mark me now how I'll confute his boasted edu-
cation!

You said that always from warm baths the stripling
must abstain:

Why must he? on what grounds do you of these warm baths complain?

Right L.—Why, it's the worst thing possible, it quite unstrings a man.

Wrong L.—Hold there: I've got you round the waist: escape me if you can.

And first: of all the sons of Zeus, which think you was the best?

Which was the manliest? which endured more toils than all the rest?

Right L.—Well, I suppose that Heracles was bravest and most bold.

Wrong L.—And are the baths of Heracles so wonderfully cold? Aha! you blame warm baths, I think.

Right L.—This, this is what they say:

This is the stuff our precious youths are chattering all the day!

This is what makes them haunt the baths, and shun the manlier games!

Wrong L.—Well then, we'll take the Forum next: I praise it, and he blames.

But if it was so bad, do you think old Homer would have made

Nestor and all his worthies ply a real forensic trade?

Well: then he says a stripling's tongue should always idle be:

I say it should be used, of course: so there we disagree. And next he says you must be chaste. A most preposterous plan!

Come, tell me did you ever know one single blessed man Gain the least good by chastity? come, prove I'm wrong: make haste.

Right L.—Yes, many, many! Peleus gained a sword by being chaste.

Wrong L.—A sword indeed! a wondrous meed poor devil he obtained.

Hyperbolus the lamp-maker hath many a talent gained By knavish tricks which I have taught: but not a sword, no, no!

Right L.—Well, Peleus did to his chaste life the bed of Thetis owe.

Wrong L.—And then she cut and ran away! for nothing so engages

A woman's heart as forward warmth, old shred of those dark ages!

For take this chastity, young man: sift it inside and out: Count all the pleasures, all the joys, it bids you live without:

No kind of dames, no kind of games, no laughing, eating, drinking—

Why, life itself is little worth without these joys, I'm thinking.

Well I must notice now the wants by Nature's self implanted;

You love, seduce, you can't help that, you're caught, convicted. Granted.

You're done for; you can't say one word: while if you follow me

Indulge your genius, laugh and quaff, hold nothing base to be.

Why, if you're in adultery caught, your pleas will still be ample:

You've done no wrong, you'll say, and then bring Zeus as your example.

He fell before the wondrous powers by Love and Beauty wielded:

And how can you, the Mortal, stand, where He, the Immortal, yielded?

Right L.—Aye, but suppose in spite of all, he must be wedged and sanded:

Won't he be probed, or else can you prevent it? now be candid.

Wrong L.—And what's the damage if it should be so?

Right L.—What greater damage can the young man know?

Wrong L.—What will you do, if this dispute I win?

Right L.—I'll be forever silent.

Wrong L.—Good, begin.

The Counsellor: from whence comes he?

Right L.—From probed adulterers.

Wrong L.—I agree.

The Tragic Poets: whence are they?

Right L.—From probed adulterers.

Wrong L.—So I say.

The Orators: what class of men?

Right L.—All probed adulterers.

Wrong L.—Right again.

You feel your error, I'll engage,
But look once more around the stage,
Survey the audience, which they be,
Probed or not probed.

Right L.—I see, I see.

Wrong L.—Well, give your verdict.

Right L.—It must go

For probed adulterers: him I know,
And him, and him: the probed are most.

Wrong L.—How stand we then?

Right L.—I own, I've lost.

O Cinæds, Cinæds, take my robe!
Your words have won, to you I run
To live and die with glorious Probe!

Socr.—Well, what do you want? to take away your son
At once, or shall I teach him how to speak?

Streps.—Teach him, and flog him, and be sure you well
Sharpen his mother wit, grind the one edge
Fit for my little lawsuits, and the other
Why, make that serve for more important matters.

Socr.—O, never fear! He'll make a splendid sophist.

Streps.—Well, well, I hope he'll be a poor, pale rascal.

Chorus.—Go: but in us the thought is strong, you will repent
of this ere long.

Now we wish to tell the Judges all the blessings they
shall gain

If, as Justice plainly warrants, we the worthy prize ob-
tain.

First, whenever in the Season ye would fain your fields
renew,

All the world shall wait expectant till we've poured our
rain on you:
Then of all your crops and vineyards we will take the
utmost care
So that neither drought oppress them, nor the heavy
rain impair.
But if any one amongst you dare to treat our claims
with scorn,
Mortal he, the Clouds immortal, better had he ne'er been
born!
He from his estates shall gather neither corn, nor oil,
nor wine,
For whenever blossoms sparkle on the olive or the vine
They shall all at once be blighted: we will ply our slings
so true.
And if ever we behold him building up his mansions
new,
With our tight and nipping hailstones we will all his
tiles destroy.
But if he, his friends or kinsfolk, would a marriage-
feast enjoy,
All night long we'll pour in torrents: so perchance he'll
rather pray
To endure the drought of Egypt, than decide amiss to-
day!

Streps.—The fifth, the fourth, the third, and then the second,
And then that day which more than all the rest
I loathe and shrink from and abominate,
Then comes at once that hateful Old-and-New day.
And every single blessed dun has sworn
He'll stake the pledge, and ruin and destroy me.
And when I make a modest small request,
"O my good friend, part don't exact at present,
And part defer, and part remit," they swear;
So they shall never touch it, and abuse me
As a rank swindler, threatening me with actions.
Now let them bring their actions! Who's afraid?
Not I: if these have taught my son to speak.
But here's the door: I'll knock and soon find out.
Ho there. Boy, Boy!

Socr.—I clasp Strepsiades.

Streps.—And I clasp you: but take this meal-bag first.
This is the way to glorify one's tutors.
But tell me, tell me, has my son yet learnt
That Second Logic which he saw just now?

Socr.—He hath.

Streps.—Hurrah! great sovereign Knavery!

Socr.—You may escape whatever suit you please.

Streps.—What, if I borrowed before witnesses?

Socr.—Before a thousand, and the more the merrier.

Streps.—"Then shall my song be loud and deep."
Weep, obol-weighers, weep, weep, weep,
Ye, and your principals, and compound interests,
For ye shall never pester me again.
Such a son have I bred,
(He is within this door),
Born to inspire my foemen with dread,
Born his old father's house to restore:
Keen and polished of tongue is he,
He my champion and guard shall be,
He will set his old father free,
Run you, and call him forth to me.
"O my child! O my sweet! come out I entreat;
'Tis the voice of your sire."

Socr.—Here's the man you require.

Streps.—Joy, joy of my heart!

Socr.—Take your son and depart.

Streps.—O come, O come, my son, my son,
O dear! O dear!
O joy, to see your beautiful complexion!
Aye now you have an aspect negative
And disputative, and our native query
Shines forth there "What d'ye say?" You've the true face
Which rogues put on, of injured innocence.
You have the regular Attic look about you.
So now, you save me, for 'twas you undid me.

Pheid.—What is it ails you?

Streps.—Why the Old-and-New day.

Pheid.—And is there such a day as Old-and-New?

Streps.—Yes: that's the day they mean to stake their gages.

Pheid.—They'll lose them if they stake them. What! do you think

That one day can be two days, both together?

Streps.—Why, can't it be so?

Pheid.—Surely not; or else

A woman might at once be old and young.

Streps.—Still, the law says so.

Pheid.—True: but I believe

They don't quite understand it.

Streps.—You explain it.

Pheid.—Old Solon had a democratic turn.

Streps.—Well, but that's nothing to the Old-and-New.

Pheid.—Hence then he fixed that summonses be issued
On these two days, the old one and the new one,
So that the stakes be pledged on the New-month.

Streps.—What made him add "the old" then?

Pheid.—I will tell you.

He wished the litigants to meet on *that* day
And compromise their quarrels: if they could not,
Then 'let them fight it out on the New-month.

Streps.—Why then do magistrates receive the stakes
On the Old-and-New instead of the New-month?

Pheid.—Well, I believe they act like the Foretasters.
They wish to bag the stakes as soon as possible,
And thus they gain a whole day's foretaste of them.

Streps.—Aha! poor dupes, why sit ye mooning there
Game for us Artful Dodgers, you dull stones,
You ciphers, lambkins, butts piled up together!
O! my success inspires me, and I'll sing
Glad eulogies on me and thee, my son.

*"Man, most blessed, most divine,
What a wondrous wit is thine,
What a son to grace thy line,"*

Friends and neighbors day by day

Thus will say,

When with envious eyes my suits they see thee win:

But first I'll feast you, so come in, my son, come in.

Pasias.—What! must a man lose his own property!

No: never, never. Better have refused

With a bold face, than be so plagued as this.

See! to get paid my own just debts, I'm forced

To drag you to bear witness, and what's worse

I needs must quarrel with my townsman here.

Well, I won't shame my country, while I live,

I'll go to law, I'll summon him.

Streps.—Hallo!

Pas.—To the next Old-and-New.

Streps.—Bear witness, all!

He named two days. Well! what do you want with me?

Pas.—The fifty pounds I lent you when you bought

That iron-gray.

Streps.—Just listen to the fellow!

The whole world knows that I detest all horses.

Pas.—I swear you swore by all the Gods to pay me.

Streps.—Well, now I swear I won't: Phidippides

Has learnt since then the unanswerable Logic.

Pas.—And will you therefore shirk my just demand?

Streps.—Of course I will: else why should he have learnt it?

Pas.—And will you dare forswear it by the Gods?

Streps.—The Gods indeed! What Gods?

Pas.—Poseidon, Hermes, Zeus.

Streps.—By Zeus I would,

Though I gave two-pence half-penny for the privilege.

Pas.—Consume you for a brazen-faced blasphemer!

Streps.—Hallo! this butt should be rubbed down with salt.

Pas.—Zounds! you deride me!

Streps.—Why, 'twill hold four gallons.

Pas.—You 'scape me not, by Mighty Zeus, and all

The Gods!

Streps.—I wonderfully like the Gods;

An oath by Zeus is sport to knowing ones.

Pas.—Sooner or later you'll repent of this.

Come, do you mean to pay your debts or don't you?

Tell me, and I'll be off.

Streps.—Now, do have patience;

I'll give you a clear answer in one moment.

Pas.—What do you think he'll do?

Witness.—I think he'll pay you.

Streps.—Where is that horrid dun? O here: now tell me

What you call this.

Pas.—What I call that? a trough.

Streps.—Heavens! what a fool: and do you want your money?

I'd never pay one penny to a fellow

Who calls my troughness, trough. So there's your answer.

Pas.—Then you won't pay me?

Streps.—No, not if I know it.

Come, put your best foot forward, and be off:

March off, I say, this instant!

Pas.—May I die

If I don't go at once and stake my gage!

Streps.—No, don't: the fifty pounds are loss enough:

And really on my word I would not wish you

To lose this, too, just for one silly blunder.

Amyntas.—Ah me! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Streps.—Hallo! who's that making that horrible noise?

Not one of Carcinus' snivelling Gods?

Amyntas.—Who cares to know what I am? what imports it?

A woeful man.

Streps.—O! get about your business.

Amyntas.—"O heavy fate!" "O Fortune, thou hast broken

My chariot wheels!" "Thou hast undone me, Pallas!"

Streps.—How! has Tlepolemus been at you, man?

Amyntas.—Jeer me not, friend, but tell your worthy son

To pay me back the money which I lent him:

I'm in a bad way and the times are pressing.

Streps.—What money do you mean?

Amyn.—Why, what he borrowed.

Streps.—You are in a bad way, I really think.

Amyn.—Driving my four-wheel out I fell, by Zeus.

Streps.—You rave as if you'd fall'n times out-of-mind.

Amyn.—I rave? how so? I only claim my own.

Streps.—You can't be quite right, surely.

Amyn.—Why, what mean you?

Streps.—I shrewdly guess your brain's received a shake.

Amyn.—I shrewdly guess that you'll receive a summons
If you don't pay my money.

Streps.—Well then tell me,

Which theory do you side with, that the rain
Falls fresh each time, or that the Sun draws back
The same old rain, and sends it down again?

Amyn.—I'm very sure I neither know nor care.

Streps.—Not care! good heavens! And do you claim **your**
money,

So unenlightened in the laws of Nature?

Amyn.—If you're hard up then, pay me back the Interest
At least.

Streps.—Int-er-est? what kind of a beast is that?

Amyn.—What else than day by day and month by month
Larger and larger still the silver grows
As time sweeps by.

Streps.—Finely and nobly said.

What then! think you the Sea is larger now
Than 'twas last year?

Amyn.—No surely, 'tis no larger:
It is not right it should be.

Streps.—And do you then,

Insatiable grasper! when the Sea,
Receiving all these rivers, grows no larger,
Do you desire your silver to grow larger?
Come now you prosecute your journey off!
Here, fetch the whip.

Amyn.—Bear witness, I appeal.

Streps.—Be off! what, won't you? Gee up, forester!

Amyn.—I say! a clear assault!

Streps.—You won't be off?

I'll stimulate you; Zeus! I'll goad your haunches.

Aha! you run: I thought I'd stir you up

You and your four-wheels and your phaetons!

Chor.—What a thing it is to long for matters which are wrong!

For you see how this old man

Is seeking, if he can,

His creditors trepan:

And I confidently say

That he will this very day

Such a blow

Amid his prosperous cheats receive, that he will deeply,
deeply grieve.

For I think he will discover what has long been boiling
over,

That his son has learned the way

All justice to gainsay,

Be it what or where it may:

That he'll trump up any tale,

Right or wrong, and so prevail.

This I know.

Yea! and perchance the time will come when he shall
wish his son were dumb.

Streps.—

Oh! Oh!

Help! Murder! Help! O neighbors, kinsfolk, townsmen,

Help, one and all, against this base assault,

Ah! Ah! my cheek! my head! O me, poor devil!

Wretch! do you strike your father?

Pheid.—Yes, Papa.

Streps.—See! See! he owns he struck me.

Pheid.—To be sure

Streps.—Scoundrel! and parricide! and house-breaker!

Pheid.—Thank you: go on, go on: do please go on.

Encore! Encore! I revel in reproaches.

Streps.—O probed adulterer.

Pheid.—Roses from your lips.

Streps.—Strike you your father?

Pheid.—O dear yes: what's more
I'll prove I struck you justly.

Streps.—Struck me justly!

Villain! how can you strike a father justly?

Pheid.—Yes, and I'll demonstrate it, if you please.

Streps.—Demonstrate this?

Pheid.—O yes, quite easily.

Come, take your choice, which Logic do you choose?

Streps.—Which what?

Pheid.—Logic: the Better or the Worse?

Streps.—Ah, then, in very truth I've had you taught
To reason down all Justice, if you think
You can prove this, that it is just and right
That fathers should be beaten by their sons!

Pheid.—Well, well, I think I'll prove it, if you'll listen,
So that even you won't have one word to answer.

Streps.—Come, I should like to hear what you've to say.

Chorus.—'Tis yours, old man, some method to contrive
This fight to win:

He would not without arms wherewith to strive
So bold have been.

He knows, be sure, whereon to trust.

His eager bearing proves he must.

So come and tell us from what cause this sad dispute
began;

Come, tell us how it first arose: do tell us if you can.

Streps.—Well from the very first I will the whole contention
shew:

'Twas when I went into the house to feast him, as you
know,

I bade him bring his lyre and sing, the supper to adorn,
Some lay of old Simonides, as, how the Ram was shorn:
But he replied, to sing at meals was coarse and obsolete;
Like some old beldame humming airs while she grinds
her wheat.

Pheid.—And did you not at once deserve a thrashing, at the least,

To bid me sing at meals, as at some old cicala's feast?

Streps.—You hear him! so he said just now or e'er high words began:

And next he called Simonides a very sorry man.

And when I heard him, I could scarce my rising wrath command;

Yet so I did, and him I bid take myrtle in his hand

And chant some lines from *Æschylus*, but he replied with ire,

"Believe me I'm not one of those who *Æschylus* admire,
That rough, unpolished, turgid froth, that moulder of bombast!"

When he said this, my heart began to heave extremely fast;

Yet still I kept my passion down, and said, Then prithee you,

Sing one of those new-fangled songs which modern striplings do.

And he began the shameful tale *Euripides* has told

How a brother and a sister lived incestuous lives of old.

Then, then I could no more restrain, but first I must confess

With strong abuse I loaded him, and so, as you may guess,

We stormed and bandied threat for threat: till out at last he flew,

And smashed and thrashed and thumped and bumped and bruised me black and blue.

Pheid.—And rightly too, who coolly dared *Euripides* to blame,
Most sapient bard.

Streps.—Most sapient bard! you, what's your fitting name?

Ah! but he'll pummel me again.

Pheid.—He will: and justly, too.

Streps.—What! justly, heartless villain! when 'twas I who nurtured you.

I knew your little lisping ways, how soon, you'd hardly think,

If you cried "bree!" I guessed your wants and used to
give you drink:
If you said "mamm!" I fetched you bread with fond
discernment true,
And you could hardly say "Cacca!" when through the
door I flew
And held you out a full arm's length your little needs
to do.

Chorus.—Sure all young hearts are palpitating now
To hear him plead,
Since if those lips with artful words avow
The daring deed,
And once a favoring verdict win,
A fig for every old man's skin.
O thou! who rakest up new thoughts with daring hands
profane,
Try all you can, ingenious man, that verdict to obtain.

Pheid.—How sweet it is these novel arts, these clever words
to know,
And have the power established rules and laws to over-
throw.
Why in old times when horses were my sole delight,
'twas wonder
If I could say a dozen words without some awful blunder!
But now that he has made me quit that reckless mode
of living,
And I have been to subtle thoughts my whole attention
giving,
I hope to prove by logic strict 'tis right to beat my father.

Streps.—O! buy your horses back, by Zeus, since I would ten
times rather

Have to support a four-in-hand, so I be struck no more.

Pheid.—Peace. I will now resume the thread where I broke
off before.

And first I ask: when I was young, did you not strike
me then?

Streps.—Yea: for I loved and cherished you.

Pheid.—Well, solve me this again,

Is it not just that I your son should cherish you alike,

And strike you, since, as you observe, to cherish means to strike?

What! must my body needs be scourged and pounded black and blue

And yours be scathless? was not I as much freeborn as you?

Children are whipped, and shall not sires be whipped? Perhaps you'll urge that children's minds alone are taught by blows:—

Well: Age is second childhood then: that everybody knows.

And as by old experience Age should guide its steps more clearly,

So when they err, they surely should be punished more severely.

Streps.—But Law goes everywhere for me: deny it, if you can.

Phcid.—Well, was not he who made the law a man, a mortal man,

As you or I, who in old times talked over all the crowd? And think you that to you or me the same is not allowed To change it, so that sons by blows should keep their fathers steady?

Still, we'll be liberal, and blows which we've received already

We will forget, we'll have no ex-post-facto legislation.

—Look at the game-cocks, look at all the animal creation.

Do not they beat their parents? Aye: I say then, that in fact

They are as we, except that they no special laws enact.

Streps.—Why don't you then, if always where the game-cock leads you follow,

Ascend your perch to roost at night, and dirt and ordure swallow?

Phcid.—The case is different there, old man, as Socrates would see.

Streps.—Well then you'll blame yourself at last, if you keep striking me.

Phcid.—How so?

Streps.—Why, if it's right for me to punish you my son,
You can, if you have got one, yours.

Pheid.—Aye, but suppose I have none.

Then having gulled me you will die, while I've been
flogged in vain.

Streps.—Good friends! I really think he has some reason to
complain.

I must concede he's put the case in quite a novel light:

I really think we should be flogged unless we act aright!

Pheid.—Look to a fresh idea then.

Streps.—He'll be my death I vow.

Pheid.—Yet then perhaps you will not grudge ev'n what you
suffer now.

Streps.—How! will you make me like the blows which I've
received to-day?

Pheid.—Yes, for I'll beat my mother, too.

Streps.—What! What is that you say!

Why, this is worse than all.

Pheid.—But what, if as I proved the other

By the same Logic I can prove 'tis right to beat my
mother?

Streps.—Aye! what indeed! if this you plead,

If this you think to win,

Why then, for all I care, you may

To the Accursed Gulf convey

Yourself with all your learning new,

Your master, and your Logic too,

And tumble headlong in.

O Clouds! O Clouds! I owe all this to you!

Why did I let you manage my affairs!

Chorus.—Nay, nay, old man, you owe it to yourself.

Why didst thou turn to wicked practices?

Streps.—Ah, but ye should have asked me that before,

And not have spurred a poor old fool to evil.

Chorus.—Such is our plan. We find a man

On evil thoughts intent,

Guide him along to shame and wrong,

Then leave him to repent.

Streps.—Hard words, alas! yet not more hard than just.
It was not right unfairly to keep back
The money that I borrowed. Come, my darling,
Come and destroy that filthy Chærephon
And Socrates; for they've deceived us both!

Pheid.—No. I will lift no hand against my tutors.

Streps.—Yes do, come, reverence Paternal Zeus.

Pheid.—Look there! Paternal Zeus! what an old fool.
Is there a Zeus?

Streps.—There is.

Pheid.—There is no Zeus.

Young Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.

Streps.—No Vortex reigns: no vortices! no eddies!
'Twas I was such a-neddy. Fool that I was,
To think a piece of earthenware a God.

Pheid.—Well, rave away, talk nonsense to yourself.

Streps.—O! fool, fool, fool, how mad I must have been
To cast away the Gods, for Socrates.
Yet Hermes, gracious Hermes, be not angry
Nor crush me utterly, but look with mercy
On faults to which his idle talk hath led me.
And lend thy counsel; tell me, had I better
Plague them with lawsuits, or how else annoy them.

(Affects to listen.)

Good: your advice is good: I'll have no lawsuits,
I'll go at once and set their house on fire,
The prating rascals. Here, here Xanthias,
Quick, quick, here bring your ladder and your pitchfork,
Climb to the roof of their vile thinking-house,
Dig at their tiles, dig stoutly, an' thou lovest me,
Tumble the very house about their ears.
And some one fetch me here a lighted torch,
And I'll soon see if, boasters as they are,
They won't repent of what they've done to me.

Student 1.—O dear! O dear!

Streps.—Now, now, my torch, send out a lusty flame.

Stud. 1.—Man! what are you at there?

Streps.—What am I at? I'll tell you.

I'm splitting straws with your house-rafters here.

Stud. 2.—Oh me! who's been and set our house on fire?

Streps.—Who was it, think you, that you stole the cloak from?

Stud. 3.—O Murder! Murder!

Streps.—That's the very thing,

Unless this pick prove traitor to my hopes,

Or I fall down, and break my weary neck.

Socr.—Hallo! what are you at, up on our roof?

Streps.—I walk on air, and contemplate the Sun.

Socr.—O! I shall suffocate. O dear! O dear!

Chærephon.—And I, poor devil, shall be burnt to death.

Streps.—For with what aim did ye insult the gods,

And pry around the dwellings of the Moon?

Strike, smite them, spare them not, for many reasons,

BUT MOST BECAUSE THEY HAVE BLASPHEMED THE GODS!

Chorus.—Lead out of the way: for I think we may say

We have acted our part enough for to-day.

While the *Clouds*, as will appear to the reader who has perused the foregoing pages, is by no means free from the coarseness which disfigures all the works of Aristophanes, it is one of the cleanest of his plays, and the satire conveyed in the objectionable passages could hardly be expressed in language that is entirely chaste. We shall find at least as much of indelicacy in some of the plays of Shakespeare, and much more in those of Ben Jonson, Ford, Wycherley, Congreve and others. The play is intended rather as an attack on the new spirit of intellectual inquiry and culture than on any special school or class, though two classes of thinkers are severely satirized under the general name of Sophists. These are, first, the physical philosophers, as in-

icated by allusions to the doctrines of Anaxagoras, Heraclitus and Diogenes of Apollonia. Second are the professed teachers of rhetoric, belles-lettres, etc., such as Protagoras and Prodicus. The attacks on Socrates are, of course, not to be taken seriously, though he is selected as the type of the entire tendency. As already pointed out, the youth Pheidippides—obviously intended for Alcibiades, is sent by his father to Socrates to be cured of his dissipated habits, but under such discipline only becomes accomplished in knavery and impiety. The *Clouds* contains more of humor and satire than any of the dramas of the great comedian, with the exception, perhaps, of the *Birds*, in which the feathered tribes, persuaded by two enterprising Athenians, build in mid-air the town of Cloud—Cuckoo borough.

THE EUNUCH

OF

TERENCE.

(Translated by George Colman, M.A.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LACHES.

PHÆDRIA.

CHÆREA.

ANTIPHO.

CHREMES.

THRASO.

GNATHO.

PARMENO.

DORUS.

SANGA.

SIMALIO, and other Mutes.

THAIS.

PYTHIAS.

DORIAS.

SOPHRONA.

PAMPHILA.

SCENE—ATHENS.

The Eunuch.

FROM THE PROLOGUE.

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to show
An eating parasite, vain-glorious soldier,
Supposititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or Love or Hate or Jealousy? In short
Nothing's said now, but has been said before.
Weigh then these things with candor, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Ancients did, they do.

ACT I SCENE I.

Enter Phædria and Parmeno.

Phæd.—And what then shall I do? not go? not now?
When she herself invites me? or were't best
Fashion my mind no longer to endure
These harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recalled!
Shall I return? No, not if she implore me.

Par.—Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go through with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,
Good-night! all's over! ruin'd and undone!
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her pow'r.

Phæd.—You then, in time consider and advise!

Par.—Master! the thing which hath not in itself
 Or measure or advice, advice can't rule.
 In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
 Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again:
 Things thus uncertain, if by reason's rules
 You'd certain make, it were as wise a task
 To try with reason to run mad. And now
 What you in anger meditate—I her?
 That him?—that me? That would not—*pardon me!*
 I would die rather: No! she shall perceive
 How much I am a man.—Big words like these,
 She in good faith with one false tiny drop,
 Which, after grievous rubbing, from her eyes
 Can scarce perforce be squeez'd, shall overcome.
 Nay, she shall swear, 'twas you in fault, not she;
 You too shall own th'offense, and pray for pardon.

Phæd.—Oh monstrous! monstrous! now indeed I see
 How false she is, and what a wretch I am!
 Spite of myself I love; and knowing, feeling,
 With open eyes run on to my destruction;
 And what to do I know not.

Par.—What to do?
 What *should* you do, sir, but redeem yourself
 As cheaply as you can?—at easy rates
 If possible—if not—at any rate—
 And never vex yourself.

Phæd.—Is that your counsel?

Par.—Ay, if you're wise; and do not add to love
 More troubles than it has, and those it has
 Bear bravely! But she comes, our ruin comes;
 For she, like storms of hail on fields of corn,
 Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

SCENE II.

Enter *Thais*.

Thais.—Ah me! I fear lest *Phædria* take offense,
 And think I meant it other than I did,
 That he was not admitted yesterday. (To herself, not
 seeing them.)

Phæd.—I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.

Par.—Be of good cheer! approach yon fire—she'll warm you.

Thais.—Who's there? my Phædria? Why did you stand *here*?
Why not directly enter?

Par.—Not one word
Of having shut him out!

Thais.—Why don't you speak?

Phæd.—Because, forsooth, these doors will always fly
Open to me, or that because I stand
The first in your good graces. (Ironically.)

Thais.—Nay, no more!

Phæd.—No more?—O Thais, Thais, would to heaven
Our loves were parallel, that things like these
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me;
Or that your actions were indifferent to me!

Thais.—Grieve not, I beg, my love, my Phædria!
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this.
But I by circumstance was forc'd to do it.

Par.—So then, it seems, for very love, poor soul,
You shut the door in's teeth.

Thais.—Ah, Parmeno!
Is't thus you deal with me? Go to!—But hear
Why I did call you hither?

Phæd.—Be it so.

Thais.—But tell me first, can yon slave hold his peace?

Par.—I? oh most faithfully: But hark ye, madam!
On this condition do I bind my faith:
The truths I hear, I will conceal; whate'er
Is false, or vain, or feign'd, I'll publish it.
I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there:
So if you claim my secrecy, speak truth.

Thais.—My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.

Par.—This sleeps in silence.

Thais.—There a certain merchant
Made her a present of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.

Phæd.—A citizen?

Thais.—I think so, but we cannot tell for certain:

Her father's and her mother's name she told
Herself; her country, and the other marks
Of her original, she neither knew,
Nor, from her age, was't possible she should.
The merchant added further that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him understand
She had been stol'n from Sunium. My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all respects as she had been her own;
And she in gen'ral was suppos'd my sister.
I journeyed hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The same who left me all I have.

Par.—Both these

Are false, and shall go forth at large.

Thais.—Why so?

Par.—Because nor you with one could be content,

Nor he alone enriched you; for my master
Made good and large addition.

Thais.—I allow it.

But let me hasten to the point I wish.
Meantime the captain, who was then but young
In his attachment to me, went to Caria.
I, in his absence, was address'd by you;
Since when, full well you know, how very dear
I've held you, and have trusted you with all
My nearest counsels.

Phæd.—And yet Parmeno

Will not be silent even here.

Par.—Oh, sir,

Is that a doubt?

Thais.—Nay, prithee now, attend!

My mother's lately dead, at Rhodes: her brother,
Too much intent on wealth, no sooner saw
This virgin, handsome, well-accomplish'd, skill'd
In music, than, spurr'd on by hopes of gain,
In public market he expos'd and sold her.
It so fell out, my soldier-spark was there,

And bought her, all unknowing these events,
 To give to me: but soon as he return'd,
 And found how much I was attach'd to you,
 He feign'd excuses to keep back the girl;
 Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
 That I would still prefer him to yourself,
 Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl
 I would abandon him, he'd give her to me;
 But *that* he doubted. For my part, I think
 He is grown fond of her himself.

Phæd.—Is there

Aught more between them?

Thais.—No; for I've inquir'd.

And now, my Phædria, there are sundry causes
 Wherefore I wish to win the virgin from him.
 First, for she's call'd my sister: and moreover,
 That I to her relations may restore her.
 I'm a lone woman, have nor friend, nor kin:
 Wherefore, My Phædria, I would raise up friends
 By some good turn:—And you, I prithee now,
 Help me to do it. Let him some few days
 Be my gallant in chief. What! no reply?

Phæd.—Abandon'd woman! can I aught reply
 To deeds like these?

Par.—Oh excellent! well said!

He feels at length; Now, master, you're a man.

Phæd.—I saw your story's drift.—A little girl
 Stol'n hence—My mother brought her up—was call'd
 My sister—I would fain obtain her from him,
 That I to her relations might restore her—
 All this preamble comes at last to this.
 I am excluded, he's admitted. Why?
 But that you love him more than me, and fear
 Lest this young captive win your hero from you.

Thais.—Do I fear that?

Phæd.—Why, prithee now, what else?

Does he bring gifts alone? did'st e'er perceive
 My bounty shut against you? Did I not
 Because you told me you'd be glad to have

An Æthiopian servant-maid, all else
Omitted, seek one out? You said besides,
You wish'd to have an eunuch, 'cause forsooth,
They were for dames of quality. I found one.
For both I yesterday paid twenty *minæ*,
Yet you condemn me—I forgot not these,
And for these I'm despis'd.

Thais.—Why this, my Phædria?

Tho' I would fain obtain the girl, and tho'
I think by these means it might well be done;
Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
I'll do as you command.

Phæd.—Oh, had you said

Those words sincerely; "Rather than make you
My enemy!"—Oh, could I think those words
Came from your heart, what is't I'd not endure!

Par.—Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas, how soon!

Thais.—Not speak sincerely? from my very soul?

What did you ever ask, altho' in sport,
But you obtain'd it of me? yet I can't
Prevail on you to grant but two short days.

Phæd.—Well—for two days—so those two be not twenty.

Thais.—No, in good faith but two, or——

Phæd.—Or? no more.

Thais.—It shall not be: but you will grant me those.

Phæd.—Your will must be a law.

Thais.—Thanks, my sweet Phædria!

Phæd.—I'll to the country: there consume myself
For these two days: it must be so: we must
Give way to Thais.—See you, Parmeno,
The slaves brought hither.

Par.—Sir, I will.

Phæd.—My Thais,

For these two days, farewell!

Thais.—Farewell, my Phædria!

Would you aught else with me?

Phæd.—Aught else, my Thais?

Be with yon soldier present, as if absent:
 All night and day love me: still long for me:
 Dream, ponder still of me: wish, hope for me;
 Delight in me; be all in all with me;
 Give your whole heart, for mine's all yours, to me.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Thais, Remaining.

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,
 And judges of my heart from those of others.
 I in my conscience know that nothing false
 I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
 Is any dearer than this Phædria:
 And whatsoe'er in this affair I've done,
 For the girl's sake I've done: for I'm in hopes
 I know her brother, a right noble youth.
 To-day I wait him, by his own appointment;
 Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Phædria, Parmeno.

Phæd.—Carry the slaves according to my order.

Par.—I will.

Phæd.—But diligently.

Par.—Sir, I will.

Phæd.—But soon.

Par.—I will, sir.

Phæd.—Say, is it sufficient?

Par.—Ah! what a question's that? as if it were
 So difficult! I wish, Sir Phædria,
 You could gain aught so easy, as lose these.

Phæd.—I lose, what's dearer yet, my comfort with them.
 Repine not at my gifts.

Par.—Not I: moreover,

I will convey them straight. But have you any
Other commands?

Phæd.—Oh yes: Set off our presents
With words as handsome as you can; and drive,
As much as possible, that rival from her!

Par.—Ah, sir, I should, of course, remember that.

Phæd.—I'll to the country, and stay there.

Par.—O, ay!

Phæd.—But hark you!

Par.—Sir, your pleasure?

Phæd.—Do you think
I can with constancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?

Par.—Hold out? Not you.
Either you'll straight return, or soon at night
Your dreams will drive me out o' doors.

Phæd.—I'll toil;
That, weary, I may sleep against my will.

Par.—Weary you may be; but you'll never sleep.

Phæd.—Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll cast out
This treacherous softness from my soul, nor thus
Indulge my passions. Yes, I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days.

Par.—Hui! three whole days! consider, sir.

Phæd.—I am resolved.

Parmeno, alone.

Heav'ns, what a strange disease is this! that love
Should so change men, that one can hardly swear
They are the same!—No mortal liv'd
Less weak, more grave, more temperate than he.
—But who comes yonder?—Gnatho, as I live;
The captain's parasite! and brings along
The virgin for a present: oh rare wench!
How beautiful! I shall come off, I doubt,
But scurvily with my decrepid Eunuch.
This girl surpasses ev'n Thais herself.

SCENE II.

Enter Gnatho leading Pamphila; Parmeno behind.

Gnat.—Good heav'ns! how much one man excels another!
What diff'rence 'twixt a wise man and a fool!
What just now happen'd proves it: Coming hither
I met with an old countryman, a man
Of my own place and order, like myself,
No scurvy fellow, who, like me, had spent
In mirth and jollity his whole estate.
He was in most wretched trim; his looks
Lean, sick and dirty; and his clothes, all rags.
How now! cried I, what means this figure, friend?
Alas, says he, my patrimony's gone.
—Ah, how am I reduc'd! my old acquaintance
And friends all shun me.—Hearing this, how cheap
I held him in comparison with me!
Why, how now? wretch, said I, most idle wretch!
Have you spent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
What! have you lost your sense with your estate?
Me!—look on me—come from the same condition!
How sleek! how neat! how clad! in what good case?
I've ev'rything, though nothing; naught possess,
Yet naught I ever want.—Ah, sir, but I
Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
To be the butt of others, or to take
A beating now and then.—How then! d'ye think
Those are the means of thriving? No, my friend!
Such formerly, indeed, might drive a trade:
But mine's a new profession; I the first
That ever struck into this road. There is
A kind of men, who wish to be the head
Of ev'rything; but are not. These I follow;
Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain
To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
They contradict, I praise that too: Does any
Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
Affirm: and in a word I've brought myself

To say, unsay, swear and forswear, at pleasure:
And that is now the best of all professions.

Par.—A special fellow this! who drives fools mad.

Gnat.—Deep in this conversation, we at length
Come to the market, where the sev'ral tradesmen,
Butchers, cooks, grocers, poul'trers, fishmongers
(Who once did profit, and still profit by me),
All run with joy to me, salute, invite,
And bid me welcome. He, poor half-starv'd wretch,
Soon as he saw me thus caress'd, and found
I got my bread so easily, desired
He might have leave to learn that art of me.
I bade him follow me, if possible:
And, as the schools of the philosophers
Have ta'en from the philosophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all parasites
Be called from me Gnathonics!

Par.—Mark what ease,
And being kept at other's cost produces!

Gnat.—But hold, I must convey this girl to *Thais*,
And bid her forth to sup.—Ha, *Parmeno*!
Our rival's slave, standing 'at *Thais*' door!
How melancholy he appears! All's safe:
These poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
I'll play upon this knave. (*Aside.*)

Par.—These fellows think
This present will make *Thais* all their own. (*Aside.*)

Gnat.—To *Parmeno*, his lov'd and honor'd friend,
Gnatho sends greeting. (*Ironically.*) What are you upon?

Par.—My legs.

Gnat.—I see it.—Is there nothing here
Displeasing to you?

Par.—You.

Gnat.—I do believe it.
But prithee, is there nothing else?

Par.—Wherefore?

Gnat.—Because you're melancholy.

Par.—Not at all.

Gnat.—Well, do not be so!—Pray, now, what d'ye think
Of this young handmaid?

Par.—Troth, she's not amiss.

Gnat.—I plague the rascal. (Half aside.)

Par.—How the knave's deceived! (Half aside.)

Gnat.—Will not this gift be very acceptable
To Thais, think you?

Par.—You'd insinuate
That we're shut out.—There is, alas, a change
In all things.

Gnat.—For these six months, Parmeno,
For six whole months at least, I'll make you easy;
You shan't run up and down, and watch till daylight;
Come, don't I make you happy?

Par.—Very happy.

Gnat.—"Tis my way with my friends.

Par.—You're very good.

Gnat.—But I detain you: you, perhaps, were going
Somewhere else.

Par.—Nowhere.

Gnat.—May I beg you then
To use your int'rest here, and introduce me
To Thais?

Par.—Hence! away! these doors
Fly open now, because you carry her.

Gnat.—Would you have any one call'd forth? (Exit.)

Par.—Well, well!
Pass but two days; and you, so welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kick against them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ache again.

Reënter Gnatho.

Gnat.—Ha! Parmeno!

Are you here still? What! are you left a spy,
Lest any go-between should run by stealth
To Thais from the captain? (Exit.)

Par.—Very smart!

No wonder such a wit delights the captain!
But hold! I see my master's younger son
Coming this way. I wonder much he should
Desert Piræus, where he's now on guard.
'Tis not for nothing. All in haste he comes,
And seems to look about.

SCENE III.

Enter Chærea. Parmeno behind.

Chær.—Undone! Undone!

The girl is lost; I know not where she is,
Nor where I am: Ah, whither shall I trace?
Where seek? of whom inquire? or which way turn?
I'm all uncertain; but have one hope still:
Where'er she is, she cannot long lie hid.
O charming face! all others from my memory
Hence I blot out. Away with common beauties!

Par.—So here's the other! and he mutters too
I know not what of love. O what a poor
Unfortunate old man their father is!
As for this stripling, if he once begin,
His brother's is but jest and children's play
To his mad fury.

Chær.—Twice ten thousand curses
Seize the old wretch who kept me back to-day;
And me for staying! with a fellow, too,
I did not care a farthing for!—But see!
Yonder stands Parmeno.—Good-day!

Par.—How now?

Wherefore so sad? and why this hurry, Chærea?
Whence come you?

Chær.—I? I cannot tell, i'faith,
Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
I've so entirely lost myself.

Par.—And why?

Chær.—I am in love.

Par.—Oh brave!

Chær.—Now, Parmeno,

Now you may show what kind of man you are.
You know you've often told me; Chærea,
Find something out to set your heart upon,
And mark how I will serve you! yes, you know
You've often said so, when I scrap'd together
All the provisions for you at my father's.

Par.—Away, you trifler!

Chær.—Nay, in faith, it's true:

Now make your promise good! and in a cause
Worthy the utmost reachings of your soul:
A girl! my Parmeno, not like our misses;
Whose mothers try to keep their shoulders down,
And bind their bosoms, that their shapes may seem
Genteel and slim. Is a girl rather plump?
They call her nurse, and stint her in her food:
Thus art, in spite of nature, makes them all
Mere bulrushes: and therefore they're belov'd.

Par.—And what's this girl of yours?

Chær.—A miracle.

Par.—Oh, to be sure!

Chær.—True, natural red and white;

Her body firm, and full of precious stuff!

Par.—Her age?

Chær.—About sixteen.

Par.—The very prime!

Chær.—This girl, by force, by stealth, or by entreaty,
Procure me! how I care not, so I have her.

Par.—Well, whom does she belong to?

Chær.—I don't know.

Par.—Whence comes she?

Chær.—I can't tell.

Par.—Where does she live?

Chær.—I can't tell neither.

Par.—Where was it you saw her?

Chær.—Here in the street.

Par.—And how was it you lost her?

Chær.—Why, it was that which I so fum'd about
As I came hither! nor was ever man
So jilted by good fortune as myself.

Par.—What mischief now?

Chær.—Confounded luck!

Par.—How so?

Chær.—How so! d'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinsman, and about his age?

Par.—Full well.

Chær.—As I was in pursuit of her
He met me.

Par.—Rather inconveniently.

Chær.—Oh most unhappily! for other ills
May be told, Parmeno!—I could swear, too,
For six, nay seven months, I had not seen him,
Till now, when least I wish'd and most would shun it.
Is not this monstrous? Eh!

Par.—Oh! very monstrous.

Chær.—Soon as from far he saw me, instantly,
Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gasping, out of breath,
He hobbled up to me.—Holo! ho! Chærea!—
I stopped.—D'ye know what I want with you?—What?
—I have a cause to-morrow.—Well! what then?—
—Fail not to tell your father he remember
To go up with me, as an advocate.—
His prating took some time. Aught else? said I.
Nothing, said he:—Away flew I, and saw
The girl that instant turn into this street.

Par.—Sure he must mean the virgin, just now brought
To Thais for a present.

Chær.—Soon as I
Came hither, she was out of sight.

Par.—Had she
Any attendants?

Chær.—Yes; a parasite,
With a maid-servant.

Par.—'Tis the very same:
Away! have done! all's over.

Chær.—What d'ye mean?

Par.—The girl I mean.

Chær.—D'ye know then who she is?
Tell me!—or have you seen her?

Par.—Yes, I've seen her;
I know her; and can tell you where she is.

Chær.—How! my dear Parmeno, d'ye know her?

Par.—Yes.

Chær.—And where she is, d'ye know?

Par.—Yes,—there she is (pointing);
Carried to Madame Thais for a present.

Chær.—What monarch could bestow a gift so precious?

Par.—The mighty Captain Thraso, Phædria's rival.

Chær.—Alas, poor brother!

Par.—Ay, and if you knew
The gift he sends to be compar'd with this,
You'd cry Alas, indeed!

Chær.—What is his gift?

Par.—An Eunuch.

Chær.—What! that old and ugly slave
That he bought yesterday?

Par.—The very same.

Chær.—Why, surely, he'll be trundled out o' doors,
He and his gift together—I ne'er knew
Till now that Thais was our neighbor.

Par.—She
Has not been long so.

Chær.—Ev'ry way unlucky!
Ne'er to have seen her neither!—Prithee, tell me,
Is she so handsome as she's said to be?

Par.—Yes faith!

Chær.—But nothing to compare to mine.

Par.—Oh, quite another thing.

Chær.—But Parmeno!

Contrive that I may have her.

Par.—Well, I will.

Depend on my assistance:—have you any
Further commands?

Chær.—Where are you going?

Par.—Home;

To bring, according to your brother's order,
The slaves to Thais.

Chær.—Oh, that happy Eunuch!

To be convey'd into that house!

Par.—Why so?

Chær.—Why so? why, he shall have that charming girl

His fellow-servant, see her, speak with her,
Be with her in the same house all day long,
And sometimes eat, and sometimes sleep by her.

Par.—And what if you should be so happy?

Chær.—How?

Tell me, dear Parmeno!

Par.—Assume his dress.

Chær.—His dress! what then?

Par.—I'll carry you for him.

Chær.—I hear you.

Par.—I will say that you are he.

Chær.—I understand you.

Par.—So shall you enjoy

Those blessings which but now you envied him:
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And sleep by her: since none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Besides
Your figure and your age are such that you
May well pass for an eunuch.

Chær.—Oh, well said!

I ne'er heard better counsel. Come, let's in?
Dress me, and carry me! Away, make haste!

Par.—What are you at? I did but jest.

Chær.—You trifle.

Par.—I'm ruin'd: Fool, what have I done?—Nay whither
D'ye push me thus? you'll throw me down. Nay, stay!

Chær.—Away.

Par.—Nay prithee!

Chær.—I'm resolv'd.

Par.—Consider;
You carry this too far.

Chær.—No, not at all.
Give way!

Par.—And Parmeno must pay for all.
Ah, we do wrong!

Chær.—Is it then wrong for me
To be convey'd into a house of harlots,
And turn those very arts on them with which
They hamper us, and turn our youth to scorn?
Can it be wrong for me, too, in my turn,
To deceive them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
No, rather let it be! 'tis just to play
This trick upon them: which, if graybeards know,
They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.

Par.—Well, if you must, you must; but do not then,
After all's over, throw the blame on me.

Chær.—No, no!

Par.—But do you order me?

Chær.—I do:
Order, command, force.

Par.—Oh, I'll not dispute
Your pow'r. So, follow me.

Chær.—Heav'n speed the plow!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Thraso and Gnatho.

Thra.—And Thais then returns me many thanks?

Gnat.—Ten thousand.

Thra.—Say is she delighted with it?

Gnat.—Not so much with the gift itself as that
By you 'twas given: But therein she triumphs.

Enter Parmeno behind.

Par.—I'm come to look about me, and observe
A proper opportunity to bring
My presents. But behold the Captain!

Thra.—'Tis
Something, I know not how, peculiar to me,
That all I do's agreeable.

Gnat.—In truth
I have observ'd it.

Thra.—E'en the king always
Held himself much obliged, whate'er I did:
Not so to others.

Gnat.—Men of wit, like you,
The glory, got by others' care and toil,
Often transfer unto themselves.

Thra.—You've hit it.

Gnat.—The king then held you—

Thra.—Certainly.

Gnat.—Most dear.

Thra.—Most near. He trusted his whole army to me,
His counsels.—

Gnat.—Wonderful!

Thra.—And then, whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate
Of business seiz'd him—when he would repose—
As if—you understand me.

Gnat.—Perfectly.
When he would—in a manner—clear his stomach
Of all uneasiness.

Thra.—The very thing.
On such occasions he chose none but me.

Gnat.—Hui! there's a king indeed! a king of taste!

Thra.—One of a thousand.

Gnat.—Of a million sure.

—If he could live with you. (*Aside.*)

Thra.—The courtiers all

Began to envy me, and rail'd in secret:

I car'd not; whence their spleen increas'd the more.

One in particular, who had the charge

Of th' Indian elephants; who grew at last

So very troublesome, "I prithee, Strato,

"Are you so savage, and so fierce," says I,

"Because you're governor of the wild beasts?"

Gnat.—Oh, finely said! and shrewdly! Excellent!

Too hard upon him!—what said he to't?

Thra.—Nothing.

Gnat.—And how the devil should he?

Par.—Gracious heav'n!

The stupid coxcomb!—and that rascal too! (*Aside.*)

Thra.—Ay! but the story of the Rhodian, Gnatho!

How smart I was upon him at a feast—

Did I ne'er tell you?

Gnat.—Never; but pray do!

—I've heard it o'er and o'er a thousand times. (*Aside.*)

Thra.—We were by chance together at a feast—

This Rhodian that I told you of, and I.—

I, as it happen'd, had a wench: The spark

Began to toy with her, and laugh at me.

"Why how now, Impudence!" said I, "are you

"A hare yourself, and yet would hunt for game?"

Gnat.—Ha! ha! ha!

Thra.—What's the matter?

Gnat.—Ha! ha! ha!

Witty! smart! excellent! incomparable!

Is it your own? I swear I thought 'twas old.

Thra.—Why, did you ever hear it?

Gnat.—Very often;

And reckon'd admirable.

Thra.—'Tis my own.

Gnat.—And yet 'twas pity to be so severe
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.

Par.—Ah! devil take you! (*Aside.*)

Gnat.—What became of him?

Thra.—It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing:—in a word,
They dreaded me.

Gnat.—No wonder.

Thra.—Harkye, Gnatho!

Thais, you know, suspects I love this girl.
Shall I acquit myself?

Gnat.—On no account.

Rather increase her jealousy.

Thra.—And why?

Gnat.—Why?—do you ask?—as if you didn't know!—
Whene'er she mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praises him, to vex you——

Thra.—I perceive.

Gnat.—To hinder that you've only this resource.

When she names Phædria, name you Pamphila.
If she should say, Come! let's have Phædria
To dinner with us!—Ay, and Pamphila
To sing to us! If she praise Phædria's person,
Praise you the girl's! so give her tit for tat,
And gall her in her turn.

Thra.—Suppose she lov'd me,

This might avail me, Gnatho!

Gnat.—While she loves

The presents which you give, expecting more,
So long she loves you; and so long you may
Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, lest some other reap
The harvest which she now enjoys alone.

Thra.—You're right: and yet I never thought of it.

Gnat.—Ridiculous! because you did not turn

Your thoughts that way; or with how much more ease
Would you have hit on this device yourself!

SCENE II.

Enter Thais and Pythias.

Thais.—I thought I heard the captain's voice: and see!
Good-day, my Thraso!

Thra.—Oh my 'Thais, welcome!
How does my sweeting?—are you fond of me
For sending you that music-girl?

Par.—Oh brave!
He sets out nobly!

Thais.—For your worth I love you.

Gnat.—Come, let's to supper! why do you delay?

Par.—Mark t'other! he's a chip of the old block.

Thais.—I'm ready when you please.

Par.—I'll up to her,
And seem as if but now come forth.—Ha! Thais,
Where are you gadding?

Thais.—Well met, Parmeno!
I was just going——

Par.—Whither?

Thais.—Don't you see
The captain?

Par.—Yes, I see him—to my sorrow.
The presents from my master wait your pleasure.

Thra.—Why do we stop thus? wherefore go not hence? (An-
grily.)

Par.—Beseech you, captain, let us, with your leave,
Produce our presents, treat, and parley with her!

Thra.—Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with mine!

Par.—They'll answer for themselves.—Holo, there! order
The slaves I told you to come forth.—Here, this way!

Enter a Black Girl.

Do you stand forward!—This girl, ma'am, comes quite
From Æthiopia.

Thra.—Worth about three minæ.

Gnat.—Scarce.

Par.—Ho! where are you, Dorus?—oh, come hither!

Enter Chærea in the Eunuch's habit.

An eunuch, madam!—of a lib'ral air,
And in his prime!

Thais.—Now as I live, he's handsome!

Par.—What say you, Gnatho? Is he despicable?
Or, captain, what say you?—Dumb?—Praise sufficient!
Try him in letters, exercises, music:
In all the arts a gentleman should know,
I'll warrant him accomplish'd.

Thra.—Troth, that eunuch
Is well enough.

Par.—And he who sends these presents
Requires you not to live for him alone,
And for his sake to shut out all mankind:
Nor does he tell his battles, show his wounds,
Or shackle your free will, as some folks do. (Looking at
Thraso.)
But when 'twill not be troublesome, or when
You've leisure, in due season, he's content
If then he is admitted.

Thra.—This poor fellow
Seems to belong to a poor, wretched master.

Gnat.—Beyond all doubt; for who that could obtain
Another, would endure a slave like this?

Par.—Peace, wretch, that art below the meanest slave!
You, that could bring your mind so very low
As to cry ay and no at yon fool's bidding,
I'm sure, might get your bread out o' the fire.

Thra.—Why don't we go? (Impatiently.)

Thais.—Let me but carry in
These first, and give some orders in the house,
And I'll attend you.

(Exit with Chærea and the Æthiopian.)

Thra.—I'll depart from hence.

Gnatho, wait you for her!

Par.—It ill beseems

The dignity of a renown'd commander

T' escort his mistress in the street.

Thra.—Away.

Slave! you're beneath my notice—like your master.

(Exit Parmeno.)

Gnat.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Thra.—What moves your laughter?

Gnat.—That

You said just now: and then the Rhodian came

Across my mind.—But Thais comes.

Thra.—Go, run,

And see that ev'rything's prepared at home!

Gnat.—It shall be done.

(Exit.)

Thais.—(Entering with Pythias.) Take care now, Pythias,

Great care, if Chremes come, to press him stay;

Or, if that's inconvenient, to return:

If that's impossible, then bring him to me!

Pyth.—I'll do so.

Thais.—Hold! what else had I to say?

Take care, be sure, of yonder virgin! see .

You keep at home!

Thra.—Let's go!

Thais.—Girls, follow me!

(Exit, attended by Servants and Thraso.)

SCENE III.

Chremes, alone.

In truth, the more I think, the more

I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill:

So plain I see her arts to draw me in.

Ev'n when she first invited me (and when

Had any ask'd, What business have you there?

The question would have stagger'd me), she fram'd

Sev'ral excuses to detain me there.
Said she had made a sacrifice, and had
Affairs of consequence to settle with me.
—Oho! thought I immediately, I smell
A trick upon me!—down she sat, behav'd
Familiarly, and tried to beat about
For conversation. Being at a loss,
She ask'd how long my parents had been dead?
—I told her, long time since:—on which she ask'd
Whether I had a country-house at Sunium?
—And how far from the sea?—I half believe
She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
To give it her.—Her final questions were,
If I ne'er lost a little sister thence?
—Who was miss'd with her?—what she had when lost?
If any one could know her?—why should Thais
Demand all this, unless,—a saucy baggage!—
She means to play the counterfeit, and feign
Herself that sister?—but if she's alive,
She is about sixteen, not more: and Thais
Is elder than myself.—She sent beside
To beg I'd come again.—Or, let her say
What she would have? or, not be troublesome!
I'll not return a third time.—Ho! who's there?
Here I am! Chremes!

SCENE IV.

Enter Pythias.

Pyth.—Oh, sweet, charming sir!

Chre.—A coaxing hussy!

Pyth.—Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow.

Chre.—I am going
Into the country.

Pyth.—Nay, now, prithee come!

Chre.—I can't, I tell you.

Pyth.—Walk in, then, and stay
Till she returns herself.

Chre.—Not I.

Pyth.—And why,
Dear Chremes?

Chre.—Go and hang yourself!

Pyth.—Well, sir,
Since you're so positive, shall I entreat you
To go to her?

Chre.—I will.

Pyth.—Here, Dorias! (A maid-servant enters.)
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thraso's.
(Pythias reënters. Chremes goes out another way with
Dorias.)

SCENE V.

Antipho, alone.

But yesterday a knot of us young fellows
Assembled at Piræus, and agreed
To club together for a feast to-day.
Chærea had charge of all; the rings were given,
And time and place appointed.—The time's past;
No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
Is nowhere to be found.—I can't tell what
To think on't.—Yet the rest of my companions
Have all commission'd me to seek him out.
I'll see if he's at home;—but who comes here
From Thais?—Is it he, or no?—'Tis he.—
—What manner of man's here? what habit's that?
—What mischief has the rogue been at? I'm all
Astonishment, and cannot guess.—But I'll
Withdraw awhile, and try to find it out. (Retires.)

SCENE VI.

Enter Chærea, in the Eunuch's habit.

Chær.—(Looking about.) Is anybody here?—No, nobody.
Does any follow me?—No, nobody.

May I then let my ecstasy break forth?
O Jupiter! 'tis now the very time
When I could suffer to be put to death,
Lest not another transport like to this
Remain in life to come.—But is there not
Some curious impertinent to come
Across me now, and murder me with questions?
—To ask why I'm so flutter'd? why so joyful?
Whither I'm going? whence I came? and where
I got this habit? what I'm looking after?
Whether I'm in my senses? or stark mad?

Anti.—I'll go myself and do that kindness to him.

Chærea, (advancing) what's all this flutter? what's this dress?

What is't transports you? what d'ye want? art mad?
Why do ye stare at me? and why not speak?

Chær.—O happy, happy day!—Save you, dear friend!
There's not a man on earth I'd rather see
This moment than yourself.

Anti.—Come, tell me all!

Chær.—Tell you! I will beseech you give me hearing.
D'ye know my brother's mistress here?

Anti.—Yes: Thais,
Or I'm deceiv'd.

Chær.—The same.

Anti.—I do remember.

Chær.—To-day a girl was sent a present to her.
Why need I speak or praise her beauty now
To you, that know me and my taste so well?
She set me all on fire.

Anti.—Is she so handsome?

Chær.—Most exquisite: Oh, had you but once seen her,
You would pronounce her, I am confident,
The first of womankind.—But to be brief,
I fell in love with her.—By great good luck
There was at home an eunuch, which my brother
Had bought for Thais, but not yet sent thither.
—I had a gentle hint from Parmeno,
Which I seiz'd greedily.

Anti.—And what was that?

Chær.—Peace, and I'll tell you.—To change dresses with him,
And order Parmeno to carry me
Instead of him.

Anti.—How? for an eunuch, you?

Chær.—E'en so.

Anti.—What good could you derive from that?

Chær.—What good!—why, see, and hear, and be with her
I languish'd for, my Antipho!—was that
An idle reason, or a trivial good?
—To Thais I'm deliver'd; she receives me,
And carries me with joy into her house;
Commits the charming girl—

Anti.—To whom?—to you?

Chær.—To me.

Anti.—In special hands, I must confess.

Chær.—Enjoins me to permit no man come near her;
Nor to depart, myself, one instant from her;
But in an inner chamber to remain
Alone with her alone. I nod, and look
Bashfully on the ground.

Anti.—Poor, simple soul!

Chær.—I am bid forth, says she; and carries off
All her maid-servants with her, save some few
Raw novices, who straight prepar'd the bath.
I bade them haste; and while it was preparing,
In a retiring-room the virgin sat;
Viewing a picture where the tale was drawn
Of Jove's descending in a golden show'r
To Danae's bosom.—I beheld it too,
And because he of old the like game play'd,
I felt my mind exult the more within me,
That Jove should change himself into a man,
And steal in secret thro' a stranger-roof,
With a mere woman to intrigue.—Great Jove,
Who shakes the highest heav'ns with his thunder!
And I, poor mortal man, not do the same!—
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.

—While thoughts like these possess'd my soul, they call'd
The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
Which done, the servants put her into bed.
I stand to wait their orders. Up comes one,
Here, harkye, Dorus, take this fan, and mark
You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.
When we have bath'd, you, if you please, bathe too.
I, with a sober air, receive the fan.

Anti.—Then would I fain have seen your simple face!
I should have been delighted to behold
How like an ass you look'd, and held the fan.

Chær.—Scarce had she spoke, when all rush'd out o' doors;
Away they go to bathe; grow full of noise,
As servants use, when masters are abroad.
Meanwhile sleep seiz'd the virgin: I, by stealth,
Peep'd thro' the fansticks thus; then looking round,
And seeing all was safe, made fast the door.

Anti.—What then?

Chær.—What then, fool!

Anti.—I confess.

Chær.—D'ye think, blest with an opportunity like this,
So short, so wish'd for, yet so unexpected,
I'd let it slip? No. Then I'd been, indeed,
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti.—Very true.

But what's become of our club-supper?

Chær.—Ready.

Anti.—An honest fellow! where? at your own house?

Chær.—At Freeman Discus'.

Anti.—A great way off.

Chær.—Then we must make more haste.

Anti.—But change your dress.

Chær.—Where can I change it? I'm distress'd. From home
I must play truant, lest I meet my brother.
My father, too, perhaps, is come to town.

Anti.—Come then to my house! that's the nearest place
Where you may shift.

Chær.—With all my heart! let's go!
 And at the same time I'll consult with you
 How to enjoy this dear girl.

Anti.—Be it so.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dorias, with a Casket.

Dor.—Now, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
 From what I've seen, lest yonder swaggerer
 Make some disturbance, or do violence
 To Thais. For as soon as Chremes came
 (The youth that's brother to the virgin), she
 Beseech'd of Thraso he might be admitted.
 This piq'd him; yet he durst not well refuse.
 She, fearing Chremes should not be detain'd
 Till she had time and opportunity
 To tell him all she wish'd about his sister,
 Urg'd Thraso more and more to ask him in.
 The captain coldly asks him; down he sat;
 And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
 The captain, fancying a rival brought
 Before his face, resolv'd to vex her too:
 Here, boy, said he, let Pamphila be call'd
 To entertain us!—Pamphila! cries Thais;
 She at a banquet?—No, it must not be.—
 Thraso insisting on't, a broil ensued:
 On which my mistress, slyly slipping off
 Her jewels, gave them me to bear away;
 Which is, I know, a certain sign she will,
 As soon as possible, sneak off herself. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

Enter Phædria.

Phæd.—Going into the country, I began
 (As happens when the mind is ill at ease)
 To ponder with myself upon the road,
 Tossing from thought to thought, and viewing all

In the worst light. While thus I ruminate,
 I pass unconsciously my country-house,
 And had got far beyond, e'er I perceiv'd it.
 I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart;
 And soon as to the very spot I came
 Where the roads part, I stopped. Then paus'd awhile:
 Alas! thought I, and must I here remain
 Two days? alone: without her?—Well! what then?
 That's nothing.—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
 The privilege to touch her, shall I not
 Behold her neither?—If one may not be,
 At least the other shall.—And certainly
 Love, in its last degree, is something still.
 —Then I, on purpose, pass'd the house.—But see!
 Pythias breaks forth affrighted.—What means this?

SCENE III.

Enter Pythias and Dorias; Phædria at a distance.

Pyth.—Where shall I find, unhappy that I am,
 Where seek this rascal slave?—this slave, that durst
 To do a deed like this?—Undone! undone!

Phæd.—What this may be, I dread.

Pyth.—And then the villain,
 After he had abused the virgin, tore
 The poor girl's clothes, and dragged her by the hair.

Phæd.—How's this?

Pyth.—Who, were he now within my reach,
 How could I fly upon the vagabond,
 And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails!

Phæd.—What tumult's this, arisen in my absence?
 I'll go and ask her. (Going up.) What's the matter,
 Pythias?

Why thus disturb'd? and whom is it you seek?

Pyth.—Whom do I seek? Away, Sir Phædria!
 You and your gifts together!

Phæd.—What's the matter?

Pyth.—The matter, sir! The eunuch that you sent us
Has made fine work here! the young virgin whom
The captain gave my mistress, he has ravish'd.

Phæd.—Ravish'd? How say you?

Pyth.—Ruin'd, and undone!

Phæd.—You're drunk.

Pyth.—Would those who wish me ill were so!

Dori.—Ah, Pythias! what strange prodigy is this?

Phæd.—You're mad: how could an eunuch—

Pyth.—I don't know

Or who or what he was.—What he has done,
The thing itself declares.—The virgin weeps,
Nor, when you ask what ails her, dare she tell.
But he, good man, is nowhere to be found:
And I fear, too, that when he stole away,
He carried something off.

Phæd.—I can't conceive

Whither the rascal can have flown, unless
He to our house, perhaps, slunk back again.

Pyth.—See now, I pray you, if he has.

Phæd.—I will.

(Exit.)

Dori.—Good lack! so strange a thing I never heard.

Pyth.—I've heard that they lov'd women mightily,
But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't:
For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
In some by-place, nor trusted the girl to him.

SCENE IV.

Reënter Phædria, with Dorus, the Eunuch, in Chærea's
clothes.

Phæd.—Out, rascal, out!—What, are you resty, sirrah?
Out, thou vile bargain!

Dor.—Dear sir! (Crying.)

Phæd.—See the wretch!

What a wry mouth he makes!—Come, what's the mean-
ing

Of your returning? and your change of dress?
What answer, sirrah!—If I had delay'd
A minute longer, Pythias, I had miss'd him,
He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.

Pyth.—What, have you got the rogue?

Phæd.—I warrant you.

Pyth.—Well done! well done!

Dori.—Ay, marry, very well.

Pyth.—Where is he?

Phæd.—Don't you see him?

Pyth.—See him? whom?

Phæd.—This fellow, to be sure.

Pyth.—This man! who is he?

Phæd.—He that was carried to your house to-day.

Pyth.—None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!

Phæd.—Never saw him?

Pyth.—Why, did you think this fellow had been brought
To us?

Phæd.—Yes, surely; for I had no other.

Pyth.—Oh dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd
To t'other,—He was elegant and handsome.

Phæd.—Ay, so he might appear awhile ago,
Because he had gay clothes on: now he seems
Ugly because he's stripped.

Pyth.—Nay, prithee, peace!
As if the diff'rence was so very small!—
The youth conducted to our house to-day,
'Twould do you good to cast your eyes on, Phædria:
This is a drowsy, wither'd, weazel-fac'd
Old fellow.

Phæd.—How?—you drive me to that pass
That I scarce know what I have done myself.
—Did I not buy you, rascal? (To Dorus.)

Dor.—Yes, sir.

Pyth.—Order him

To answer me.

Phæd.—Well, question him.

Pyth.—(To Dorus.) Were you

Brought here to-day? (Shakes his head.) See there!

Not he. It was

Another, a young lad, about sixteen,

Whom Parmeno brought with him.

Phæd.—(To Dorus.) Speak to me!

First tell me whence had you that coat? What, dumb?

I'll make you speak, you villain? (Beating him.)

Dor.—Chærea came—— (Crying.)

Phæd.—My brother?

Dor.—Yes, sir.

Phæd.—When?

Dor.—To-day.

Phæd.—How long since?

Dor.—Just now.

Phæd.—With whom?

Dor.—With Parmeno.

Phæd.—Did you

Know him before?

Dor.—No, sir; nor e'er heard of him.

Phæd.—How did you know then that he was my brother?

Dor.—Parmeno told me so; and Chærea

Gave me these clothes——

Phæd.—Confusion! (Aside.)

Dor.—Put on mine;

And then they both went out o' doors together.

Pyth.—Now, sir, do you believe that I am sober?

Now do you think I've told no lie? And now

Are you convinc'd the girl has been abus'd!

Phæd.—Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch says?

Pyth.—What signifies belief?—It speaks itself.

Phæd.—(Apart, to Dorus.) Come this way—hark ye!—further still.—Enough.

Tell me once more.—Did Chærea strip you?

Dor.—Yes.

Phæd.—And put your clothes on?

Dor.—Yes, sir!

Phæd.—And was brought
In your stead hither?

Dor.—Yes.

Phæd.—Great Jupiter! (Pretending to be in a passion with him.)

What a most wicked scoundrel's this!

Pyth.—Alas!

Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?

Phæd.—No wonder if you credit what he says?

I don't know what to do. (Aside.) Here, harkye, sirrah!
Deny it all again. (Apart to Dorus.) What! can't I beat
The truth out of you, rascal?—have you seen
My brother Chærea? (Aloud, and beating him.)

Dor.—No, sir. (Crying.)

Phæd.—So! I see

He won't confess without a beating.—This way! (Apart.)
Now

He owns it; now denies it.—Ask my pardon! (Apart.)

Dor.—Beseech you, sir, forgive me!

Phæd.—Get you gone! (Kicking him.)

Oh me! oh dear! (Exit howling.)

Phæd.—(Aside.) I had no other way

To come off handsomely.—We're all undone.

—D'ye think to play your tricks on me, you rascal?

(Aloud, and Exit after Dorus.)

SCENE V.

Pythias and Dorias Remain.

Pyth.—As sure as I'm alive, this is a trick
Of Parmeno's.

Dori.—No doubt on't.

Pyth.—I'll devise

Some means to-day to fit him for't.—But now,
What would you have me do?

Dori.—About the girl?

Pyth.—Ay; shall I tell? or keep the matter secret?

Dori.—Troth, if you're wise, you know not what you know,
Nor of the eunuch, nor the ravishment:
So shall you clear yourself of all this trouble,
And do a kindness to our mistress too.
Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.

Pyth.—I'll do so.

Dori.—Prithee, is not Chremes yonder?
Thais will soon be here.

Pyth.—How so?

Dori.—Because
When I came thence, a quarrel was abroad
Amongst them.

Pyth.—Carry in the jewels, Dorias!
Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has happen'd.
(Exit Dorias.)

SCENE VI.

Enter Chremes, tipsy.

Chre.—So! so!—I'm in for't—and the wine I've drunk
Has made me reel again.—Yet while I sat,
How sober I suppos'd myself!—But I
No sooner rose, than neither foot nor head
Knew their own business!

Pyth.—Chremes!

Chre.—Who's that?—Ha!
Pythias!—How much more handsome you seem now
Than you appear'd a little while ago!

Pyth.—I'm sure you seem a good deal merrier.

Chre.—I'faith it's an old saying, and a true one,
"Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus."
—But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?

Pyth.—Has she yet left the captain's?

Chre.—Long time since:

An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.

Pyth.—Did not she bid you follow her?

Chre.—Not she:

Only she made a sign to me at parting.

Pyth.—Well, wasn't that enough?

Chre.—No, faith! I did not

At all conceive her meaning till the captain

Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o' doors.

—But here she is! I wonder how it was

I overtook her!

SCENE VII.

Enter *Thais*.

Thais.—I am apt to think

The captain will soon follow me, to take

The virgin from me: Well, then, let him come!

But if he does but lay a finger on her,

We'll tear his eyes out.—His impertinence,

And big words, while mere words, I can endure;

But if he comes to action, woe be to him!

Chre.—*Thais*, I have been here for some time.

Thais.—My *Chremes*!

The very man I wanted!—Do you know

That you've been th' occasion of this quarrel?

And that this whole affair relates to you?

Chre.—To me! how so?

Thais.—Because, while I endeavor,

And study to restore your sister to you,

This and much more I've suffered.

Chre.—Where's my sister?

Thais.—Within, at my house.

Chre.—Ha!

Thais.—Be not alarm'd:

She has been well brought up, and in a manner

Worthy of herself and you.

Chre.—Indeed?

Thais.—'Tis true:

And now most freely I restore her to you,
Demanding nothing of you in return.

Chre.—I feel your goodness, Thais, and shall ever
Remain much bounden to you.

Thais.—Ay, but now

Take heed, my Chremes, lest e'er you receive
The maid from me, you lose her! for 'tis she
Whom now the captain comes to take by storm.
—Pythias, go fetch the casket with the proofs!

Chre.—D'ye see him, Thais? (Looking out.)

Pyth.—Where's the casket plac'd?

Thais.—Plac'd in the cabinet.—D'ye loiter, hussy?

(Exit Pythias.)

Chre.—What force the captain brings with him against you!
Good heav'n!

Thais.—Are you afraid, young gentleman?

Chre.—Away!—who? I? afraid?—There is no man
Alive less so.

Thais.—You'd need be stout at present.

Chre.—What kind of man d'ye take me for?

Thais.—Consider,

He whom you've now to cope with is a stranger,
Less powerful than you, less known, and less
Befriended here than you!

Chre.—I know all that:

But why, like fools, admit what we may shun?
Better prevent a wrong than afterwards
Revenge it, when receiv'd.—Do you step in
And bolt the door, while I run to the Forum
And call some officers to our assistance. (Going.)

Thais.—Stay! (Holding him.)

Chre.—'Twill be better.

Thais.—Hold!

Chre.—Nay, let me go!

I'll soon be back.

Thais.—We do not want them, Chremes.
Say only that this maiden is your sister,
And that you lost her when a child, and now
Know her again for yours.

Enter Pythias.

Thais.—(To Pythias.) Produce the proofs!

Pyth.—Here they are.

Thais.—Take them, Chremes!—If the captain
Attempts to do you any violence,
Lead him before a magistrate. D'ye mark me?

Chre.—I do.

Thais.—Be sure, now, speak with a good courage!

Chre.—I will.

Thais.—Come, gather up your cloak.—Undone!
I've got a champion who wants help himself. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VIII.

Enter Thraso, Gnatho, Sanga, etc.

Thra.—Shall I put up with an affront so gross,
So monstrous, Gnatho?—No, I'd rather die.
Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me!
First, I will storm their castle.

Gnat.—Excellent!

Thra.—Next, carry off the virgin.

Gnat.—Admirable!

Thra.—Then punish Thais herself.

Gnat.—Incomparable!

Thra.—Here, in the centre, Donax, with your club!
Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing!
You, Syrus, on the right!—Bring up the rest!
Where's the centurion Sanga, and his band
Of rascal runaways?

San.—Here, sir!

Thra.—How now?

Think'st thou to combat with a dishclout, slave!
That thus thou bring'st it here?

San.—Ah, sir! I knew

The valor of the gen'ral and his troops;
And seeing this affair must end in blood,
I brought a clout to wipe the wounds withal.

Thra.—Where are the rest?

San.—Rest! Plague, whom d'ye mean?

There's nobody but Sannio left at home.

Thra.—Lead you the van (to Gnatho); and I'll bring up the rear:

Thence give the word to all.

Gnat.—What wisdom is!

Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,
His post behind secures him a retreat.

Thra.—Just so his line of battle Pyrrhus form'd.

Chremes and Thais appear above at a window.

Chre.—D'ye see, my Thais, what he is about?

To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.

Thais.—Tut, man! yon fool, that seems so mighty brave,
Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!

Thra.—(To Gnatho.) What were best?

Gnat.—Troth, I wish you had a sling:

That you from far in ambush might attack them!
They'd soon fly then, I warrant you.

Thra.—But see!

Thais appears.

Gnat.—Let's charge them then! Come on!

Thra.—Halt!—'Tis the part of a wise general
To try all methods ere he come to arms.
How do you know but Thais may obey
My orders without force?

Gnat.—Oh, gracious heavens!

Of what advantage is it to be wise!
I ne'er approach but I go wiser from you.

Thra.—Thais, first answer this! Did you, or no,
When I presented you the virgin, promise
To give yourself some days to me alone?

Thais.—What then?

Thra.—Is that a question, when you durst
To bring a rival to my face?—

Thais.—And what
Business have you with him?

Thra.— —And then stole off
In company with him?

Thais.—It was my pleasure.

Thra.—Therefore, restore me Pamphila; unless
You choose to see her carried off by force.

Chre.—She restore Pamphila to you? Or you
Attempt to touch her, rascal?

Gnat.—Ah, beware!
Peace, peace, young gentleman!

Thra.—(To Chremes.) What is't you mean?
Shall I not touch my own?

Chre.—Your own, you scoundrel?

Gnat.—Take heed! you know not whom you rail at thus.

Chre.—Won't you be gone?—here, hark ye, sir! d'ye know
How matters stand with you?—if you attempt
To raise a riot in this place to-day,
I'll answer for it that you shall remember
This place, to-day, and me, your whole life long.

Gnat.—I pity you: to make so great a man
Your enemy!

Chre.—Hence! or I'll break your head.

Gnat.—How's that, you hang-dog? Are you for that sport?

Thra.—Who are you, fellow?—what d'ye mean?—and what
Have you to do with Pamphila?

Chre.—I'll tell you.

First, I declare that she's a free-born woman!

Thra.—How?

Chre.—And a citizen of Athens.

Thra.—Hui!

Chre.—My sister.

Thra.—Impudence!

Chre.—So captain, now

I give you warning, offer her no force!

—Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the nurse,

And bring her here with me to see the proofs.

Thra.—And you prohibit me to touch my own?

Chre.—Yes, I prohibit you.

Gnat.—D'ye hear? he owns

The robbery himself. Isn't that sufficient?

Thra.—And, Thais, you maintain the same?

Thais.—Ask those

Who care to answer. (Shuts down the window.)

Thraso, Gnatho and Sanga Remain.

Thra.—What shall we do now?

Gnat.—Why—e'en go back again!—This harlot here

Will soon be with you to request forgiveness.

Thra.—D'ye think so?

Gnat.—Ay, most certainly. I know

The ways of women.—When you will, they won't.

And when you won't, they're dying for you.

Thra.—True.

Gnat.—Shall I disband the army?

Thra.—When you will.

Gnat.—Sanga, as well becomes a brave militia,

Take to your houses and firesides again.

San.—My mind was like a sop i' th' pan, long since.

Gnat.—Good fellow!

San.—To the right about there! march!

(Exit with Gnatho and Thraso at the head of the troops.)

ACT V. SCENE I.

Thais and Pythias.

Thais.—Still, still, you, baggage, will you shuffle with me?
—“I know—I don’t know—he’s gone off—I’ve heard—
was not present”—Be it what it may,
Can’t you inform me openly?—The virgin,
Her clothes all torn, in sullen silence weeps.
The Eunuch’s fled.—What means all this? and what
Has happen’d?—Won’t you answer me?

Pyth.—Alas!

What can I answer you?—He was, they say,
No eunuch.

Thais.—What then?

Pyth.—Chærea.

Thais.—Chærea!

What Chærea?

Pyth.—Phædria’s younger brother.

Thais.—How!

What’s that, hag?

Pyth.—I’ve discover’d it: I’m sure on’t.

Thais.—Why, what had he to do with us? or why
Was he brought hither?

Pyth.—That I cannot tell;

Unless, as I suppose, for love of Pamphila.

Thais.—Alas! I am undone; undone, indeed,
If that which you have told me now be true.
Is’t that the girl bemoans thus?

Pyth.—I believe so.

Thais.—How, careless wretch! was that the charge I gave you
At my departure?

Pyth.—What could I do? She

Was trusted, as you bade, to him alone.

Thais.—Oh, jade, you set the wolf to keep the sheep.
—I’m quite ashamed to’ve been so poorly bubbled.

Pyth.—Who comes here?—Hist! peace, madam, I beseech you!

We're safe: we have the very man. (Seeing Chærea at a distance.)

Thais.—Where is he?

Pyth.—Here, on the left; d'ye see him, ma'am?

Thais.—I see him.

Pyth.—Let him be seiz'd immediately!

Thais.—And what

Can we do to him, fool?

Pyth.—Do to him, say you?

—See what a saucy face the rogue has got!

Villain!—and then how settled an assurance!

SCENE II.

Enter Chærea.

Chær.—At Antipho's, as if for spite, there were
His father and his mother both at home,
So that I could by no means enter; but
They must have seen me. Meanwhile, as I stood
Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
At sight of whom I flew, with all my speed,
Into a narrow, unfrequented alley;
And thence into another, and another,
Frighten'd and flurried as I scampered on,
Lest any one should know me.—But is that
Thais? 'Tis she herself. I'm all aground.
What shall I do?—Pshaw! what have I to care?
What can she do to me?

Thais.—Let's up to him.

Oh, Dorus! Good sir, welcome!—And so, sirrah,
You ran away.

Chær.—Yes, madam!

Thais.—And you think

It was a clever trick?

Chær.—No, madam!

Thais.—Can you

Believe that you shall go unpunish'd for it?

Chær.—Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
Another, kill me!

Thais.—Do you dread my cruelty?

Chær.—No, ma'am!

Thais.—What then?

Chær.—I was afraid lest she
Accuse me to you. (Pointing to Pythias.)

Thais.—Upon what account?

Chær.—A little matter.

Pyth.—Rogue! a little matter?
Is it so little, think you, to abuse
A virgin, and a citizen?

Chær.—I thought
She was my fellow-servant.

Pyth.—Fellow-servant!
I can scarce hold from flying at his hair.
Monstrous! he's come to make his sport of us.

Thais.—Away! you rave.

Pyth.—Why so? if I had don't,
I should have still been in the monster's debt;
Particularly, as he owns himself
Your servant.

Thais.—Well—no more of this.—Oh, Chærea,
You've done a deed unworthy of yourself:
For granting I, perhaps, might well deserve
This injury, it was not honorable
In you to do it.—As I live, I know not
What counsel to pursue about this girl;
You've so destroy'd my measures that I can't
Restore her without blushing to her friends,
Nor so deliver her, as I propos'd,
To make them thank me for my kindness, Chærea.

Chær.—Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace shall be
Bewixt us, Thais! Oft from things like these,
And bad beginnings, warmest friendships rise.
What if some god hath ordered this?

Thais.—Indeed,
I'll so interpret it, and wish it so.

Chær.—I prithee do!—and be assured of this,
That naught I did in scorn, but all in love.

Thais.—I do believe it; and, on that account,
More readily forgive you: for oh, Chærea,
I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.

Chær.—Now, Thais, by my life, I love thee too.

Pyth.—Then, by my troth, you must take care of him.

Chær.—I durst not—

Pyth.—I don't mind a word you say.

Thais.—Have done!

Chær.—But now, in this one circumstance,
Let me beseech you to assist me! I
Commit myself entirely to your care:
Invoke you as my patroness; implore you.
Perdition seize me, but I'll marry her!

Thais.—But if your father—

Chær.—What of him? I know
He'll soon consent, provided it appears
That she's a citizen.

Thais.—If you will wait
A little while, her brother will be here:
He's gone to fetch the nurse that brought her up;
And you shall witness the discovery.

Chær.—I will remain then.

Thais.—But, in the mean time,
Had you not rather wait within, than here
Before the door?

Chær.—Much rather.

Pyth.—What the plague
Are you about?

Thais.—What now?

Pyth.—What now, indeed?
Will you let him within your doors again?

Thais.—Why not?

Pyth.—Remember that I prophesy
He'll make some fresh disturbance.

Thais.—Prithee, peace!

Pyth.—It seems you have not had sufficient proof
Of his assurance.

Chær.—I'll do no harm, Pythias!

Pyth.—I'll not believe it, Chærea, till I see it.

Chær.—But you shall keep me, Pythias!

Pyth.—No, not I.

For, by my troth, I would trust nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!

Thais.—O brave! the brother's here! (Looking out.)

Chær.—Confusion!

Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him see me
Here in this dress.

Thais.—Why so? Are you asham'd?

Chær.—I am indeed.

Pyth.—Indeed! asham'd! oh dear!
Think of the girl!

Thais.—Go in! I'll follow you.

Pythias, do you stay here to bring in Chremes.
(*Exeunt Thais and Chærea.*)

SCENE III.

Pythias, Chremes, Sophrona.

Pyth.—What can I think of? what can I devise?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palm'd this young spark on us.

Chre.—(Leading the nurse.) Nay but stir
Your stumps a little faster, nurse!

Soph.—I come.

Chre.—Ay, marry; but you don't come on a jot.

Pyth.—Well! have you shown the tokens to the nurse?

Chre.—I have.

Pyth.—And pray what says she? Did she know them?

Chre.—At first sight.

Pyth.—Oh brave news! I'm glad to hear it;
For I've a kindness for the girl. Go in;
My mistress is impatient for your coming.

(*Exeunt Chremes and Sophrona.*)

See, yonder's my good master Parmeno,
Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forsooth,
He stalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,
The means to vex him sorely.—First I'll in,
To know the truth of this discovery,
And then return to terrify this rascal. (Exit.)

SCENE IV.

Enter Parmeno.

Par.—I'm come to see what Chærea has been doing:
Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,
Good heav'ns, how much, and what sincere applause
Shall Parmeno acquire!—For not to mention,
In an intrigue so difficult as this,
Of so much probable expense at least,
Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,
That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,
Without cost, charge, or trouble; t'other point,
That, that I hold my masterpiece, there think
I've gain'd the prize, in showing a young spark
The dispositions and the ways of harlots;
Which having early learnt, he'll ever shun!

(Enter Pythias, behind.)

When they're abroad, forsooth, there's none so clean,
Nothing so trim, so elegant, as they;
Nor, when they sup with a gallant, so nice!
To see these very creatures' gluttony,
Filth, poverty, and meanness, when at home;
So eager after food that they devour
From yesterday's stale broth the coarse black bread:—
All this to know is safety to young men.

SCENE V.

Pythias, Parmeno.

Pyth.—(Behind.) 'Faith, sirrah, I'll be handsomely revenged
For all you've done and said. You shall not boast
Your tricks on us without due punishment.

(Aloud, coming forward.)

Oh heav'ns! oh dreadful deed! oh hapless youth!
Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!

Par.—What now?

Pyth.—It mov'd me so I could not bear
To see it: therefore I flew out o' doors.
What an example will they make of him!

Par.—Oh Jupiter! What tumult can this be?
Am I undone, or no?—I'll e'en enquire.
Pythias (going up), what now? what is't you rave about?
Who's to be made this terrible example?

Pyth.—Who? most audacious monster! while you meant
To play your tricks on us, you have destroy'd
The youth whom you brought hither for the eunuch.

Par.—How so? and what has happen'd? Prithee tell me!

Pyth.—Tell you? D'ye know the virgin that was sent
To-day to Thais is a citizen?
Her brother, too, a man of the first rank?

Par.—I did not know it.

Pyth.—Ay, but so it seems.
The poor young spark abus'd the girl; a thing
No sooner known than he, the furious brother——

Par.—Did what?

Pyth.—First bound him hand and foot——

Par.—How! bound him!

Pyth.—And now, though Thais begg'd him not to do it——

Par.—How! what!

Pyth.—Moreover threatens he will serve him
After the manner of adulterers;
A thing I ne'er saw done, and ne'er desire.

Par.—How durst he offer at an act so monstrous?

Pyth.—And why so monstrous?

Par.—Is it not most monstrous?

Who ever saw a young man seiz'd and bound
For rapes and lewdness in a house of harlots?

Pyth.—I don't know.

Par.—Aye; but you must all know this.

I tell you, and foretell you, that young spark
Is my old master's son.

Pyth.—Indeed! is he?

Par.—And let not Thais suffer any one

To do him violence!—But why don't I
Rush in myself?

Pyth.—Ah! take care, Parmeno,

What you're about; lest you do him no good,
And hurt yourself: for they imagine you,
Whatever has been done, the cause of all.

Par.—What shall I do then, wretch? what undertake?

—Oh! yonder's my old master, just return'd
To town. Shall I tell him, or no?—I'faith
I'll tell him, tho' I am well convinc'd it will
Bring me into a scrape; a heavy one: And yet
It must be done to help poor Chærea.

Pyth.—Right.

I'll in again; and you, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. (Exit.)

SCENE VI.

Enter Laches.

Lach.—I've this convenience from my neighb'ring villa;

I'm never tir'd of country, or of town.

For as disgust comes on, I change my place.

—But is not that Parmeno? 'Tis he

For certain.—Whom d'ye wait for, Parmeno,
Before that door?

Par.—Who's that? oh, sir! you're welcome:
I'm glad to see you safe return'd to town.

Lach.—Whom do you wait for?

Par.—I'm undone: my tongue
Cleaves to my mouth thro' fear.

Lach.—Ha! what's the matter?
Why do you tremble so? Is all right? Speak!

Par.—First, sir, I'd have you think, for so it is,
Whatever has befall'n, has not befall'n
Through any fault of mine.

Lach.—What is't?

Par.—That's true.
Your pardon, sir, I should have told that first.
—Phædria, sir, bought a certain Eunuch, as
A present to send her.

Lach.—Her!—Her! whom?

Par.—Thais.

Lach.—Bought? I'm undone! at what price?

Par.—Twenty minæ.

Lach.—I'm ruin'd.

Par.—And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young music-girl.

Lach.—How! what! in love!
Knows he, already, what a harlot is?
Has he stol'n into town? More plagues on plagues.

Par.—Nay, sir! don't look on me! it was not done
By my advice.

Lach.—Leave prating of yourself.
As for you, rascal, if I live—But first
Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick!

Par.—Chærea was carried thither for the eunuch.

Lach.—He for the eunuch?

Par.—Yes: since when, within
They've seiz'd and bound him for a ravisher.

Lach.—Confusion!

Par.—See the impudence of harlots!

Lach.—Is there aught else of evil or misfortune
You have not told me yet?

Par.—You know the whole.

Lach.—Then why do I delay to rush in on them? (Exit.)

Par.—There is no doubt but I shall smart for this.
But since I was oblig'd to't, I rejoice
That I shall make these strumpets suffer too:
For our old gentleman has long desir'd
Some cause to punish them; and now he has it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Pythias; Parmeno at a distance.

Pyth.—Well! I was ne'er more pleas'd in all my life
Than when I saw th' old man come blund'ring in.
I had the jest alone; for I alone
Knew what he was afraid of.

Par.—Hey! what now?

Pyth.—I'm come now forth t' encounter Parmeno.
Where is he?

Par.—She seeks me.

Pyth.—Oh, there he is.
I'll go up to him.

Par.—Well, fool, what's the matter? (Pythias laughs.)
What would you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey! what still?

Pyth.—Oh, I shall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd
With laughing at you. (Laughing heartily.)

Par.—Why so? pray!

Pyth.—Why so? (Laughing.)
I ne'er saw, ne'er shall see, a greater fool.
Oh, it's impossible to tell what sport
You've made within.—I swear, I always thought
That you had been a shrewd, sharp, cunning fellow.
What! to believe directly what I told you!
Or was you prick'd in conscience for the sin
The young man had committed thro' your means,
That you must after tell his father of him?

How d'ye suppose he felt when old Graybeard
Surpris'd him in that habit?—What! you find
That you're undone? (Laughing heartily.)

Par.—What's this, Impertinence?

Was it a lie you told me? D'ye laugh still?
Is't such a jest to make fools of us, hag?

Pyth.—Delightful! (Laughing.)

Par.—If you don't pay dearly for it!—

Pyth.—Perhaps so. (Laughing.)

Par.—I'll return it.

Pyth.—Oh, no doubt on't. (Laughing.)

But what you threaten, Parmeno, is distant:
You'll be truss'd up to-day; who first draw in
A raw young lad to sin, and then betray him.
They'll both conspire to make you an example. (Laugh-
ing.)

Par.—I'm done for.

Pyth.—Take this, slave, as a reward

For the fine gift you sent us; so, farewell!

(Exit Pythias.)

Par.—I've been a fool indeed; and, like a rat,
Betray'd myself to-day by my own squeaking.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Thraso and Gnatho; Parmeno behind.

Gnat.—What now? in what hope, or with what design
Advance we hither? what adventure, Thraso?

Thra.—What do I mean?—To Thais to surrender
On her own terms!

Gnat.—Indeed?

Thra.—Indeed: why not,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?

Gnat.—A fit example.—Would I might behold
Your head broke with her slipper! (Aside.) But her
doors
Creak, and fly open.

Thra.—’Sdeath! what mischief now?
I ne’er so much as saw this face before.
Why bursts he forth with such alacrity?

SCENE IX.

Enter Chærea, at another part of the stage.

Chær.—Lives there, my countrymen, a happier man
To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The gods have plainly emptied all their store,
On whom they’ve pour’d a flood of bliss at once.

Par.—What’s he so pleas’d at?

Chær.—(Seeing him.) Oh my Parmeno!
Inventor, undertaker, perfecter
Of all my pleasures, know’st thou my good fortunes?
Know’st thou my Pamphila’s a citizen?

Par.—I’ve heard so.

Chær.—Know’st thou she’s betroth’d my wife?

Par.—Oh brave, by heav’n!

Gnat.—Hear you what he says? (To Thraso.)

Chær.—Then I rejoice my brother Phædria’s love
Is quietly secur’d to him forever:
We’re now one family: and Thais has
Found favor with my father, and resign’d
Herself to us for patronage and care.

Par.—She’s then entirely Phædria’s?

Chær.—Ay, entirely.

Par.—Another cause of joy: the captain routed!

Chær.—See, Parmeno, my brother (wheresoe’er
He be) know this as soon as possible!

Par.—I’ll see if he’s at home. (Exit.)

Thra.—Hast any doubt,
Gnatho, but I’m entirely ruin’d?

Gnat.—None at all.

Chær.—What shall I mention first? whom praise the most?
Him that advis’d this action, or myself

That durst to undertake it?—or extol
Fortune, the governess of all, who deign'd
Events so many, of such moment, too,
So happily to close within one day?
Or shall I praise my father's frank good humor
And gay festivity?—Oh, Jupiter,
Make but these blessings sure!

SCENE X.

Enter Phædria.

Phæd.—O heavenly powers!

What wond'rous things has Parmeno just told me!
But where's my brother?

Chær.—Here he is.

Phæd.—I'm happy.

Chær.—I dare believe you are; and trust me, brother,
Naught can be worthier of your love than Thais:
Our family are all much bounden to her.

Phæd.—So! you'd need sing her praise to me!

Thra.—Confusion!

As my hope dies, my love increases. Gnatho,
Your help! my expectation's all in you.

Gnat.—What would you have me do?

Thra.—Accomplish this;

By pray'r, by purchase, that I still may have
Some little share in Thais.

Gnat.—A hard task!

Thra.—Do but incline to do't, you can, I know,
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you please, it shall be yours.

Gnat.—Indeed?

Thra.—Indeed.

Gnat.—If I accomplish this,
I claim that you agree to throw your doors,
Present or absent, always open to me;
A welcome uninvited guest forever.

Thra.—I pawn my honor as the pledge.

Gnat.—I'll try.

Phæd.—What voice is that? Oh, Thraso!

Thra.—Gentlemen,

Good-day!

Phæd.—Perhaps you're not acquainted yet

With what has happen'd here?

Thra.—I am.

Phæd.—Why then

Do I behold you in these territories?

Thra.—Depending on——

Phæd.—Depend on naught but this!

Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,

I ever find you in this street, although

You tell me, "I was looking for another,

I was but passing through," expect no quarter.

Gnat.—Oh fie! that is not handsome.

Phæd.—I have said it.

Gnat.—You cannot be so rude.

Phæd.—It shall be so.

Gnat.—First grant me a short hearing: if you like

What I propose, agree to't.

Phæd.—Let us hear!

Gnat.—Do you retire a moment, Thraso. (Thraso retires.) First,

I must beseech you both, most firmly think

That I, whate'er I do in this affair,

For my own sake I do it: But if that

Likewise advantage you, not to agree

In you were folly.

Phæd.—What is't you propose?

Gnat.—I think you should admit the captain as

Your rival.

Phæd.—How? admit him?

Gnat.—Nay consider!

Phædria, you live at a high rate with her,

Revel, and feast, and stick at no expense.

Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais should receive much more.
Now to supply your love without your cost,
A fitter person, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thraso is: First, he has wherewithal
To give, and gives most largely: A fool, too,
A dolt, a block, that snores out night and day;
Nor can you fear she'll e'er grow fond of him;
And you may drive him hence whene'er you please.

Phæd.—What shall we do? (To Chærea.)

Gnat.—Moreover this; the which
I hold no trifle, no man entertains
More nobly or more freely.

Phæd.—I begin
To think we've need of such a fool.

Chær.—And I.

Gnat.—Well judg'd! and let me beg one favor more;
Admit me of your family!—I have
Roll'd this stone long enough.

Phæd.—We do admit you.

Chær.—With all our hearts.

Gnat.—And you, sirs, in return,
Shall pledge me in the captain; eat him; drink him;
And laugh at him.

Chær.—A bargain!

Phæd.—'Tis his due.

Gnat.—Thraso, whene'er you please, approach!

Thra.—Pray now,
How stands the case?

Gnat.—Alas! they knew you not!
But when I drew your character, and prais'd
Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,
I gain'd my point.

Thra.—'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd;
I ne'er was anywhere, in all my life,
But all folks lov'd me dearly.

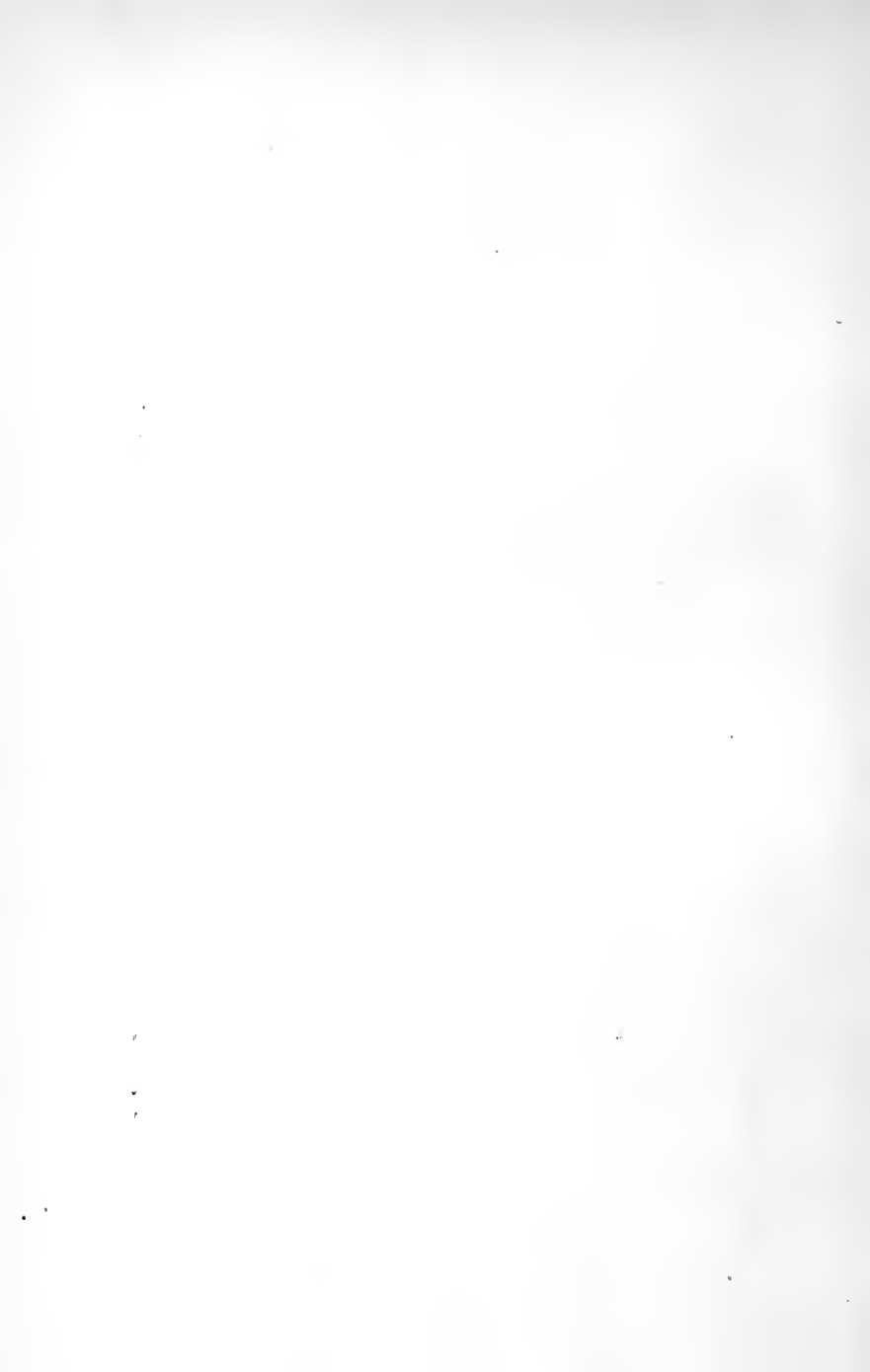
Gnat.—Did not I

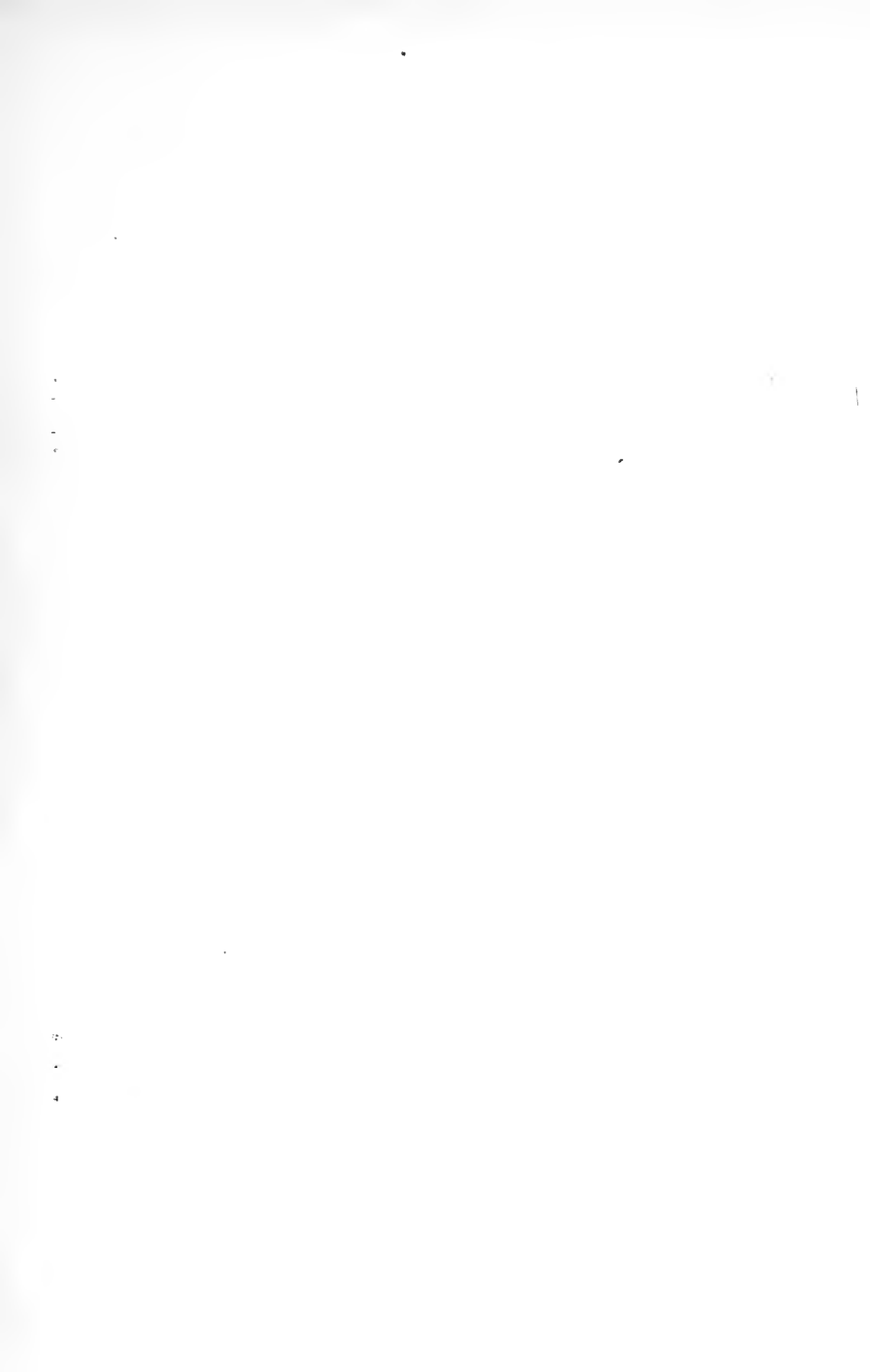
Say he had all the Attic elegance?

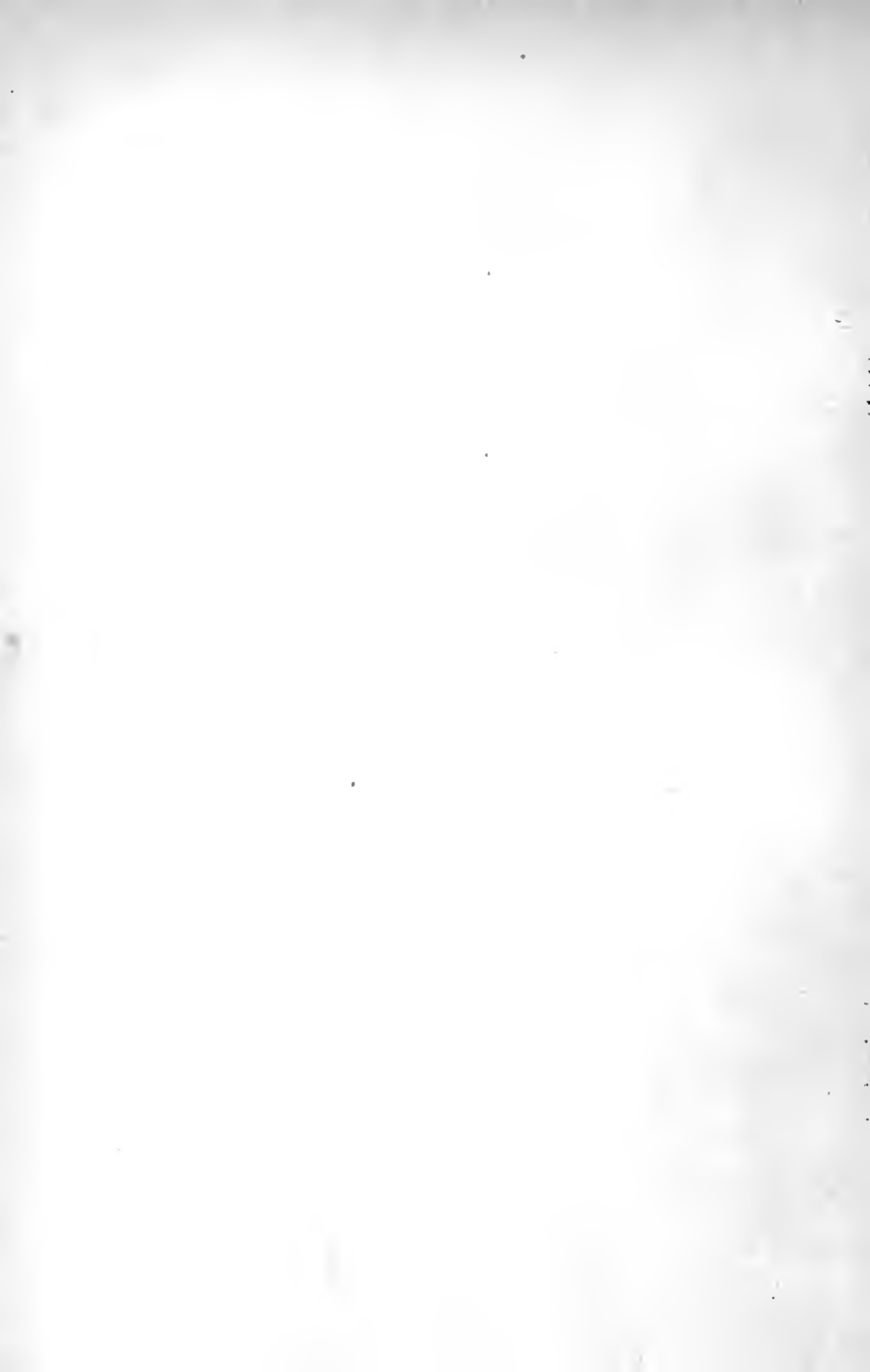
Phæd.—He is the very character you drew.

Gnat.—Retire then.—Ye (to the audience), farewell, and clap your hands!

And here we will take our leave of the Roman and of the classic drama; for with Terence and his contemporaries come to an end the great masterpieces of Hellas and of Rome. More specimens of equal interest might have been given, but those already presented will suffice for an outline of the great dramatic literature which extended from the days of Pericles to those of Augustus Cæsar, one that has served, and still serves, as a model for the leading dramatists of all the nations.

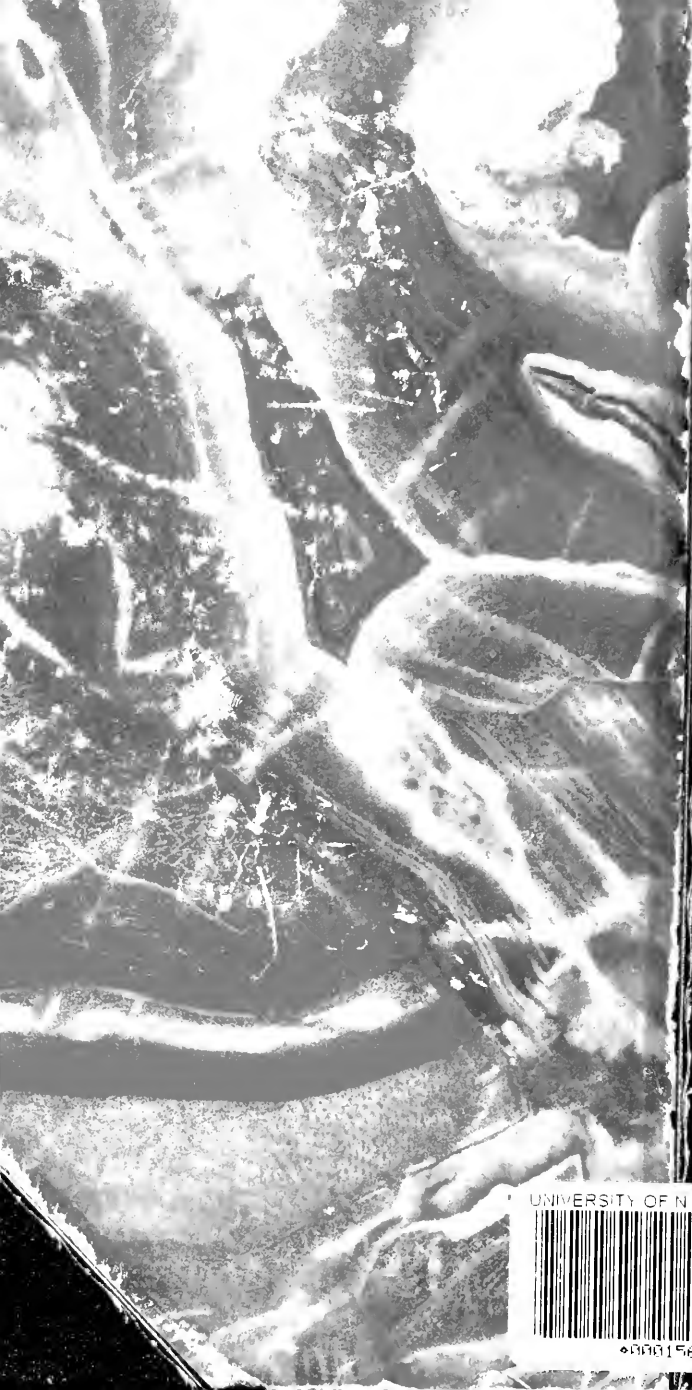












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